

THE
WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.



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THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS;

IN SIX LETTERS TO A FRIEND,

ON THE

LIFE IN VOGUE.

Doth he not speak Parables?

EZEK.

TO THE LADY *****.

MADAM,

YOUR ladyship's character is so well known, that the public would blame me if I presented not these papers to you, who can so readily put them into the hands of those who want them most.

You will probably ask, why *The CENTAUR* is prefixed as a title to them. The *men of pleasure*, the licentious and profligate, are the subject of these letters; and in such, as in the fabled centaur, *the brute runs away with the man*: Therefore I call them *Centaurs*. And farther, I call them *Centaurs not fabulous*, because by their scarce half-human conduct and character, that enigmatical and purely ideal figure of the ancients, is not unaided only, but *realized*.

Your ladyship's curiosity is great; and you possibly are willing to know what account antiquity gives of the family, or rather breed of the *Centaurs*. It is as follows:

Of the *Centaurs* the most celebrated was *CHIRON*. He was a great botanist; and our bitter herb centory takes its name from him. He thought all herbs bitter, because, being very amorous, he could not find any amongst them that could abate the fever in his blood; and he left a complaint in the Greek language to that purpose; which Ovid, sick of the same disease, has translated, and transmitted to posterity in his works.

But he was not only a botanist, but a great master of music: He composed an exquisite piece of harmony for young Achilles his pupil, which charmed Deidamia to his

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A

embrace

embraces; by whom he had Pyrrhus, in the court of her father Nicomedes, a little before he dropped his petticoats, and put on his boots for the Trojan war. But what will endear to your ladyship CHIRON's memory beyond any the most renowned in story, is, that he was not only the venerable father of OPERAS, but was also the son of a MASQUERADE; the very first of those numerous sons with which that prolific entertainment has since multiplied mankind.

It happened thus: SATURN, false to his good wife OPS, had an intrigue with PHILLYRA. Seeing, one day, his injured spouse coming to disturb their intimacy, for escape, he turned himself into a HORSE; which occasioned the noble equestrian figure of CHIRON, his son.

This, Madam, was the very first of MASQUERADES. You see the *virtuous* occasion, and the *laudable* fruits of it. Jupiter's masquerading in the form of a BULL, was long after. Europe takes its name from EUROPA, with whom he ran away in that shape. And your friend *Clodius* says, that probably we celebrate HORNED MASQUERADES in memory of it. This is the recorded origin of that nocturnal assembly; and indeed it is evident to common sense, that the masquerade had never existed, but for its *then* accidental, and *since* established subserviency to love.

These, you will say, are wild fables; but they are not without their morals. This fable of Saturn and Ops means, that jealous CONSCIENCE, the soul's lawful wife, will ever disturb *licentious* pleasure; and that there is no means of escaping the persecution, but by becoming quite *brutal* in it. This, and the following explanations of the mystical part of antiquity, have been overlooked by former commentators, though BACON was among them.

There is a second moral in the present fable. CHIRON, Madam, was a *man* as much, I mean, as the gayer part of your acquaintance. Why then is he represented as a *Centaur*? For two reasons. He was, as I have said before, the son of Saturn; and a very lewd old fellow. Representing him as a Centaur, signifies, that beings of origin truly celestial, may debase their nature, forfeit their character, and sink themselves, by licentiousness, into perfect beasts.

Secondly, it signifies, that the rest of the species, the sober part of mankind, *prejudiced* by the abandoned manners of such men, may naturally *imagine*, that they hear them neighing after their wives and daughters; galloping with

more

more than human haste after temptations; and, therefore, rather insolently prancing on four legs, than decently content with two. This, probably, is the meaning; first, because *prejudice* greatly hurts our discernment, and transforms objects exceedingly. Secondly, because all allow that a Centaur is a mere creature of the *imagination*.

But though Chiron was the most celebrated, yet he was not the most ancient, of our mythological cavalry. Ixion was a primitive man of pleasure; a gallant of Juno, and much in favour. Jupiter, less in his interest, interposed a cloud in her stead, which not long after was brought to bed of the first Centaurs. From that hour Juno commenced a scold; and in that character Virgil makes her swear, that if she cannot find friends in heaven, she will ransack hell for them.

The amour of Ixion imports the great *height* of our expectation, and as great *depth* of our disappointment, in illicit love. And JUPITER'S interposing the cloud, intimates, that *heaven* decrees this disappointment; and that therefore it is madness to flatter ourselves with hopes of the contrary. The fable would farther teach us, that our imagination, fired by passion, imposes not only on our understandings, but our very senses; which take clouds for goddesses, and adore darkness as divine.

You see, Madam, that gallantry is hereditary in this illustrious *house*, I should say *stable*: That therefore continence may be construed as an argument of bastardy. Who then can blame your gay friends, for being loth to be bastardized and disinherited; to lose honour, patrimony, and mistress, together?

They keep clear of this imputation: but there is one particular that speaks not so much in their favour; but rather calls their legitimacy in question. How comes it to pass that the posterity of cloud-begotten Sires should be so cloudless a generation, that not one spot of stupidity can be found about them?

But though *spotless* in this point, they are not so in another; which may set all right again. DEIANIRA, as a charm to regain the love of her husband HERCULES, who was gone astray after OMPHALE, queen of Lydia, sent him a shirt dipped in the blood of the Centaur Nessus. But instead of answering her honest end, it gave him a distemper so virulent, that it proved mortal. To balance the

disadvantage above, some say, this distemper, at certain seasons, still runs in his *race*. Others rob our modern Centaurs of that credit; imputing their disorder to another cause. And, indeed, the present story tells us, that ladies may convey somewhat else, when they mean only to make a present of their love.

But *worse* than *distemper* is to be feared. You know, Madam, Ixion's remarkable punishment; but probably, not the full import of it. Jupiter, for the father's sake, detesting his whole *posterity*, designed Ixion's *wheel*, not only as an emblem of their endless *rotation* in unaltered circles of present pleasures; but also as a *prophecy* of their future *pains*; and an exact representation of that rack, which, prudes say, they deserve for their family seats.

And now, Madam, all things considered, have I named them wrong? I have named them, as most men of ancient renown were from their personal qualities and exploits. If you still think me to blame, I flatter myself you will change your mind, when you have read the letters following.

This address to your ladyship will my sober reader say, is itself a *Centaur* of the Pegasean kind, in which the untamed imagination has too much run away with the judgment, and carried it to enormous heights. If your ladyship will venture, however, to be my fellow-traveller, I promise to carry you safely to an eminence in Fairy-land, from whence you shall survey the most surprising and amusing scene. To comply with your taste, it shall even be a ludicrous one. Your favourite Centaurs shall be permitted to intrude even into the most solemn groves of sacred meditation. Their grotesque figures shall continually meet your eye, where you the least expect, and where the severest critic, and the prude (all but Centauresses are prudes with you) will be most scandalized to find them.

The statues of the renowned are set up in public, to kindle honest emulation. In most ancient schools of wisdom were the busts, or portraits of the wise. What Madam, if, for your modern academy, *Hogarth* should draw a Centaur, not, as usual, with his bow and arrow, but (what will hit my mark as well) with Harlequin's sabre by his side; in a party coloured jacket of pictured card, a band of music before, a scaramouch demon behind him; a weathercock on his head, a rattle in his hand, the decalogue under his feet: and for the benefit of *your scholars*, a label out of his
mouth

mouth, inscribed, as was the temple of Apollo, with *ΕΥΑΓΓΕΛΙΟΝ* in letters of gold [In ME, know thyself:] *they*, your scholars, will take it in the true philosophic sense, and wonder how it came into the mouth of so ridiculous, and, to them, so foreign a monster.

As your ladyship's assembly, of *all* our hippodromes is 'he most renowned, I hope you will favourably accept the wholesome provender I send you. It is of anticircean nature; and may, possibly, turn your monsters into men.

But I detain you: it is SUNDAY NIGHT: and I hear a whole string of your high-bred, unbridled colts, coming in full career; with a blaze in their foreheads, to outbraid my rebukes: and a spring in their heels to bound high at your balls.

Quadropedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

This, Madam, you understand better than they. But you begin to frown, as you always do at praise. Fear not; not one word of compliment shall you have from me during our whole journey. I shall carry you at first a heavy trot through rough unbeaten ways, entertaining you unpolitely, with discourse quite foreign to your way of thinking; such as passed in correspondence between me and a friend that would equally despise, and be despised, among such as you think yours. In the progress of our travels (which, I must honestly tell you will only touch upon, not terminate in, Fairy-land) I shall carry you into an unknown country, where every thing is real, bright, and transporting. If there, compelled by the force of sovereign truth, I should not only assert, but convincingly prove, that you are of rank more than imperial, and present you with an *unflattering* glass, in which, notwithstanding, your own form shall appear with all the charms of an angel—But some breathing time is necessary to prepare for such an arduous expedition. Therefore, I dismount for the present, and say no more.

I am,

MADAM, &c.

A 3

LETTER

LETTER I.

ON INFIDELITY.

DEAR SIR,

MAKE no apology for your request: the *world* is your apology. The occasion calls louder on me, than my *friend* can possibly do; and robs me of the credit of having my compliance owing entirely to your desire. Alarmed at our reigning passion for PLEASURE, you press me to write on that subject. Who can forbear? since, if the present canine appetite for it should increase, where is that bedlam which can receive a whole nation into proper methods of cure!

Your enjoining me one task has engaged me in two. Prevails not INFIDELITY as much as *pleasure*? And for ever they must prevail, or decrease, together. *Infidelity* is the parent of the love of pleasure in some: *Eve* doubted, and then eat: It is the consequence of it in others; most of *Eve's* daughters first taste, and then disbelieve. Pleasure and infidelity reciprocally generate each other; and that, necessarily. For faith is entirely the result of reason; and reason is impotent in proportion to the prevalence of sense; therefore sensual pleasure begets infidelity. On the reverse, he that disbelieves a futurity, must be fond of the present, and eagerly swallow its unrivalled delights; and, therefore, infidelity lets loose the rein to pleasure, and gives it an ample range: He then, who would reduce one must strike at both. *Eve* and the serpent fell together; pleasure, like the first, plucks the forbidden fruit; and infidelity says, with the latter, *Thou shalt not surely die*.

These two, *now* national distempers, fairly divides us between them. One seizes the body, one the mind: and where these two fiery darts have taken place, the destroyer may spare a third; his work is done. What then must be mine? The task is hard to extract them; for there seem, at present, to be not only poisoned, but barbed arrows in the British heart.

However, I shall attempt, first, to make the *infidel*, and then the *voluptuary*, sensible of his error. I shall recommend belief and virtue in the room of doubt and dissoluteness; and by (I hope) properly adapted *devotion*, assist their

their repentance; that necessary step of transition from one of these states to the other. And considering into whose hands these letters will *first* come (for I design them for the press,) with regard to yourself, I shall give you your friend *Eusebius*' character at large. And with regard to your sister, I shall invite her and her gay favourites to a funeral, instead of a ball; and then I shall enter on subjects not unimportant nor foreign to these.

As the mind is our superior part, I shall first speak of INFIDELITY, and then of PLEASURE. And it shall be my endeavour so to speak of both, as to render it the province of *wit*, rather than *wisdom* to reply. What may silence wisdom will but provoke wit, whose ambition it is to say most where least is to be said. You may as well attempt to silence an echo by the strength of voice, as a wit by the force of reason. They both are but the louder for it; they both will have the last word. How often hear we men with great ingenuity supporting folly? that is, by wit destroying wisdom; as the same sort of men by pleasure destroy happiness; prone to draw evil out of good, and set things at variance, which by nature are allies. Happiness and pleasure, as wisdom and wit, are each other's friends or foes; and if foes, of foes the worst. Well-chosen pleasure is a branch of happiness; well-judging wit is a flower of wisdom: but when these petty subalterns set up for themselves, and counteract their principals, one makes a greater wretch, and the other a grosser fool, than could exist without them: Pleasure *then* calls for our compassion, and wit for our contempt. Of how many might the names have slept in safety, had not their unlucky parts awakened a just clamour against them?

Have we not a recent, and signal instance, how far wit can set wisdom at defiance, and, with its artful brilliances, dazzle common understanding? That noble author * smiles at a certain text of which I shall make a serious use, *viz.* *When the sons of God came in to the daughters of men, they be got giants.* So when great talents fall in love with mean purposes, they beget errors of an enormous size, both in opinion and in life. What more enormous than to let infidelity gather such strength, even in our decline, as to stand the terrors of a death-bed, and bequeath proud legacies of its poison to the world? Is not this stretching out

our

* Lord Bolingbroke.

our boldness even beyond the day of trial? carrying the war into the very borders (if I may so speak) of that *dread Being* we dare oppose? and, desperately presuming to achieve that in our grave, of which a *Julian*, of equal genius, though not of equal guilt, despaired on a throne; and that the greatest on earth? *Julian* was for defeating one prophecy; my lord is for expunging them all; and, with like success, *Vicisti Galilæa*, may serve for both.

Take I too great a freedom? It is both folly and vice, to bear any man ill-will. But it is also folly and vice, not so to behave, when occasion requires, as that our conduct may be *mistaken* for ill-will, if the prejudiced think fit. Why should our opponents call that *ill-will*, which they, if they were of our opinion, and thought us in a fatal error, and heartily wished us well, would necessarily do out of perfect love? If the viscount's admirers resent out of zeal to his honour, I assure them (though I have had no apparition,) that his lordship, *now* on my side, thanks them not for the favour.

Time was, when those errors into which he fell, would have been more excusable. For, that truth was obscure, and falsehood specious, and opinions endless: and that in these circumstances the mind of man could find no rest, because suspense is anxious, and assent almost inevitably betrayed into mistake; *this* was the sad and just complaint of the heathen world, which by God's dereliction had lost its way, and could not regain it, by the feeble glimmering of natural light.

But of what have *we* to complain, who grope, and wander, and stumble at noon-day? Ours is not ignorance, but perverseness; not want of a guide, but defection from him. Our noble author, so much admired, because so much in the wrong, declares our light to be darkness; and with the boasted acuteness of his superior understanding, instead of couching those that are blind, is for putting out the eyes of those that see. Thus Heaven's supreme blessing on us in the gospel, is not annulled only, by our perverseness, but turned to much hurt. We are favoured to our misfortune, we are enriched to our loss.

The heathens courted truth as a mistress, with warm and sincere addresses, but could not obtain her. We, having obtained her, treat her, as an abandoned age the lawful partners of their beds, with satiety and disgust, and a wild desire

desire after new embraces. And what have we embraced? Thus runs at best the palatable doctrine of an age too knowing to need instruction, and too proud to bear it from Heaven itself.

“Whatever notices of duty to God or man are imprinted in us by nature, or deduced by reason, these are obliging and necessary to be performed by all, as the natural religion: but as for any positive institutions or particular forms of religion, these are of human origin; stamped in the political mints of craft, interest or ambition; a coin current for the vulgar only.” It is fit, it seems, that the vulgar should be fettered, that their superiors may expatiate more at large, and not fear to meet with rivals in them. And, indeed, if the vulgar had the same principles and opinions with many of their masters, their masters would have as fair a chance to have their throats cut, as the murderer to be hanged for it.

As to God, they say, “The natural religion commands us to think worthily, and speak reverently of him: but as some have thought churches derogatory to the notions of an Omnipresent Being; so formal prayers and solemn services are no way necessary to a Being Omniscent.” They present him (if with any) with a more sublime and philosophic devotion, stripped of all externals, invisible as the Deity himself, and, indeed, as incomprehensible to the multitude; whose religion, like themselves, must have a *body* as well as a *soul*, or it will evaporate into nothing. Thus under pretence of a compliment to *one* divine attribute, they rob *all* of the worship due to them. They pretend to give God exalted homage as the Jews arrayed our blessed Lord in a purple robe, to mock him, not adore. And here our undissembled neglect if not contempt of religion, and our barefaced venality setting all, even souls, to sale, cannot but recal to mind, that these sister iniquities, as if naturally connected, went hand-in-hand (as the historian tells us) towards the ruin of the *Roman* commonwealth.

Deos negligere, omnia venalia habere.

SALLUST.

As to the duties of the second table, they tell us, “That the precepts of nature run evidently against injuries and injustice; we must by no means commit rapine or murder
“der

“der : these are unsociable crimes : but as for any pleasure-
 “able enjoyments of ourselves, why deprive ourselves of
 “these ? why starve at a feast heaven sets before us ?
 “We cannot conceive God to be a tyrant ; to what end
 “has he given desires, but that we should satisfy them ?
 “or appetites, but that we should indulge them ? Anger
 “and lust, if constitutional, are venial sins.”

Thus the sluices are set open for all sensuality, promiscuous incontinence, and studied arts of excess, to pour in uncontrouled : and by a second compliment to the Deity, as sincere as my lord's pretended regard for Christianity, is varnished over a second violation of his laws. Bacchus and Venus, are recalled to a new apothesis under a Christian era ; and receive daily sacrifice in the fortunes, health and common dignity of man. What voluntary victims are we ? And as victims of old were crowned with flowers, how gaily does poor devoted *Britain* bleed at their altars ?

In answer to their pleas, it must be observed, that desires and appetites were not given us out of tyranny, but with an intention doubly kind ; as a means both of pleasure and virtue, if gratified and restrained as religion directs. In both views they are blessings, but greatest in the last ; yet an *Esau* will for ever be preferring the former.

Thus you see Sir, that both the tables of the decalogue are broken, in a more terrible sense, than they were by Moses, at his descent from the mount ; and from no dissimilar cause. The sufficiency of human reason is the golden calf which these men set up to be worshipped ; and in the frenzies of their extravagant devotion to it, they trample on venerable authority ; strike at an oak with an osier ; the doctrine of God's own planting, and the growth of ages, with the sudden and fortuitous shoots of imagination ; abortive births of an hour. These human improvements and divine revelation may be compared to the profaning the holy Bible with the figure of heathen idols under *Antiochus Epiphanes* ; or rather, to the proud *Roman* emperor, who took the head from Jupiter's statue, and placed his own in its stead. These are bold men ; but the boldest, we hope, may be reclaimed. That almighty finger which wrote the divine laws twice on stone, cannot want power to give them a new impression in their apostate hearts.

And that they may the more willingly receive that impression, I shall observe, that setting aside the immoral consequences

consequences of infidelity, *faith* is necessary on its own account, without relation to any thing else. Faith is not only a means of obeying, but a principle act of obedience. It is not only a needful foundation; it is not only an altar on which to sacrifice; but it is a sacrifice itself; and, perhaps, of all the greatest. It is a submission of our understandings, an oblation of our idolized reason to God; which he requires so indispensably, that our whole will and affections, though seemingly a larger sacrifice, will not, without it, be received at our hands.

Does any question this? His lordship's disciples will be very apt to question it; yet this is true, unless we can suppose the primitive martyrs to have laid down their lives for what was unnecessary to their salvation. For it was not an attestation of their doctrine, but their faith, for which the blessed apostles were persecuted, and the martyrs shed their blood; which they might easily have avoided, if they had insisted only on the *moral* precepts of their new dispensation. Their moral precepts were approved, and welcomed by the wisest on earth. Nay, our infidels compliment them, especially when they would give themselves the greater weight in their opposition to our creed; yet, possibly, they had rather subscribe that absurd creed, than stand obliged to practise that morality which they so much commend.

To renounce or corrupt the faith (one, or both of which is my lord's point) abstracted from libertine gratifications to follow, or to get rid of fear from those past; there seems to be so little temptation, that I should think none would venture on it, but through ignorance of its guilt. Its guilt therefore, I have pointed out; which shows that modern deism, how laudable soever the deist's life is, is criminal in itself. A virtuous life, rising from a corrupted faith (if that could possibly be,) is as an angel of light supported by a cloven foot; which may seem not to believe, otherwise they would not be so often pleading the virtue of deists, as a full absolution of that sect: whereas we are expressly told, that the *just shall live by faith*; that is, even the just shall not live, that is be saved, without it.

But though a corrupt faith is sufficiently criminal in itself, yet its guilt rarely rests there; it often produces an irregular life. On the contrary, vicious practice is sure to produce a corrupt faith: or an absolute renunciation of all belief:

belief: for the notices of good and ill are so fairly imprinted on our nature, and the practice of them is strongly guarded by consequent hope and fear, that no conscience is so hardened as to sin without the shelter of some pretence. The guilty hush conscience with such soft whispers as these: Either heaven takes not such cognizance of our actions; or is not so much concerned about them as some imagine; or its mercy will not suffer it to be just; or its justice will not suffer it to be so severe, as to punish temporal guilt with eternal pain: all which are corruptions of the faith. Or if these opiates will not do, they proceed to *renounce* the faith. They give themselves a quite quieting draught of absolute unbelief: a Deity is a dream, and religion a cheat. And thus they throw off their fears, their God, and common sense together; and are deplorably gay, till they are irremediably undone. How happy might such wretches be, if they knew what a trifle *pleasure* is to *peace*! A very trifle is it, even when pleasure is innocent! but when not, when pleasure is an enemy to peace: then, then indeed, it is a trifle no more.

There is a text which must give some surprise to those who doubt whether a bad life occasions a *false* or *no* belief. It is said, there *must* be heresies, that is false beliefs. And why? There is certainly no fatal necessity for them, for God's destination—No; but there is a *moral* necessity for them, from man's corruption. A heart boiling with violent and vicious passions will send up infatuating fumes to the head; and a delirious giddiness of head will make a man fall into the grossest mistakes, be his natural abilities what they will. A lewd and obstinate will fails not to blind the strongest judgment, as *Dalilab* the man of might.

Many, even of those that hold fast the faith, may, perhaps, not have observed, that faith is doubly precious; it is our duty and our refuge; nay, it is *doubly* our refuge. It rescues our passions from flaming into vice; and it rescues our understanding from darkening into errors. The same qualification which is necessary for us in order to please God, is as necessary to secure ourselves from such imposture; and not only from such impostures as *others* may prepare for us, but from our *own*. It is our sole security against our framing impositions to deceive our own judgment.

ments (as shown above,) as well as against our incurring crimes to defeat our own salvation.

As to the mysterious articles of our faith, which infidels would by no means have me forget; "Who," say they, "can swallow them?" In truth, none but those who think it no dishonour to their understanding to credit their Creator. *Socinus*, like our infidels, was one of a narrow throat; and out of generous compassion to the Scriptures (which the world it seems, had misunderstood for 1500 years) was for weeding them of their mysteries! and rendering them, in the plenitude of his infallible reason, undisgusting and palatable to all the *rational* part of mankind. Why should honest Jews and Turks be frightened from us by the Trinity? he was for making religion familiar and inoffensive. And so he did; and unchristian too. Those things which our hands can grasp, our understanding cannot comprehend. Why then deny to the Deity himself the privilege of being one, amidst that multitude of mysteries which he has made?

Here let me observe, what perhaps has escaped your notice with regard to the blessed Trinity, which gives our unbelievers the greatest offence. The *revelation* of it is not only necessary for our understanding the foundation of Christianity, but is also, I conceive, an absolute demonstration of its truth. Because it is a mystery which by *nature* could not possibly have entered into the imagination of man; which they who most explode it confess by their obstinate rejection of it. For why do they reject it, but on that very account? Our opponents, therefore, in some measure, support us in our attachment to this supreme article of our creed, which they most condemn; and (what is somewhat remarkable in favour of our faith) support us in it by the very cause for which it is condemned by them.

Mysteries, that is, those great and hidden things of our religion, whose truth we are assured of by Divine authority, but the manner of their being surpasses our understanding: such as the plurality of persons in the Divine Unity: God manifest in the flesh: the operation of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the believers; the spiritual presence of Christ in the eucharist: the uniting our scattered parts from the dust of death. All which the scriptures have expressly delivered as catholic truths. Several of these se-

veral heretics have rejected; and the *Socinians* have, in a manner, rejected them all. Faith in these is more acceptable to God, than faith in less abstruse articles of our religion; because it pays that honour which is due to his testimony; and the more seemingly incredible the matter is which we believe, the more respect we show to the relater of it. This (putting in a *caveat* against the ridicule of infidels) may be called *heroic* faith, correspondent to heroic virtue, at which, out of prudence, they must smile.

This heroic faith may be more *acceptable* to God (some may say;) but, sure, not more *useful* to man. It may have a good influence on *another* life; but what account does *this* find in it? Who can show me the *moral* effects of it? — From faith in these mysteries, man necessarily, and more justly adores the incomprehensible majesty of God; and more justly and perfectly contemplates his own littleness and disproportion of thought to those truths that are vouchsafed to his faith. Hence, he heartily renders God a due honour for his testimony; and due acknowledgement of his professed care of his church; and a due thankfulness for the mercy of his revelation. He renders a due obedience to his proper government, as a Christian, that is the authority of the church; and a due assistance to the public peace, which is never safely built, but on unity of judgment. And as to his *private* virtue, he keeps in due subjection the pride of understanding, that most vicious affection of the mind, which if let loose, would be attended with a multitude of evils; and with one in particular which occasions this letter. But though we could see none of these temporal advantages, yet would it be most reasonable in us to believe; unless we, who think it right to believe implicitly in those on whom our fortune depends, think it wrong to believe implicitly in him, on whom depends our salvation.

But there is, I confess, some error on our own part, with regard to mysteries. We, perhaps, have given some small excuse for our infidels contempt of mysteries, by more pious than prudent attempts, that have been sometimes made toward an explanation of them. A mystery explained is a mystery destroyed: for what is a mystery, but a thing not known? But things not known may reasonably be believed; in the very strangest things there may be truth, and in things very credible a lie *

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* Quintil, Institut. l. iv. c. 2.

It is with our understandings as with our eyes. Both have their mysteries: both have objects beyond their reach; some accidentally, some absolutely. We see not those objects that are placed in an obscure light, because there is a defect in the medium: we see not those that are vested with too much light, because there is a weakness in the sensory, unable to sustain such strong impressions. Thus it is with the objects of our understandings; some things we know not, for want of being duly informed. Salvation was a mystery to the Gentiles; but ceased so to be when revealed by the gospel. Other things we know not, because they exceed the measure of our comprehension. Thus, some articles of our faith are such mysteries, as by no revelation can cease to be so. They must be mysteries, while men are men; while yet unblessed with powers that are not indulged to this imperfect state. As it is bold and vain, so, perhaps, it has even been prejudicial to the truth, to labour at rational evictions of sacred mysteries; for, by these means, men attempt to comprehend the Divine Nature, by putting it under some injurious disguises; as we venture to gaze at the sun, after we have watched it into a cloud.

God forbade images of himself, because it is impossible that any sensible representations could do otherwise than derogate from him that is invisible: nor can the diminishing imagery of our notions derogate less from him that is incomprehensible. I presume not to censure those who have made use of illustration to the proper ends of piety; all I mean is, that fallible ratiocination should not be made the grounds of faith, whose proper basis is infallible testimony. Nor is it longer faith than while it rests on *that*; for when I believe, not so much what is revealed, as what my own reason pronounces me to be true, I believe not God, but myself. I assume, not obey; and give proof rather of the pride than humiliation of my reason; whereas its humiliation is a principle end aimed at by God's so strict demand of our faith.

And, indeed, far from humiliation, and even common modesty must he be who hopes to give light to those mysteries which St. Paul, with all his learning, eloquence, and inspiration, pronounced to be to the Jews a stumbling block; and to the Greeks, those most subtle of men, foolishness: That is, they thought it folly to believe them, because unintelligible; and because they did not apprehend,

that there was any Divine authority to compel their belief. And such Greeks have *we*; Epicurean Greeks, sensual, subtle, and unbelieving; and whose celebrated writings are of equal authority with.

Quiequid Grecia mendax
Audet in historia.

Juv.

Men who reject divine assistance as too officious, with a sort of disdain, as if it affronted their own abilities; and whose presumptuous opinions are industriously spread by pest-men through the land.

With the gross and horrid effects of such opinions and their consequences, the distempered age groans, and kingdoms shake, and judgments threaten. And well they may. How many private families have their infamous secrets? how many public transactions their barefaced iniquity? high courts of justice have their *jus datum sceleri*, and blush not to plead precedent for the violation of their own laws; and the corruption of the times, for more corruption still. Is not this heaping mountain upon mountain against heaven? And think we heaven will never return the blow?

We have had already, say *now* have *some* light and merciful admonitions from heaven. But can it be thought that an age of judgments and pastimes; of riots and distresses; of excessive debts, and excessive expence; of public poverty, and private accumulation; of new sects in religion, and new sallies in sin; and every other contradiction to common sense, does not call for *more*? I Sir, am fastened in the country; nor know I much of that larger and fouler sink of debauchery in which you breathe. But even here, I know too much. Where is that village that has not its suicides of intemperance; or its bold advantages for still quicker death from the hand of public justice? And, to confirm that opinion above advanced, of the close tie and mutual growth of vice and unbelief, almost every cottage can afford us one that has *corrupted*, and every palace one that has *renounced* the faith.

I know, Sir, you will tell me, that it is the business of our common piety, to deplore: of our prayers, to obstruct; and of our lives, rather than our harangues, to confute them. True; for if our Christianity is to be found no where but in our books, the Christian and Infidel may drop

drop their dispute. A Tillotson and a Bolingbroke are on the same side: their contest is but verbal; their agreement is essential, and their association will prove eternal.

But, Sir, it is our duty to speak and write (if we can) as well as live, against the enemies of our Christian faith. I proceed, therefore, to observe, that the Viscount's arguments against the authority of the Scriptures has been long since answered. But he is not without precedent in this point. This repetition of already refuted arguments seems to be a deistical privilege or distemper, from which few of them are free. Even echoes of echoes are to be found amongst them; which evidently shows that they write not to discover truth, but to spread infection; which old poison readministered will do as well as new; and it will be struck deeper into the constitution, by repeating the same dose. Besides, new writers will have new readers. The book may fall into hands untainted before; or, the already infected may swallow it more greedily in a new vehicle; or, they that were disgusted with it in one vehicle, may relish it in another. I therefore ask pardon: What I mis-called distemper, I find, on second thoughts, is perfect prudence; but such prudence as, with them, would throw a Christian writer into the bottom of contempt.

There are more reasons for our deists to be dissatisfied with themselves than those already given. *Infidel* is an opprobrious name; but time was, when *deism* was the true religion; and they are for still retaining the credit once due to that character. It is therefore fit for a friend to Christianity, nor less fit for a friend to them, to take notice, that it is impossible for a *good* man, that is, one aiming at the divine favour above all things, to reject an offered revelation, without inquiring into its title to the high character it assumes; and, that it is as impossible (in my opinion) for a *reasonable* man to reject the Christian *revelation*, if he *does* inquire. He, therefore, who continues a deist, in a land enlightened by the Gospel, must be wanting in goodness or reason, must be either criminal or dull. None, therefore, can be more mistaken than they that profess deism for the credit of superior understanding, or for the sake of exercising a more pure and perfect virtue. Yet these are the only pretences which they do or dare avow for their fatal choice. Must not then their *real* motive be of a nature which they think prudent to conceal?

But to conceal it is not easy; for *reason*, out of itself defective reason, in many points of the last moment to man, wants, wishes, calls for a *revelation*; and cannot but accept, when offered, what it calls for: That is, reasonable deists cannot but become Christians, where the Gospel shines.

Or argue thus (for it admits of various proof:) God Almighty would not have made a revelation, but in order to be received. And by whom received? Doubtless, by the reasonable and good. And if by some of them, why not by all? And if all the reasonable and good receive it, what must they be that reject it? Therefore revealed religion rejected, proves natural religion disobeyed. I said above, that deists were blameable, how good soever their lives might be: But *now* it seems to appear, that their lives cannot be good. Others, perhaps, have forbore speaking so plain, out of charity. I venture on it out of what I conceive to be charity, greater still; for nothing that can awaken them can be kindly suppressed.

Cornelius the centurion, though one of the best of men, thought not the belief of the Gospel unnecessary to his salvation. But modern deists wiser, not better than he, have their objections to the Gospel. Their chief objection is against its *mysteries*. There is nothing mysterious in it, but with regard to things which we either *can not* or *need not* understand: *Can not*, through the limitation of the human intellect; or *need not*, through the sufficiency of other means and motives, for our leading good lives. To what amounts then this capital objection and charge against it? To no more than this, *viz.* That Christianity performs not what is impossible to be performed; for it is as impossible for its author, Almighty God, to do *more* than is needful for his gracious end, *viz.* the good lives of mankind; as to do what, in its nature, is impossible to be done.

Indeed, all their objections to Christianity seem to be no more nor less than playing the best card they have; than using the best expedient they can think of to keep themselves in countenance, and the world in the dark, as to the true motive of their apostacy. Nor are their objections to be looked on, in those that are men of sense, as an argument of their disbelief, but their dislike. They wish not the mysteries removed; for that would rob them of a favourite objection. They wish not the darkness of the my-

series

steries removed, but transferred; transferred from the *doctrines* to the *moral precepts*. These are without a cloud; these are too plain for their purpose. None ever fully complied with these, but was easily reconciled to the mysteries of the Gospel. The disgusted despotic heart commands the passive obedient head to fight its unjust quarrel, and say it is its own: So that *Satan* may blame them for some degree of hypocrisy in his favour; may blame them for only pretending to disbelieve. If, on the other hand, Christians were not also hypocrites, hypocrites, I mean, as to practice, they would rob the deists of their most plausible plea against us; and either lessen their numbers or increase their shame.

I hope that some of the deists, at least some of those whose principles are endangered by them, may admit some little impression from what has been offered. I hope they may discern and own the *self-accusation* which is evidently implied in our deists renunciation of Christianity; or, If I am mistaken, that they will set me right; for if I have wronged them, I have wronged them much. For, in what a disadvantageous light appear these deserters from Christianity in these pages? A *deistical* tongue, a *Christian* conscience, and a partly *pagan* heart! What a sad composition is this? It is a far heavier charge than I wish to find true.

But it is a natural question, "How comes it to pass, that men of parts should so much disaffect the Scriptures, so admirable, and still more and more admirable, in proportion to the discernment of their reader?"

Can it be from *ignorance*? It may be so, if their hearts are worse than their heads; for there are parts of Scripture which none but a good man can well understand: "Rejoice always; and again I say, Rejoice." This must appear to the vicious absurd, because impracticable; and therefore uninspired. To rejoice in tribulation, they have neither cause nor power. Thus, bad manners almost necessarily render men infidels to holy writ. On the contrary, a good life is a key to the Scriptures. "The secret of the Lord is with those that fear him." A text this, as unintelligible to the vicious as the former. As he has had no experience, so neither has he any comprehension of its truth. The good man comprehends and *feels* it too. Thus the Scripture, like the cloudy pillar which it records, is light to the true *Israelite*, but darkness to the *Egyptians*.
Hence

Hence acutest understandings in religious debates often lose their edge.

Can the cause we seek be *vanity*? It may be said of the Viscount's writings, as of *Cataline*, *Satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum*. Had his eloquence been less; had those talents been denied him, which flattered him with hope of shining a first lustre in the lettered world, he had escaped a temptation which has evidently been too hard for his prudence; and a common sized head had, probably, left his heart in safety. So formidable a possession is an immortal pen (if his *is* immortal;) a pen more fatal to its master than *Cato's* sword.

Or might not *envy* be the cause we seek? "But can these "men envy Christians, whom they quit on account of our "unhappy mistake?" Man is not only desirous, but ambitious too of happiness. He but ill bears that another should be happier than himself; because superior happiness is a natural argument of superior wisdom or worth. The man of a libertine life knows that the good Christian, if his religion is true, is, on the whole, much happier than himself. Therefore he wishes it to be false; and endeavours to find it so. And strong endeavours to be in the wrong, Heaven will punish with success. It will permit them to believe their own lie: That is, to fall on their own sword, which was drawn against the truth.

Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.

VIRG.

And I am the more inclined to impute their opposition to *envy*, rather than *vanity*; because pure vanity is consistent with good-nature; and may be a very candid thing: But envy has bitterness and ill-will; and ridicule is the genuine child of ill-nature; ridicule, that offensive brat of which they are so fond.

Now, though nothing is more improper in important debates than railery; yet can I make some apology for them. They may, possibly, perceive that the load on their own misgiving consciences would sink them, were it not for the light expedient of forced mirth, like a bladder filled with wind, to keep them above water: And that they, sometimes, have their doubts and misgivings of heart, it is reasonable to believe. To give full established security, is the incommunicable privilege of the Gospel.

For

For the reasons above, I venture to set down *envy* among the causes of infidelity, though (I think) by others overlooked. And further, I believe it to be a *very principal* cause of *lettered* infidelity in the world. Others, but not great vices, are doubtless the chief cause of infidelity in lower and illiterate life; where sense has no rival in thought, but tyrannizes alone.

But whatever is the cause of their infidelity, be it *ignorance, vanity, envy*, or any other vice, their infidelity will naturally have some effect in *our* favour. It is much to be hoped, that it will put us on our guard, and make us better men. Our leading a bad life, is playing into their hands. It is giving them an argument in the debate against ourselves. Though the argument is bad, yet it is an argument still. And since they have none *but* bad arguments, and such they *will* make use of, we should not increase the number. This is like furnishing them with ammunition to protract the war: And though the war protracted, will not hurt us, yet will it hurt them; and as we are Christians, *that* should give us an equal concern.

Secondly, Christianity may thank its *opponents* for much new light, from time to time, thrown in on the sublime excellence of its nature, and the manifestation of its truth; opponents, in *some* sort, more welcome than its *friends*: as they do it signal service, without running it in debt; and have no demand on our gratitude for the favours they confer. The stronger its adversaries, the greater its triumph: The more it is disputed, the more indisputable will it shine. With what pious pleasure must you see the brightest talents striking at it, with the most hearty good-will, yet dropping harmless like old Priam's spear?

Telum imbelle sine ictu

Conjecit; rauco quod protinus ære repulsum

Et summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit. VIRG.

Christianity, that great support of man's welfare, and God's glory, like a well-built arch, the greater load of opposition and reproach its enemy lays on it, the stronger it stands.

Thirdly, Their antichristian writings may *detect* them: For, since (as shown above) a false faith, or no faith at all, is the natural consequence of a bad life, it is possible that the gentleman in the opposition, while they are giving us
their

their opinions, may be giving us *more*: They may be discovering their *morals*, while they mean only to teach us their *creed*: And thus they may carry, like *Bellerophon*, their own condemnation, while they imagine they are graciously conveying intelligence and new light to mankind. So that the old proverb, *Bellerophontis literæ*, may be a proper motto for the learned labours of them all.

But condemnation from others will be much more supportable than their own, if that should fall on them. And where is he on whom it shall not one day fall? If a man born blind, who had never so much as heard of the sun, moon, and stars, should suddenly receive sight; he would not be more astonished at the first rushing in of those *material* glories, than would the man by vice struck blind to religion, be, at his first conviction of heavenly truths, *viz.* divine manifestations, awful revelations, fulfilled prophecies, numberless miracles; and one unbroken chain of marvellous expedients from before creation to this hour, for our salvation; those spiritual luminaries; those (dare I say) sun, moon, and stars of the *moral* world; if God should give him light. Till then, walking in darkness, he must mistake danger for safety, shame for glory, and mischief, for pleasure. Like the blinded of *Sodom*, he reaches eagerly after, and presses hard for enjoyment; but of real enjoyment, of true felicity, he cannot find the door; as I propose showing in my *next*.

If some part of it may seem too severe, I must observe, that no man can strike fire with a feather. A fire elemental is diffused through all nature, though locked up in dark matter, and unapparent in most parts of our globe. Thus, I conceive, that there is divine grace spread through all hearts (where not entirely quenched by vice,) though inactive and dormant in them. No slight animadversion can awake it. It must be a blow of some force that strikes it out of a heart of flint. And such there *must* be in these days of darkness, when few sparks of grace are apparent. Such there *must* be, when infidelity prevails; for infidelity and faith are the day and night of the moral world. One reveals, the other hides heaven from our thoughts. Happy am I, if this letter shall occasion the smallest dawn on but one single heart, in this our grand eclipse. With you, dear Sir, the dawn is long since past; and that you may continue in the light, till heaven, at that knock of *faith* which

which only will be heard, shall admit you into perfect day, where *undisputed* truth, and *unmistaken* pleasure, with endless glory, crown the just; this is the prayer of

Your affectionate bumble servant.

LETTER II.

ON PLEASURE.

DEAR SIR,

I NOW proceed to say something of *Pleasure*; that subject which you so warmly recommend; not aware, I believe, that it may be long before men, whose faults set the public eye at defiance, will learn to blush when alone in their closets. And till then, what hope of much reformation from the pen? Besides, though our transgressions with regard to pleasure are great, yet they are not new. To the scandal of the antediluvians be it spoken, there were British iniquities before the flood. To such a degree have all moral subjects been exhausted, that it is difficult for a writer on them not to *repeat*, though he is no plagiarist. But your desires are an apology for my deficiencies in compliance with them.

Whether we are more hardened in infidelity, or softened in pleasure, may be disputed: but none can deny that the love of pleasure is the root of every crime. Theft, murder, perjury, are a few of its fatal fruits; nor the worst. But I shall not dip so deep in its consequences; yet deep enough to render the name of a *man of pleasure*, which some effect for their honour, not only ridiculous, but detestable.

What an extravagant dominion does *pleasure* exercise over us? It is not only the pestilence that walketh in darkness; but an arrow that destroyeth at noon-day. The moon hides her face at our midnight enormities; and the morning blushes on our unfinished debauch. I am almost tempted to say, that our impudent folly puts nature out of countenance. But there is no need by words to exaggerate the fatal truth. Our luxury is beyond example, and
beyond

beyond bounds: it stops not at the poor: even they that live on alms are infected with it.

It has been observed, that it is with states as with men. They have their birth, growth, health, distemper, decay, and death. Men some times drop suddenly by an apoplexy; states by conquest; in full vigour, both. As man owes his mortality to original sin; some states owe their fall to some defect or infelicity in their original constitution. But contracted distemper is the most common ruin of states and men. And what national distemper more mortal than our own? On the soft beds of luxury most kingdoms have expired.

If causes should not fail of their usual effect; if our national distemper, far from being curaneous at present, should reach the vitals of our state; how applicable to this opulent, proud, profligate metropolis (which calls the sea her own, and whose vices, more diffusive, are without a shore) would be the prophet's sacred dirge over ancient Tyre; whose sea-born wealth and hell-born iniquity, let it not be said was but a prelude to our own? And yet if we proceed in our infernal career, that most infamous reproach may become but too true.

The sublime and most memorable words run thus: and I cannot but think that, at present, they must have a formidable sound in a British ear. "Is this the joyous city, whose antiquity is of days remote? whose merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth? whose revenue was the harvest of rivers; and exchange the mart of nations? who sat as a queen; stretched out her hand over the seas; and shook the kingdoms? But she is fallen! she is fallen! Heaven has stained the pride of all her glory." How sorely must you be pained at the report?

Has not Britain reason to be more deeply struck with this part of Scripture than the rest of mankind? The prophecy as yet, indeed, through mercy, is unfulfilled in us: but if Britain continues, like Tyre,—“To sing as an harlot; to take the harp; to make sweet melody; sing many songs; turn to her hire; and commit fornication with all the kingdoms of the world;”—her fall is to be feared, unless the fate of most former empires betray us into mistake; and that national poison which has ever proved mortal, is mortal no more. If the fate of kingdoms

doms is lodged in a just and impartial hand, what but the grossest self-flattery can banish our fears? And if our fears are banished, leave it not unobserved, that our very want of fear is a proof of our danger: for Heaven infatuates when it determines to destroy.

"But such a general face of affluence and gaiety. Are these signs of ruin?" Not signs only, but causes of it too. Not Babylon alone has been smitten at a banquet, and perished in its joys. Most nations have been gayest, when nearest to their end; and, like a taper in the socket, have blazed as they expired.

Were our fathers to rise from their graves, they would conceive that their fortune had thrown them on some day of public festivity, nor imagine that every day was drunk of the same disease. By our gaiety we seem to celebrate the perpetual triumph of the millennium; by our vices, to add to the manners of the antediluvian world; and, by our security under them, to put full confidence in the divine promise that the world should be drowned no more. If with the vices of the antediluvians, we had their years too, more might be said in our excuse; but to weigh such a moment against eternity, shows that the balance is in very weak hands. The world, which the divine vengeance swept away for its enormities, was incapable of so great a guilt.

But in so general a dissolution of manners are there none that stand entitled to more particular blame? Are not our great patrons of luxury a sort of anti-Curtii who leap into the gulf for the ruin of their country? Their country's ruin they threaten by the malignity of their example; while by the profusion of their expence they nearly finish their own. What a weakness is self-denial? what idle self-tormentors are penitents? what wretched lunatics, or gross suicides are the noble army of martyrs, if *these* men are in the right? How *cheap* would their pleasures come, if they cost them nothing more than their health, credit, and estates?

Pleasure is in some sort more pernicious than direct vice. Vice has, naturally, some horror in it. It startles and alarms the conscience, and puts us on our guard. Pleasure, under the colour of being harmless, has an opiate in it; it stupifies and besots. In the soft lap of pleasure conscience falls asleep. Vice, losing its horror, becomes fa-

miliar. And as vice increases, some expedient becomes necessary to reconcile us to ourselves. Thus, looking out for some shadow of excuse, we naturally slide into groundless doubts, and become infidels out of pure self-defence.

And as pleasure makes us infidels by stupifying the conscience; so it makes us very bad husbands of temporal enjoyments, by darkening our understandings; and this unqualifies us for the very point to which *alone* we pretend.

It is this cloud on their understanding which hinders our voluptuaries from discerning that their blind rage for pleasure turns blessings into their reverse. Birth, education, and abundance, are great blessings; but abused by pleasure into motives and instruments of indulgence, birth is more ignoble than obscurity; knowledge is more pernicious than ignorance; and abundance more a misfortune than want. Men of rank (and of such I speak) if wrong, can scarce avoid sinning beyond themselves. How pestilential their example falls on the lower world, which under the welcome force of such illustratious authority turn dissolute, as much for the sake of their credit and fortune, as of their lusts; pride and interest bringing needless succour to loose desire; and Tyburn has sometimes reaped what assemblies have sown. Great men in the wrong are powerful engines of mischief, and, like bursting bombs, destroy themselves and all around them.

And as to the two supreme blessings and glories of man, their reason and immortality; these, as they manage it, flame out into vengeance too great to be mentioned without horror. Their reason serves only to render them more guilty; and their immortality to render endless the sad wages of their guilt.

It is this cloud on our understanding which makes us so little masters in the very science we profess. Happiness is our study, but are we not dunces in it! We know not, or seem not to know, that all *real* enjoyment lies within the compass of God's commands; which abridge not, but defend them; that when we dip too deep in pleasure we stir a sediment that renders it impure and noxious; and (as much a paradox as it may seem) the best means of arriving at the true pleasures of the body, is to preserve and cultivate the powers of the soul; and that a good understanding

standing is in man the source and security of mere *animal* delight.

Let these gentlemen take notice that I am not against enjoyment; I am as great a lover of it as they; for without a relish of the good things of life, we cannot be thankful. Enjoy, but enjoy reasonably and thankfully to the great donor, *that* will secure us from excess. To *enjoy* is our wisdom and our *duty*; it is the great lesson of human life, but a lesson which few have learned, and none less than *these* who proclaim themselves *masters of art* in it.

It is this pleasure bred cloud on the understanding which makes us forget that virtue is the health of the soul; that all provision and parade from without can make a sensualist just as happy as the same can make an invalid; that both have pains adhering necessarily to their present state; that both have rather remedies than joys, that assemblies, balls, masquerades, &c. are but as well-stored hospitals, unnecessary to the sound, and but poor palliatives to the sick; though pretenders to more than health, they confess our distemper; and what is worse, increase the distemper they confess; and that of distempers the worst, a wrong judgment in our most important point.

I grant that in the boundless field of licentiousness some bastard joys may rise, that look gay, more especially at a distance; but they soon wither. No joys are always sweet and flourish long, but such as have self-approbation for their root, and the divine favour for their shelter. We are for rootless joys, joys beyond appetite; which is the sole root of sensual delights. We are for joys, not of man's native growth, but forced up by luxurious arts; dugged by great expence; and shone on, not by the divine favour, but a strong imagination which gives them all their little taste; and makes them apt, like other crude fruits, to surfeit and destroy. We are, in a word, for joys of our own creation, the seeds of which Heaven never sowed in our hearts. But we may as well invade another prerogative of Heaven, and, with the tyrant of *Elis*, pretend to make thunder and lightning, as *real* joy. I say *real* joy: joy we may make, but not cheerfulness. Joy may subsist without thought; cheerfulness rises from it. Joy is from the pulse; cheerfulness from the heart. That may give a momentary flash of pleasure; this alone makes a happy man. And happy men there may be who never

laughed in their lives: And in a situation where reason, calls for the reverse, there is not in nature so melancholy a thing as joy.

It is this intellectual cloud which hangs like a fog over every gay resort of our *moral* invalids (though invisible to common eyes,) which flings us not only into mistakes, but contradictions. How sick are we of yesterday? Yet how fond of to-morrow though devoted to the same cheat as the past? Which stings us into contradictions not only in reason, but contradictions to sense. We cannot believe that fatigue is fatigue, let its cause be what it will. Too much recreation tires as much as too much business; yet one we swallow, are choked by the other. The man of business has at least his seventh day's rest. Our fever for folly never intermits. Our week has no sabbath in it. So much harder is the master whom we serve, than that of better men: and yet to our infamous honour be it spoken, we are better servants than they. How do we run, labour, expend; expose ourselves, hurt our families, resist unbounded eternal temptations to wisdom; offer up the rich sacrifice of conscience and understanding; watch; watch late; and all but pray for his service? Quite jaded with protracted amusements, we yawn over them. The dull drone of nominal diversion still humming on, when the short time of enjoyment is over, lulls us quite asleep. Like the bear in the fable, we hug our darling to death. Instead of rejoicing in tribulation (of which few among us ever heard,) we sorrow in delight: For, to speak the truth (though we would not have it divulged,) we tread this eternal round of vanities less for the pleasure it brings, than for the pain it suspends. It is a refuge, not a prize. Like criminals (as we are,) we fly to it from our much injured unforgiving foes, from ourselves; which chide and sting us when alone; when together, we support each others spirits; which is like sailors clinging to each other for safety, when the vessel is sinking. We fly from ourselves, because we first fly from our Maker. Wretched flight! Heil is nothing but an entire absence from him; and every partial departure has its proportion of it.

But those deep draughts of pleasure which besot us, must answer for all absurdities; and, among the rest, for our entire ignorance of the nature of that world in which we live. Mirth at a funeral is scarce more indecent and unnatural

unnatural than a perpetual flight of gaiety and burst of exaltation in a world like this: A world which may seem a paradise to fools, but in an hospital with the wise: A world in which bare escape is a prime felicity. *Effugere est triumphus.*

The numberless pains of body and mind; the dark solemn approaches to, or dismal vestibules of the grave, as well as opening graves themselves, are so thick scattered over the face of the whole earth, that an unpetrified heart cannot look round, without feeling an inevitable damp and general disconsolation; and venting a sigh universal for the whole family of *Adam*, for the lot of all mankind. Nothing but strong faith in eternal life could hinder tears from bursting over it: Nor are tears too much; for sympathy is the chief duty of human life.

Were one-tenth part of the wretchedness *seen* that is *felt*, it would strike us with horror. Heaven means to make one half of the species a mortal lecture to the other. It surrounds us with deplorable objects, not more for the sake of the wretched, than for our own; that our compassion awakened, may awaken our prudence, and teach us what we have *to do*, by showing us what we have *to fear*. Shall the rich and the well educated throw their abundance down the sink of unprofitable and untasted delights; while untaught multitudes mistake and sin, and indigent multitudes shiver and starve? While we think we are sparing expences we are running in debt. How deep are we in arrears to the distressed? The distressed have, from reason, as just a demand on our superfluities, as we have, from law, on our stewards for our estates. But this is no *play-debt*, and therefore, without dishonour, undischarged.

Is then my repeated censure of intellectual darkness too severe? I wish it were. But, alas! how distant from their thoughts are the points the most important? How foreign to their interest all that is nearest their hearts? When I speak of their darkness, I do not forget my own. There is not that man on earth that does not well deserve censure, and even from them. But there is difference in deviation from the right. *Mulattos* are not *Ethiopians*. I grant in their excuse, that though all can see folly in pleasures past, yet must he be wiser than *Solomon* who sees it in those to come. Yet wiser than *Solomon* in this respect

must we be, or continue mere idiots; and idiots with regard to the *present* life: For this life's enjoyment lies chiefly in our title to the joys of the next; as earth becomes fruitful from the kind of influence of the distant sun.

And now what occasion of advancing any thing more to the condemnation of these sons of *Epicurus*, and in disfavour of pleasure than this, *viz.* That by darkening our understandings, it robs us of *this* world: and by stupifying our consciences, of the *next*. So far are they from their boasted happiness, that even in the judgment of a Heathen (not to mention the Scripture, of much less authority with them,) they are dead while yet alive. *Is demum vivere, atque anima frui videtur; qui alicui intentus negotio, aut artis bonæ, aut præclari, facinoris, famam querit.* Sallust.

It is said of their master *Epicurus*. *Deos verbis reliquit, re sustulit.* By his and their goddess *Pleasure*, they do just the same. They loudly boast, and effectually destroy it; the first, through want of modesty; the last, through want of understanding. But they must keep themselves in countenance though out of heart; and make themselves some *small* amends from vanity, for what is wanting to reason and to sense.

Nor tread they their master's steps in this alone. He out of a swarm of dancing atoms was for making a world: They, out of a giddy whirl of innumerable amusements, those minute particles of pleasure, are for forming happiness: A system equally philosophical, and of equal success. A *God* alone can make one; the godlike only can achieve the other: And where are they to be found in this hopeful school?

The *one thing necessary* for happiness is in common to both worlds; this and the next. In vain we seek a different receipt for it, one in time another in eternity. *Virtue* wanting, every thing else becomes necessary to happiness, and ineffectual. To what amounts then the boast of their numberless felicities? It brings in proof of their happiness, a demonstration of their misery. *A good man shall be satisfied from himself alone.* A bad man shall be dissatisfied with all the world at his devotion.

But there is a third particular, in which, if they had followed their master, it would have been more for their advantage and credit. An indulgent Providence has abundantly provided us with irrefragable pleasures. Why are these

these swept away with an ungrateful hand, to make room for poisons of our own deadly composition, to be placed in their stead. *Epicurus* was in love with his gardens. But that is an amour too innocent for *them*: A garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wise and happy man, but reflection and peace? And both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shows him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial seed in their stead. For what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to heaven? A garden to the virtuous, is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost. What a rich present from heaven of sweet incense to man was wafted in that breeze? What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly showers the watery bow had shed all its most celestial colours on it? Here are no objects that fire the passions. None that do not instruct the understanding and better the heart while they delight the sense, but not the sense of *these* men. To them the tulip has no colours; the rose no scent: Their palate for pleasure is so deadened and burnt out by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility for the softer impressions of these; much less for the relish of those philosophic or moral sentiments which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendant fruit, or rising flower, those speechless, not powerless orators, ever praising their great Author, inspire: Much less still for their religious inspiration. Who cannot look on a flower till he frightens himself out of infidelity? Religion is the natural growth of the works of God; and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

Spiritually blind, deaf, and stupid, they see not the great *Omnipresent* walking in the garden; they hear not his call; they know not that they are naked; they hide not among the trees; but stand in open defiance of his laws. *Religion* is far from them.

And where can we hope religion, if not in *age*? And are there *Hecubas* to be found among the bright *Helens* of our times; is diversion grown a leveler, like death? Can assemblies

assemblies banish distinction and show us all dates like church-yards? The latter, for *their* years, is the more proper scene. Give me leave, Sir, to address them; and address them in haste: They may die by to-morrow. To-night they are shining at the assembly. Thither, for a moment imagination transports me to attend them.

“ So various, Ladies! and cogent are the reasons which, might call you to this place, that I am at a loss which to thank for the honour it receives. Come you to admire or to be admired? Your modesty declines the last. Come you out of kindness, then, to authorise those amusements you chose not to adorn? Or come you, out of compassion, to make these young criminals appear more innocent than they could appear uncompar’d with superior indiscretion? Or come you out of piety to return thanks at this *religious house* for your so narrowly escaping the grave? Or come you out of pure generosity to heighten the mirth of the night? Your point is carried. What borrowed ornaments are these? Is vanity still in its spring? Is the folly of hairless heads putting forth its gay blossoms in the December of life? Age cannot drop its dignity, and yet retain its privileges. It must be laugh’d at, if it will not be rever’d; and objects of reverence cannot enter at *these* doors. We reverence age, as we reverence noble birth; on supposition, both: If our supposition proves false, our homage dies.

“ A little entertainment, you say, is natural——What a portentous jumble of seasons, what a violation of nature is this; winter dancing with the spring? Where are the first partakers of your pastimes, when pastimes became you? Their very monuments are in ruins. What real connection of heart, or interests, can you have with any now alive? And without such connection, how insipid your commerce with them? Sure you cannot approve *Mexentius* connection of the living with the dead.

“ Hang your hours, though probably so few, so very heavy on your hands, that you had rather bear contempt than them? Is it drowned by the sprightly viol, or hear you yon solemn bell? Wants that the power to call you to your closets, which calls your grand-children to their graves? Is it thus you discharge the duties of age to the rising generation? Whatever seeds of prudence you would sow in their hearts before they can take root, these

“ vanities

vanities blow away; especially if you, like the ladies of Lapland, heighten the * *hurricane* yourselves.

"Have you never heard, my good Ladies, of the redemption of time? You carry yours to market and sell it for nothing; nay, you dearly buy it off your hands. Can nothing but such trifles, such murder of time, make you think that you are alive? Can nothing but the stroke of death convince you you shall die? To their beauty alone, too much amusement is forgiven, even in the young. What then have *you* to plead?—That which is fairer than beauty, if you call it to your aid: Virtue can reconcile our respect to wrinkles. It can render age amiable when bloom smiles in vain. But vice and deformity, when twisted together, is such a *Gorgon* as turns the tenderest heart into stone.

"Pardon, Ladies! that I presume to call that vice which you will soften by some milder name. What is innocence in you may be vice in years. Besides, mark the mischief of what you call harmless expedients to smooth the rugged path of life. You spread that path with snares, to the ruin of those you love. You make *parental authority*, that natural safeguard of youth, their temptation to folly; and *filial obedience*, so lovely, so pious, the strange cause of their crimes. Through such mazes of more than folly, when parents lead the way, children out of pure duty may tread their wrong steps. Or, if they have more discernment, or more grace, what follows?—What you yourselves will be shocked to hear, and I to tell; a daughter *blushing* for her who bore her: Which, to my knowledge and astonishment has been the too memorable and too deplorable case."

Here I would fain leave off, and throw a mantle over the nakedness of our own sex; but that would be too great partiality. It is too sure *Adam* also fell. As I have spoken to his daughters, I must speak, Sir, by your permission, now to his *aged* sons. I can speak with more freedom to these! I was forced to spare his daughters out of decency.

"Ye first on roll for eternity! why this waste of time? Why is its date quite erased? Your spruce appearance is a perfect forgery. And deserves it not the wonted penalty for it? You, for whom it is almost as unnatural, as

"for

* Some assemblies so called.

“ for a mole to be seen above-ground, what mean you by
 “ trespassing on this nether world? Or if here, ye deser-
 “ ters from death! to whose corps you belong, why list in-
 “ to so very foreign a service? Death, the more he is for-
 “ got the more formidable he grows. But how could you
 “ forget him, who have seen him snatching from your bo-
 “ som such numbers of your friends? Has he so often
 “ knocked at the next door, and so frequently shook his
 “ lance in vain? Will you drop into the grave on your
 “ road to the ball? You who, *one* full age of man expired,
 “ commence a *new*, with all the wantonness of youth, by
 “ an antichristian regeneration; a *second* birth into all the
 “ foibles of a sensual life! Consider what tender reverence
 “ what respect mixed with compassion is paid to years own-
 “ ing their infirmities and supporting them as they ought.
 “ But infirmities of body dissembled, that those of the
 “ mind may be the more indulged; a vicious mind sting-
 “ ing on a jaded body into shame; this calls not only for
 “ the scorn but detestation of mankind.

“ Consider, Sirs! is there not some mistake? Do not
 “ your minds, through disorder of the machine go too slow,
 “ and misrepresent the time of days? Else how could men
 “ who have not space sufficient left between them and their
 “ graves, for life’s wonted delusions to display their gay
 “ phantoms, who can hardly hope to repeat to-morrow the
 “ farce of to-day, still persist to be boys? Young men, in-
 “ deed, may see visions of what never shall come to pass,
 “ and be ravished with them: But old men in their senses
 “ cannot so much as dream dreams of delight; such delight
 “ I mean, as yours. What delight can these gay scenes
 “ afford you? I should think you should be more morifi-
 “ ed than amused, where you scarce can see a face that
 “ does not make you look twenty years older than before.
 “ Hope you any regard or affection among them? No;
 “ despair even of toleration, but when these *moderns*, for
 “ amusement, dip into you as into chronological tables to
 “ know what happened before the flood: Find friends in
 “ coevals, or despair.

“ Indeed, my good friends, in *one* sense, most certainly,
 “ you are strangers upon earth, why will you not be so in
 “ the *best*? That you *might* be so in the best is, probably,
 “ the sole reason you are still alive. Men in years and the
 “ clergy are the two natural supports of virtue and reli-
 “ gion;

gion; that is, the two columns on which public welfare is built: And the first is the stronger, as there is less prejudice against it. They both have higher obligations to be wise than other men: And if the world see those higher obligations fail of their due effect, their consciences will sit easier under the neglect of their own. The clergy are volunteers; the aged are pressed by nature into the service of wisdom: And if they both desert, vice may triumph without a battle, and virtue fall without a mourner.

"Ye fine men of rank and parts! a common soldier (your contempt, no doubt) shall reproach you. One of them, requesting dismissal from CHARLES V. gave this reason for it, *Inter vitæ negotia extremumque diem oportet aliquod temporis intercedere*. Much more *inter vitæ voluptates*, and our last hour. Will you go to your graves with your eyes shut, as *Plutarch* tells you the *Spartans* went to their beds in the dark? If so, as reasonable men in years enter their graves as a harbour, you will strike on yours as on a rock. You do not only expose yourselves, but your whole species. When they that have most reason to be wise are the farthest from it, it sinks the dignity of our common nature, brings, beyond all other enormities, a reproach on mankind, and gives each individual, as a sufferer, as a sharer in the scandal, a just right not only of censure but revenge.

"This will excuse my indignation at two notorious offenders; and therefore I shall dare name them. Who are they, but *Sedbury* and *Torrismond*? Their pictures have been partly drawn by the famous *Seymour*: I shall sketch the rest. These are too perfect heroes in this transgression; old offenders in an offence, which, till old they could not begin: Who join the gallantries of *Paris* to the years of *Nestor*: Who read a play-bill, and a bill of mortality, with the same sensation and aspect: Who can amuse themselves with a cathedral service; and go for an hour's diversion to the funeral of a friend!

"How many friends have they lost? that is, how often has their confidence in the world been shaken at the root? And give they still full proof of their obstinate adherence to, and cordial incorporation with it? Has it not daily crumbled away in their fingers? and will they hug it still? How can their hearts still swell with those flattened bubbles of idle joy so often prickd by death?

"Ye

“ Ye two antediluvian youths ! what greater folly on
 “ earth than that of confounding seasons, and not giving
 “ their respective appropriations to the different periods of
 “ life ? Nothing can be in credit that is out of character ;
 “ and credit you affect, no one more. If you would find
 “ it, let these gentle hints, like the light touch of a magic
 “ wand, make you shrink from your vernal bloom ; and
 “ wither at least to the decencies of fourscore : for I would
 “ make you *some* allowance still.

“ Know ye not, that they who in their wrinkled decline
 “ out dive in folly the temerities of youth, and die imma-
 “ turely at twice the age of man, are void of shame from
 “ censure, human and divine ; quite callous to God and
 “ men ? Know you not, that such faults after seventy, are
 “ as severely judged by this world as the next ? To be
 “ born like a wild ass’s colt, is natural ; but not to live so,
 “ and retain the colt’s tooth, when all the man’s are fallen
 “ out. Time was, when to centaurize was less ridiculous.
 “ But unless your equestrian part is now dismissed, laugh-
 “ ter is irresistible ; as your friend *Horace* assures you.

Solve senescentum mature sanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus.

“ Instead of surfeiting every public place with your un-
 “ godly omnipresence, you shall be reserved as the great
 “ Mogul. A little self-annihilation would be the wisest,
 “ way even for your own vanity ; for the more we forget our
 “ age, the more we remind others of it ; and the younger
 “ we would appear so much older shall we look in all eyes
 “ but our own.

“ Yes gentlemen ! to preserve your dignity, retire like
 “ eastern kings. And kings, indeed, you may be, and glo-
 “ rious ones, too, if you will be wise : For “ wisdom is the
 “ crown of old age ; and the fear of the Lord is its *glory*.”

Since the witchcraft of *pleasure* is so strong, as to turn young
 men into old, by their infirmities ; and old into young by
 their affectation and conceit ; let us look a little more nar-
 rowly into the preverse composition of that marvellous
 being which we stile a *Man of Pleasure* ; and make some-
 what, if possible, like an analysis of it.

The man of pleasure (though I fear he never asked him-
 self

self the question) of what nature, species, or rank in the creation conceives he himself to be? Does this yet unconstrued, undeciphered creature, consider himself as an *immortal* being, or only as a *rational*? or as a mere *animal*? If as an immortal, let him regard things eternal. If as a rational, let reason reign: If as a mere animal, let him indulge appetite; but not go beyond it. When appetite is satisfied, an animal's meal is over: If as a composition of all three; let it not be a confusion of them; let it be a *composition*; and order alone can preserve that name.

No, he is for neither of these. He is an immortal, without a sense of immortality. He is a rational, dethroning reason; and an animal transgressing appetite: An unhappy combination, a wretched chaos of all, without the benefit of either: Nay, a sufferer from each, because an abuser of all. They are not, as heaven designed them, three parties in alliance for his happiness; but three conspirators of his own making against his peace.

For mark this immortal maze of human ruin; appetite, reason, and immortality, violate, and are violated by each other. Subtle reason finds arts and arguments to tempt appetite beyond her bounds. Unbounded appetite, with stupifying sensuality, bribes reason to drop her dominion. Her dominion dropped renders blind immortality regardless of things eternal: And they being disregarded, all immortality's boundless powers and desires devolve on things temporal; and devolved on them, with violence impel deposed reason and riotous appetite to monstrous lengths of extravagance, which had otherwise lain quite beyond both their power and desire.

Thus stands the perplexed, and hitherto not unravelled case. The man, in his constitution, debauches the brute: The brute debauched, dethrones the man; the dethroned man, and debauched brute, join in rebellion against the immortal: The subdued immortal resigns to them its infinite powers and desires; which they exert to the destruction absolute of all three.

The man, if not in alliance with an immortal, never would have had an unbounded power and desire. If not in alliance with a brute, he never would have debased them to mean and sordid ends; never would have confined them to things below: But being joined to both, and through perverseness and stupidity rendering celestial immortality

inglorious, and terrestrial brutality more brutal, he creates a far more miserable being than either of them apart could possibly have been. We may therefore congratulate the mere brute on his high prerogative of being incapable of becoming such a monster of rationality as this. And *The Man of Pleasure*, if modest, will for the future give wall to his horse. He, like *Codrús*, disguises himself, puts off his dignity to rush into danger; and happy for him if he meets with nothing worse than death.

Reason, and immortality the *man*, and the *immortal*, these only occasion the calamity; and the poor *animal*, an innocent ally, must suffer with them.

If your sister's favourites will contemplate themselves in any glass but their own, let them look in this *true* mirror; and though the features are somewhat monstrous, let them, not disown them, since they may change them when they please; and they are pictured so minutely, that they may be the more inclined so to do. For what a hideous ruin of humanity is this? The world after the deluge, a less melancholy sight. Such shocking footsteps sin leaves behind it, in nature animate and inanimate. Reason and virtue are the sole beauty, and sole salvation of all. Through all her realms creation groans without it. The Deity is all reason in his nature, conduct, and commands. The great, invariable, eternal, alternative, throughout his creation, is or reason, or ruin. To how many ears in this happy metropolis is this dismal news?

I was going to say, that reason is the sole basis of happiness; but it is not. There are three kinds of happiness on earth, gradually less, and less. There is a happiness from the exertion of reason, where reason is given: This is the happiness of a *man*. There is an inferior happiness from the gratification of sense where reason is denied: This is the happiness of a *brute*. And there is a calamitous happiness where reason is suppressed or abused: And this is the happiness of a *wretch*. You see then in what line of happiness our *fine men* must be content to rank.

I know your sister will call my analysis above, a labyrinth of sophistry. I will, therefore, give *The Man of Pleasure's* character in a manner less perplexed, and which she may probably censure as to plain; and may wish a clue were wanting to find the meaning.

He

He is one, who, desirous of being more happy than any man *can* be, is less happy than most men *are*.

One, who seeks happiness every where, but where it is to be found.

One, who out-toils the labourer, not only without his wages, but paying dearly for it.

He is an immortal being, that has but two marks of a man about him, upright state, and the power of playing the fool, which a monkey has not.

He is an immortal being, that triumphs in this single, deplorable, and yet *false* hope, that he shall be as happy as a monkey when they are both dead; though he despairs of being so, while yet alive.

He is an immortal being, that would lose none of its most darling delights, if he were a brute in the mire, but would lose them all entirely, if he were an angel in heaven.

It is certain, therefore, that he desires not to be there: And if he not so much as *desires* it now, how can he ever *hope* it, when his day of dissipation is over? And if no hope—what is our Man of Pleasure? A man of distraction and despair to-morrow.

And who would buy to-day so dear, if it were so to be bought? as certainly it is not. Doubtless the *true* Man of Pleasure is he, who preserves order in his compounded nature, and gives the animal, rational and immortal, their respective dues. Who, as *immortal* places in the supreme Being his supreme delight; and, as *rational*, shunning superstitious austerities; and, as *animal*, too great indulgencies; admits of all secular enjoyments that are strictly consistent with this *supreme*. The *true* and *false* Man of Pleasure are brothers; born of the same parent, *viz.* an inextinguishable love of delight: But so superior is one to the other, that like the fabled brothers *Caster* and *Polux*, one may be said to be in heaven, the other on earth.

To be more explicit, I would gather three particular branches from this general root of happiness, and present them to your sister, as a specimen of the rest.

There is no Man of Pleasure without his Eve, no Eve without her serpent, no serpent without its sting. He that knows not the pure delight, and evergrowing tenderness of a chaste love, knows not the most that the fairest can bestow.

He that knows not the sound cordiality and constant warmth of a disinterested friendship, knows not the most that man can enjoy from man.

He that keeps not open a constant intercourse with heaven by frequent fervours of rational devotion, knows not a joy still sublimer than both.

What are the joys of vice compared to these? What think their deluded admirers of a magnanimous triumph over strong temptation; of a sweet repose in divine favour and protection; of an indefeasible right to life eternal? Is there not certain grandeur and solidity of happiness in this? Is not this better than ranging from the gaming-house to brothels; and with other little, fluttering, gilded, noxious, liquorish, insects to be fixing on every nuisance from delight? Sons of *Beelzebub* the god of flies. I like not a certain modest faint heartedness in the friends and advocates of what is right. A Christian should let all see what an animation there is in Christianity above all that the world may admire besides. Christianity should be the boast as well as the comfort of our hearts.

And now if we inquire after the cause which has brought us into that fools paradise, on which I have dwelt so long, we shall see with what good reason *pleasure* and *infidelity* are joined together in my plan.

The Scripture ascribes the conquest of the world, that is, of its pleasure, to *faith*, and is very copious in enumerating renowned instances of it. Were faith as prevalent in us, we too should prove *Alexanders* in the moral world. All agree that several goods being proposed for our *ultimate* enjoyment, it is impossible in our *nature* not to choose the *best*. All agree that God's promises are better than any thing we can carve for ourselves. And all agree that they are inconsistent with sin. So that he who will take out his portion in this life, *must* lose it in the next. What then, against our *nature*, and against our *reason*, hinders us from prosecuting our *chiefest* good?——What of *faith* All is resolvable into that alone.

For instance. Our temptations are of two kinds. From things that *grieve*, or things that *please*; the former *fright*, the latter *allure* us from our virtue. From poverty, pain, disgrace, or persecution, we fly to falsehood or fraud for escape. But those ills are not the immediate cause of it; but want of *faith* in God's promises, that "He will succour

" us in those exigencies, and deliver us in his good time, and make all things work together for our good." On the other hand, when pleasure entices and carries its point, we do not think those pleasures, be they what they will, preferable to heaven. But heaven is at a distance, and the soul is eager for *present* good. But why is heaven at a distance? for want of faith; for faith is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." It antedates the existence of that which is future, makes "our conversation in heaven, though we are still in the body, associates us with angels, though in our solitude, and gives us greater joy in contemplation than the world can give in hand." This is true, or the conduct of those heroes in Scripture had been impracticable! and they, like ourselves, were mere men. Thus *infidelity* leads to *pleasure*, and *pleasure* confirms *infidelity*, and both together consummate ruin.

These gentlemen seem to think that the world was made in jest; that there is nothing of moment, or serious in it. There is nothing else. There is not a fly, but has infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but in its destination. And was man made only to flutter, sing, and expire? A mere expletive in the mighty work, the marvellous operations of the Almighty? Is joy *their* point? He that to the best of his power has secured the *final stake* has a *soûs perennis* of joy within him. He is *satisfied from himself*. They, his reverse, borrow all from *without*. Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers though fair and sweet for a season, it must soon wither and become offensive. Joy from *within*, is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair; it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal.

As, therefore, I have above offered these gentlemen three expedients for happiness; to persuade their acceptance of them, I shall now give three short maxims, which will sit light on their memories, and (I hope) in time, easy on their hearts.

He that will not *fear* shall *feel* the wrath of heaven.

He that lives in the kingdom of *sense*, shall die into the kingdom of *sorrow*.

He shall never truly enjoy his *present* hour, who never thinks on his *last*.

Let your sister, dear Sir, tell her gray pretty fellows

who are apostles to these *Gentiles*, that, if they can advance three maxims of greater truth, or three expedients of greater efficacy to happiness than those above-mentioned, I am their convert, I exchange my Bible for Bolingbroke; and prepare for the ball; For N. B. I am but fourscore.

With best wishes to you, and those you love, that is, all mankind; I am,

Dear Sir,

Most affectionately,

Yours.

LETTER III.

ON PLEASURE.

IN ANSWER TO ONE RECEIVED.

DEAR SIR,

THE contents of your letter damp my joy in hearing from you. Even a good man's approaching death strikes us with *some* concern. I am sorry that the sting which *pleasure* left in your unhappy friend occasions so swift a decline. How naturally we lay hold on heaven when the world sinks under us, and will support our hopes no more! The piece of devotion which you desire, you shall receive in my next. I cannot reflect on your friend's distress, and a noble youth whom I myself attend in his extremes, without dwelling still longer on *Pleasure*, which has cost the world so dear.

If disease and infirmity make us daily visits in the persons of our neighbours and friends; and death, by the same effecting messengers, gives us frequent notice that he will be with us soon:

If, when death arrives, all mankind, however divided before, unanimously close in one opinion and one wish:

If libertine enjoyments hasten the approach, and heighten the dread, and imbitter the consequences of death:

If death is the single event sure, and virtue the single pursuit indefeasible; and the Divine favour the single point of absolute importance:

If

If that favour comes so cheap, that the very leavings (in time, care, and expence) of our *real* enjoyments, would go a great way in the purchase of it:

If the martyr's blood makes that purchase sure; and it is impossible that *martyrdom* and *voluptuousness* should share the same fate:

If the fate to be shared is endless; and this life but as a moment to an age; and an age not a moment to eternity; and eternity as much ours as the present hour:

If he, that is over fond of the *present*, or high in expectation from any *future* hour, either knows not *this* world, or believes not in the *next*:

If all this is true; that is, if it is day at noon, how happy, like your friend *Eusebius*, to strike early into the right path, and not so long to slumber in indulgence, like the noble youth (of whom I shall soon speak,) as to suffer the birth-day of our understanding to be the last day of our lives?

I told you in a former letter, that I would give you your friend *Eusebius*'s character at large; not, to be sure, for your information, but to place him in opposition to the *Men of Pleasure*: And so

Facem præferre pudendis.

Juv.

that their deformity may be set in a stronger light, for the benefit of those weak eyes who cannot see a mountain without spectacles; with whom a *Centaur* passes for a man. Or rather, who think a Man of Pleasure an extremely happy creature, and, with ancient astronomers, place the *Centaur* in heaven. Their *Sagittarius* there, or eternal hunter, ever aiming at *pleasure*, and ever missing his mark. How ever much the character of *Eusebius* will plainly show.

Men of Pleasure, notwithstanding all the thorns they meet with in their flowery path, imagine all would enter it, but for want of taste, or spirit, or purse: *Eusebius* wants none of these. He wants not a taste for aught that can gratify either imagination or sense, that can make a coxcomb or debauchee; but he is neither. Nor wants he a purse or heart to provide those gratifications. His purse is large; larger his heart, but not corrupt and nobly *wrong*. He is young, gay, rich, expensive. So far he is with them, but will leave them soon, as the sun slides from

from under an eclipse. *His* riches widen the circle of his virtues. *Their* riches increase the number of their crimes. There are two kinds of expence; in both, riches make themselves wings, and fly away. But widely different in their flight; in one they fly away as an eagle towards heaven; in their flight beautiful, and celestial in their end. In the other, they fly away as an owl to the desert: ungracious and ill-omened in their flight, and ending in the desert of ignominy and ruin.

Eusebius, though liberal to the demands of nature, rank, and duty, starves vice, caprice and folly. These (the great cormorants of gold) he sends begging to *their* doors; they, as old intimates, welcome and embrace them all. And if they have not thrice the fortune of *Eusebius*, must soon be beggars themselves. While he, with one half *they* sink in a debauch, lifts beggars (beggars I mean from fortune, not from folly) into the real comforts of life.

He too has his *amusements*; but not such as deaden, but revive? Such as recover the relaxed tone of application re-animated to new efforts. And thus are essential, though pausing parts of noble well judging *industry*. He starts not at a masquerade, nor think cards the books of the devil; but thinks all our devisions like long books, that were better epitomized; or, like the books of the *Sybil*, which, as they were lessened in number, rose in their price.

He, as well as they, has his parks, gardens, grottos, cascades, statues, paintings, &c. but enjoys them more. Not because his are better than theirs, but because he is better than they. His paintings have beauties unborrowed from the pencil, and his statues in *his* eyes appear like *Pygmalion's*, to live; though *mere* marble in *theirs*. His all-animating joy within gives grace to art, and smiles to nature, invisible to common eyes. Objects of sense and imagination for the greater power of pleasing are indebted to the goodness of his heart. For as the sun is itself the most glorious of objects, and makes all others shine, so virtue itself is the greatest of pleasures, and of all other pleasures redoubles the delight.

He and they, though they both value riches, yet entertain widely different opinions about them. He considers a great fortune as his being put by a kind Providence, into his honourable commission for doing much good. They

They consider it as a privilege, or at least as an excuse for the contrary. He, surveying his ample arcades and lofty domes, rejoices more in what benefits others, than what aggrandizies himself: Rejoices more in considering how many mouths he has fed, than in considering how many eyes he has drawn. He triumphs in reflecting to what numbers he has been enabled, by the Divine indulgence, to turn, without a miracle, those stones into bread. They, from their huge Babel-like buildings, contract a Babel-like pride, which turns, with regard to those beneath them, their hearts into stone. Such men, in effect, build *downward*, are the more ignoble; that is, the lower for their height.

He thinks that heaven's rich donations imply in them some transfer to the public: *They* think they imply a transfer of the public homage to themselves. Instead of imagining his grandeur to be a demand on the public for its homage, he looks on it as the public's demand on him for bounty and patronage, of which he has erected such proud promises, and by them raised so just an expectation. He thinks that their riches (how strangely soever it may sound) run them in debt; and that not to *benefit*, is to *defraud*.

His humility is equal to his magnificence; and as magnificence with humility speaks more regard for others than himself, it escapes envy, and ensures general applause. *Their* pride defeats their magnificence, and robs it of that applause which is its single aim: For it is a great authority which tells us, "*That pride is a tree which eats up its own fruit.*"

He knows (what *they* consider not,) that splendid superiorities cannot be *neutral*, with regard to the characters of those who possess them; that, therefore, men possess them at their peril; that they must degrade, if they do not exalt them. That heaven, which in spite of different ranks, levels happiness, designed it as the peculiar course of the great (if they deserve it) to be lessened by grandeur and illustriously disgraced. That, if *apes* and *crocodiles*, men hurtful of ridiculous, inhabit superb piles, they must, despair of being worshipped; though, but through vain and keen appetite for public incense, they never had been built.

You see in how many points these men fall short of *Eusebius*

sebius in pleasure from *expencc*; which, notwithstanding, is an article on which they pique themselves not a little. And give me leave to subjoin one more particular, which will affect them less than the former, though it ought to affect them most of all; *his* wealth has subterranean channels; blesses unseen; and costs the relieved neither blushes nor thanks. Not one prison have *they* opened; not one tear have *they* dried, which might speak in their favour, when their *own* begin to flow. The sorrows we have relieved are the surest support in our own. The best that can be said of *their* expences is, that they are an unwilling encomium on those of your friend.

Sensual, of all our pleasures are the meanest; how low must a soul celestial stoop for them! Yet these our thirsty sponges of sensuality, who suck up every drop of it, in or out of their way, though they take up the dirt with it, prefer to all the rest. And in these, if in any, they will venture to dispute his superiority. But for reasons, some already mentioned; more, most obvious; he is their superior in these. In pleasures *intellectual*, how far are they behind him! and then the *moral*, they are all his own. It is one of their minute and meagre pleasures professedly to decline them: And these are the *supreme*. Moral pleasures, though faintly (in this imperfect state,) yet truly taste of heaven; and, what is more, ensure that heaven of which they taste. And what an inestimable superiority is this! He that can think of death undismay'd,

Extremumque diem vitæ inter munera ponit.

Lu.

has more enjoyment, even in distress, than they in triumph, with every vain amusement turning reason out of doors, lest it should wound them with one whisper of the grave. On how many melancholy occasions in life should we be glad of an asylum to which to fly? How should we be transported with a thought that had infallible comfort in it? And that thought can be but one; and that one, it is the constant aim, labour, nay boast of these wise men to destroy.

Eusebius's love of pleasure is equal to theirs; whence then his vast inequality of happiness? He commands his pleasures; some he cultivates, some admits cautiously, others sends blushing away. *Their* pleasures *combine*; scout

scout them away on vilest errands; bid them throw their patrimony in the dirt of prostitution or debauch; or dungeon them in midnight dens of fraud and destruction; and command them to whirl it away with a losing card, or stamp it to nothing with a desperate die. What scaffolds of fatal execution are those guilty boards where moments determine on fortunes for life; and rage and distraction threaten ruin eternal?

From this thralldom to their pleasures, this wretched impotence of heart, it is, that while *he* has but one, and that a most gracious master, *they* have as many tyrants as there are follies and vices in the world. Ten times a day they change their *Pharoab*; and why? Because his wages are so poor. They have it, indeed, in their power to change their master, but not to break their chain.

The *Romans* once pretended, that they had a golden shield which fell from heaven: To secure it from theft, They laid it up among eleven others made of brass. This expedient had been unnecessary against *their* wisdom, They run away by choice with the eleven *counterfeits*; with a multitude of false ineffectual pleasures, and leave the celestial, as of no value, to men of less understanding. —Virtue, the delight of *Eusebius*, is a celestial shield against every evil of human life. *Their* pleasures are rather swords that *pierce them through with many sorrows*.

The contrast how strong! Their pleasures die in fruition, and are remembered with regret. His survive the present actual enjoyment, and are as sweet in retrospect as in hand. *Theirs* lessen on repetition; his increase: *Theirs* create and aggravate calamities; his avert most, and alleviate the rest: *Theirs* hasten death, and heighten its horror: his owe their perfection to his final hour, after having heightened and lengthened all the blessings of life. And what a wretch is that happiness, and what an idiot that wisdom, that can offer no comfort in the days of darkness and the hours of death? In a word, *their* wretched joys flourish, like dismal weeping willows watered by a ditch: Poor the figure they make, flux and obscene the ground on which they stand: *His* flourish like cedars of *Libanus*, from the fountains of heaven; and are rooted in a rock; the rock of his salvation.

It is this superior ground on which he stands, which imparts that inimitable sweetness of air, aspect, and deportment,

ment, which marks him, among multitudes of the gayest for the gay. Truly, like things gilt, have much to show; much more to hide; are all darkness within. He, like a diamond, is transparent and shines at heart. He looks, as if *virtue*, according to the wish of some sages, was at last become visible, and shone through him in person, not precept, making a visit to mankind: And man is mended by looking on him.

Now, please, Sir, to observe, to what an astonishing degree that intellectual darkness, mentioned in my former letter, prevails in these men, that would outshine all the world. What is their chief boast? Why this, that they *make the most* of this life. Whereas the very fundamental difference between them and *Eusebius* is, that they make nothing of this world, because they design to make their *all* of it. He makes much of this world, because he holds it as little; because ever having the sentiments, without the terrors of a death-bed, he never cuts off this life from the thoughts of the next; but sees his whole existence in one unbroken thread extended before him.

But before I dismiss your friend *Eusebius* (though he has made you a very long visit,) I must take notice of one particular more. These gentlemen pique themselves on their epitome of all virtue and religion, *benevolence*: If they had it, it would confute most I have said, and make them very happy: For it may stand as a general maxim, that men are happy in proportion to their good-will: Nor is it strange, that to the greatest duty, should, by nature, belong the greatest reward. But their title to this virtue is not clear. The reason they so loudly pretend to it is, because they know they have it not. The weakest side of a citadel is to be defended most. *Eusebius*, on his principles, *must* have universal good-will. Self love obliges him to it; and his own happy state of mind inclines him the same way: For all the most kind to others when most easy and pleased with themselves. On *their* principles, that this world is *all*; or at least all they will concern themselves about; self-love obliges them to the contrary: And their uneasiness in themselves seconds that obligation: So that you may as well expect to find an angel among the dissolute as a friend. And, indeed, can any expect, that they should love them better than their own souls? Yet that would they do, if they cared for them at all.

But instead of endeavouring to prove what needs no proof, I shall present you with the picture of one of these great lovers of all mankind, if you will promise not to cut his throat; which picture, better than a *Demosthenes*, will prove my point. You will know whom I mean, when I tell you, that he is enamoured of the charms, and deep in the mysteries of *play*. That is, he is so fond of riches (which a good judge tells us * *nemo bonus unquam concupivit*.) of riches is he so overfond, that he is quite miserable if denied a daily chance of being stripped to beggary. Greater professions of friendship can no man make than this arch promiser: greater proofs of the contrary can no man give. He never did a favour that proved barren to his own designs; but he sent a curse after it. All his kindnesses are artificial flies; if nothing is caught, they are pocketed again. "*Hook him, or bang him*," is a favourite maxim of his own coining. He smiles, indeed, with great complacency on a crowded levee of devoted friends; and no less than on a hand of good cards. And his hope from both is just the same; that is, so to play them off as to win his game. That done, if interest or humour bids, he throws them aside as a foul pack, and calls for new; to shuffle and cheat, and play tricks with as before. He considers fools as trumps, with which he is sure to win. If there are no fools to be taken in, he makes a pretty good hand of it, with a knave of the right suit. If he is so unlucky as not to be blessed with either, he gives out, and for that time plays no more: For, without a good hand, a bad heart is insupportable. But prosperity soothes remorse, and lays conscience asleep. This is one who knows the world; which generally means one that knows not God. He never thought of that great final stake, with regard to which, he that honestly but desires it is sure to win; and he that plays foul the most dextrously is sure to be undone. Such is *Avidienus*, such is that *good* man, who, as freely as eat his meal, could lay down his life for his friend.

But is excuse for such men, I must own, that, for such as place their all here, there can be no shadow of social happiness, but from deceiving or being deceived. From *deceiving*, and so finding some account in their villany; or from *being deceived*, and so finding some account in their

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E

folly

* Sallust.

folly. For real friendship amongst them is impossible: And, indeed, to hope a friend in any man, that is not truly his own friend, is absurd. From this account, it is evident, that the chief fountain of happiness is dried up in their hearts.

A *wretch*, almost smothered with all the reputed means of happiness, would of all objects be the most ridiculous, were it not the most melancholy too. *Diogenes* went about the city of *Athens* begging to the statues; being asked the reason, he said, He was learning to bear a repulse. These gentlemen should learn the same lesson; no statue can be deafier than most of their pursuits, when they ask *real* pleasure of them.

These are the men, who, while Providence lays the reins of free-will on their wanton necks, rush headlong into even unimportant temptations. But when it shall put *its book in their nose, and its bridle in their jaws*; when it shall drag them into the condition of your unhappy friend; or worse, when the tattered convulsed body shall be shaking out an unwilling soul, loath to leave it for a still worse habitation; then, oh! what a change! It places full before me the last hours of that noble youth I mentioned above. *Last hours* full of anguish! how fit to be remembered by those that wish peace to their own! This is the *funeral* to which, in my first letter, I promised to invite your sister *Sempronia*, and her gay admirers; *Sempronia*, who delights *psallere, et cantare, elegantius quam necesse est probæ*. And what invitation more kind than that for which she may thank me for ever, when other entertainments end? *If they have their wine, this has its nectar*. Its cup of salvation, pressed from that *vine whose leaves heal the nations*, and whose swelling clusters teem with eternal bliss. Funeral solemnities are more for the sake of the living than the *dead*. What a trifle that honour they receive from them, to the benefit *we* may reap from that affecting scene!

Oh! Sir, how affecting! It is still before my eyes. That wretched youth dies again. Again I am smitten with his death. It wounds me even in remembrance: What then, the scene itself! No words can paint it; no time efface it; I meet it in my dreams: I shall bear it to my grave.

I am about to represent to you the last hours of a person of high birth and high spirit; of great parts and strong
passions

passions, every way accomplished, nor least in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a most amiable wife; and his great extravagance, in effect, disinherited his only child.

But to my point. The *death-bed* of a profligate in next in horror to that abyss to which it leads. It has the most of hell that is visible on earth. And he that has seen it has more than *faith* to confirm him in his creed. I see it now: For who can forget it? Are there in it no flames and furies?—You know not, then, what a sacred imagination can figure, what a guilty heart can feel. How dismal is it! The two great enemies of soul and body, *sickness* and *sin*, sink and confound his friend; silence and darken the shocking scene. Sickness excludes the *light* of heaven; and sin, its blessed *hope*. Oh! double darkness! more than *Egyptian*! Acutely to be *felt*!

How unlike those illuminated revels of which he was the soul! Did this poor, pallid, scarce animated mass, dictate in the cabinet of *pleasure*; pronounce the fashion; and teach the gayest to be gay? Are these the trophies of his *Paphian* conquests? These the triumphs to be bought with heaven? Is this he who smote all *their* heart with envy at his pre-eminence in guilt? See how he lies a sad, deserted outcast, on a narrow isthmus between time and eternity? For he is scarce alive. Lashed and overwhelmed on one side, by the sense of sin; on the other, by the dread of punishment! Beyond the reach of human help, and in despair of divine!

His dissipated fortune, impoverished babe, and murdered wife, lie heavy on him: The ghost of his murdered time (for now no more is left,) all stained with folly, and gashed with vice, haunts his distracted thought. Conscience, which long had slept, *awakes like a giant refreshed with wine*; lays waste all his former thoughts and desires; and, like a long-deposed, now victorious prince, on his bleeding heart, imposes, inflicts, its *own*. Its late soft whispers are *thunder* in his ears; and all means of grace rejected, exploded, ridiculed, is the *bolt* that strikes him dead. Dead even to the thoughts of death. In deeper distress, despair of life is forgot. He lies a wretched wreck of man on the shore of eternity, and the next breath he draws blows him off into ruin.

The greatest profligate is, at least, a momentary saint, at such a sight: For this is a sight which plucks off the mask of folly, strips her of her gay disguise, which glittered in the false lights of this world's mummery, and makes her appear to be folly to the greatest fool.

How think we then? Is not the death-bed of a profligate the most natural and powerful antidote for a poison of his example? Heals not the bruised scorpion the wound it gave? Intends not heaven that, struck with the terrors of such an exit, we should provide comfort for our own? Would not he, who departs obdurate from it, continue adamant, though one rose from the dead? For such a scene partly draws aside the curtain that divides time from futurity; and, in some measure, gives to sight that *tremendous*, of which we only had the feeble report before.

Is not this then a prime school of wisdom? Are not they obliged that are invited to this? For what else should reclaim us? The pulpit? We are prejudiced against it. Besides, an agonizing profligate, though *silent*, outpreaches the most celebrated that the pulpit ever knew: But, if he *speaks*, his words might instruct the best instructors of mankind. Mixed in the warm converse of life, we think with men; on a death-bed, with God.

But there are two lessons of this school written, as it were, in capitals, which they that run may read. *First*, He that, in this his minority, this school of discipline, this field of conflict, instead of grasping the weapons of his warfare, is for ever gathering flowers and catching at butterflies with his unarmed hand; ever making idle pleasures his pursuit; must pay for it his vast reversion; and, on opening his final account (for which a death-bed breaks the seal,) shall find himself a beggar, a beggar past beggary; and shall passionately wish, that his very being were added to the rest of his loss.

Secondly, He shall find, that *truth*, Divine truth, however through life injured, wounded, suppressed, is insuppressible, victorious, immortal. That though with mountains overwhelmed, it will one day burst out like the fires of *Ætna*, visible, bright and tormenting, as the most raging flame. As now (Oh! my friend!) I shall too plainly prove.

The sad evening before the death of that noble youth, whose last hours suggested these thoughts, I was with him.

No

No one was there but his physician and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he said :

" You and the physician are too late.—I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead."

Heaven, I said, was merciful——

" Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to *bless* and to *save* me?—I have been too strong for omnipotence ! I plucked down ruin."

I said, The blessed Redeemer——

" Hold ! hold ! you wound me !—That is the rock on which I split—I denied his name."

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence :

" Oh, time ! time ! It is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart——How art thou fled for ever !—A month !—Oh for a single week ! I ask not for years. Though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

On my saying, we could not do too much : That heaven was a blessed place——

" So much the worse. It is lost ! It is lost !—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell."

Soon after, I proposed prayer.

" Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray. —Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already ? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this (who could forbear ? I could not,) with a most affectionate look, he said :

" Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost weep for me ? That's cruel. What can pain me more ?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

" No, stay. *Thou* still mayest hope.—Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked ? How madly hast thou listened and believed ? But look on my present state as a full answer to thee and to myself. This body is all

“ weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality is doubtless immortal.—And, as for a deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.”

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary, confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus, very passionately:

“ No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak —My much-injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins, in scattered fragments of broken thought; remorse for the past throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldest struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames: *That* is not an everlasting flame; *that* is not an unquenchable fire.”

How were we struck! Yet, soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out:

“ My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife!—And is there another hell?—Oh! Thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! hell itself is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown.”

Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated or ever forgot. And ere the sun (which I hope has seen few like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious accomplished, and most wretched, *Altamont*, expired.

If this is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total is the transit of these *Pbærontiades*! In what a dismal gloom they set for ever! How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing! For a moment they glitter, they dazzle. In a moment where are they? Oblivion covers their memories.—Ah! would it did! Infamy snatches them from oblivion. In the long-living annals of infamy, their triumphs are recorded. Thy sufferings still lie in the bosom (Poor *Altamont*!) of the heart-stricken friend: For *Altamont* had a friend. He might have had many.

With

With what capacities was he endowed, with what advantages for being greatly good ! But with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. If he judges amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else but aggravates his folly ; as it shows him wrong, though blessed with the best capacity of doing right.

Such so fatal, when abused, are the greatest blessings of heaven. Heaven grant *his* agonies were an expiation of the past ; not a presage and sad specimen of the future. That his surviving companions and admirers may never suffer the same, give me leave to speak to them, while this affecting object is (or might be) in their sight.

“ Ye stanch pursuers of Pleasure, opening in full cry
“ on its burning scent ! who run yourselves out of breath,
“ heal h, credit, estate, and often life, after that you cannot
“ catch ! For a moment slacken your speed, and cool the
“ fervour of your chase. It is a friend that calls, and he is
“ his *own* that hears.

“ If there is a scene on earth in which you can find
“ greater advantage, than in that to which you have been
“ invited, do not come. If there is not, indulge me in a
“ few words, which may not be soon forgot. At least
“ they will recur to your thoughts, they will recur to your
“ feeling hearts when your present jovial chase is over ;
“ when *Pleasure* is no more.

“ It will be grateful to your friend deceased, whom you
“ were always willing to oblige, if, with his accomplish-
“ ments, you remember his faults ; for then you will not for-
“ get your *own*, but read in his deep distress a strong cau-
“ tion against them. Affords not the rock on which he
“ split, a solid basis for your safety ? Has he not well
“ marked where mischief lies ? See you not the wreck
“ of that gallant first-rate ? Or, rather, is he not a beacon
“ lighted up by kind Providence to guide you safe through
“ the dangerous voyage of human life ?

“ He once, as you now, imagined himself in this life
“ immortal. Was he not mistaken ? He has taken his final
“ flight, whither, who can tell ? If you continue yours in
“ the same fatal track, who is he that *cannot* tell where the
“ folly must end ? Smitten, transfix'd, when most secure,
“ from the most towering heights he dropped at once in-
“ to depths of distress, not to be fathomed by man. In
“ gaiety of heart defy not the danger. Are there not more

“ arrows

“ arrows in the same quiver ? And are not you as fair and
“ tempting a mark ? More tempting, if unadmonished,
“ and mounting still over his forgotten tomb. And
“ whom dare you attempt ? An archer that never missed
“ his mark.

“ But you, from your gay pavilion, embowered in roses,
“ see no threatening prospects, no danger of death.—
“ Oh sirs ! Death delights to lie hid in thickets of roses !
“ How often the gayest fall first in his snare ! Yet even
“ this is too gentle, too mild to answer the good-will of
“ heaven. It cannot keep the world in awe.

“ What uncommon fortitude is needful to bear prosper-
“ ities unhurt ? It is now sunshine with you, and you
“ think all is well. It is the season of indulgence.—
“ But seasons will change. You that are now all social
“ comfort, gathered close in glad clusters, and (like embo-
“ died birds of passage, bound for new climes,) on your
“ impatient wing, for new delights ! what will you do,
“ when each of you severed from the rest, an unexperienced,
“ unexpected recluse, lies sorely pained ; dreading worse ;
“ none to converse with but the two greatest strangers, his
“ own heart and Him who made it ; and neither at peace
“ with him ? Say, ye strangers to care, and abounders in
“ mirth ! what will he do, when he finds himself still sub-
“ sisting in a state where none of those pleasures, for
“ which alone he wished to subsist, can possibly any longer
“ subsist with him ? When the dark matter at the centre
“ will not be more foreign to him than that which now
“ beats high in his pulse, and flushes in his cheek ! and
“ stings him on to schemes that laugh at such lectures as
“ these ? When he finds himself led by the soft hand of
“ *Pleasure* to those dismal gates, which she herself will ne-
“ ver, never, never enter ?

“ Consider, my good friends ! you still retain the name of
“ Christians : and have heard of the Scriptures. To speak
“ their language, If Christians are racers, you have not yet
“ started ; if warriors, your armour is not yet on ; If la-
“ bourers in the vineyard, you pluck down the vine, and
“ get drunk with the grapes ; if watchmen, your nap is
“ not yet over. There is no man but in some part of life,
“ either stung by self-moved conscience, or alarmed by
“ some providential event, as out of a long idle dream, starts
“ at once into his senses. The longer the dream, the greater
“ his

“ his surprise and pain ; and if he nods to the last, the pain
“ and horror (as too well has been proved) is inexpressi-
“ ble.

“ Cannot that awful truth interrupt your slumbers? He
“ sleeps sound indeed, at whose ear a friend’s knell shall
“ knock in vain. But, setting friendship aside, granting
“ that with men of your cast a friend dead is a friend
“ annihilated; ask I beseech you, pure *self-interest* one ques-
“ tion; ‘ Have you not concern in *this death*? *Is it no-*
“ *thing to you?*’——Oh! much, very much! It cannot
“ stand neuter. It is big with good or ill. It must hasten
“ your amendment, or heighten your offence. Henceforth
“ the *same* crimes are sevenfold guilt!

“ Have you never consulted the workings of nature?
“ Have you never been *surprised* with a serious feeling of
“ heart? When I stand, though a stranger, on the verge
“ of another’s grave; when I see the shaken mould taken
“ possession of human pride, and hear the solemn sound of
“ *dust to dust*; what swelling of soul, but instantly sub-
“ sides? What salutary thoughts, but at once it inspires?
“ The grave of one unknown, and dying a *common* death,
“ would have this effect; what then the grave of a friend,
“ and of our *own* character; and that not good; and dy-
“ ing of the follies in which *we* live; and with admoni-
“ tions in his mouth, and horrors in his heart? What
“ heart impregnable to such an assault? What thunder
“ equal to such a groan? It would echo for ever in a
“ penetrable ear. In a penetrable heart there would be
“ wrought a mighty change.

“ For see you not the mighty force that is implied in
“ this mercy? Heaven trusts not to your faith, but gives
“ *sensible* proof of what you have to fear. And could it
“ do more? Would a miracle suffice?—You have it in a
“ mercy so little deserved. If danger can alarm you, you
“ *now* are alarmed. If nothing can alarm you, nothing
“ can save.

“ I should grieve to have said too much. Yet, have I
“ said too much, if my words serve only to render more
“ inexcuseable that imprudence which they labour to re-
“ move. Rather know your danger and embrace the plank
“ (though not of cedar) which I throw out for your escape.
“ Our fondness for good, shuts our eyes on evil; we scarce
“ allow it existence, before it is felt. But remember, we
“ live

“ live in a most mutable scene, and have the fear of to-morrow before your eyes. Not the keenest discernment can ken through the second of a minute.

To keep within the reach of mercy, is the grand concern, and supreme blessing of human life.

“ My *converted* ! or *condemned* ! farewell.”

Thus, dear sir, I speak to these gentlemen, I wish they do not rather choose to show their parts than their penitence; and criticise my *speech*, instead of their own conduct. If so, they demonstrate how very great occasion there was of *it*; though it proves ineffectual.

Most yours.

LETTER IV.

ON PLEASURE.

DEAR SIR,

YOU seem to think, in your last letter, that our age is so far gone, as to be past recovery. I hope not *Aviola*, a consul in the time of *Gordian*, revived on his funeral pile. I will not despair but that *British* virtue, now like the *phoenix* dying in its sweets, may start up from its ashes, and re-assume its former glory. I shall therefore proceed a little farther.

I grant that *the Man of Pleasure*, as well as the good man, has his joy. But their joys are very different. They differ not only in their objects, but their kind. Which is as yet a secret to *them*, and possibly to you. Joy from temporals, is a terrestrial joy. And, like all things terrestrial, has a dreg in it. If you observe your own heart, you will find that joy from temporals has ever somewhat of a gay inquietude, a disturbed and tumultuous delight. Like some liquors, all in unquiet ferment and confusion, while they sparkle and smile. Joy from eternals, joy, I mean, on spiritual accounts, viz. *Men conscia recti*, or a delightful hope of immortality, or an humble persuasion of Divine favour, &c. This joy is celestial, and, like a
fine

fine calm summer's evening, is undisturbed, placid, and serene. The first is a *passion*, and that in the strictest sense; we *suffer* from it, as well as *enjoy*. Nay, some have suffered from it even to death. The latter seems rather to be or to resemble an *inspiration*, in which the Divine cause takes away or supersedes our human infirmity. Therefore by our church, most properly styled *The Peace of God*. Nor let *Centaurs* imagine that this peace is occasioned by the smallness of the joy. No, *It passeth all understanding*; and is, strictly speaking, a specimen, an actual part of heaven.

For indeed the *supreme* happiness and misery of rational beings, through all variations of circumstances, and through every period of their existence, is of a piece, or of the same kind. Though perhaps, in no two periods of it, of the same proportion or degree. Therefore heaven and hell, how distant soever some think them, are *really*, though not *fully* on earth. Wherever, and whenever their causes, that is, virtue and vice, exist, they will exist in a measure corresponding to them. What then are the *good* and *bad*, but the wretched and happy? He whose soul reposes on his firm trust in God, like the halcyon that builds on the waves, in storms arise, may be tossed, but not endangered. Or, grant the worst, those tumultuous billows that devour others, rock him to rest eternal.

When the good man lies down to rest, no fears from the dangers of the night break through his strong confidence in the Divine protection. When he awakes, his first thought lays hold on heaven; which gives through the consecrated day such a sweetness of aspect and deportment, such a force and firmness of his felicity; that we may venture almost to say, *He cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth, as a giant to run his course*.

The Man of Pleasure has his little clouds at the brightest, the course of his happiness is retarded by a straw; and any considerable, scarce considerable, accident puts it quite to death. Not only the necessities, or conveniences, but the decorations and superfluities of life are *vital* to his sickly felicity. In any of them he may receive a deep or deadly wound. Whereas they are mere excrescences to the good man's happiness; and he has no more feeling in them than in his hair, or his nail: Nay his happiness

piness is of so strong a constitution, that it can stand *real* calamities unhurt. Nor quits its *serenity* on the confines of the grave; which the man of pleasure but ill retains in the sunshine of life.

Of which strange inferiority one cause is very obvious. When all our hopes and fears are confined within this narrow scene, what an insupportable importance, what a tyranny over our passions, does this give it? what demigods does it make our superiors, who can bestow what we *most* value? We tremble before them. What mountains does it make of little things, because the greatest in our inventory? We turn pale, sometimes die, at their loss. But the first moment we take God for our protector, and his precious promises for our chief portion, our superiors, even kings, shrink to men; and crowns imperial lose their lustre. Little things *are* little, and leave our hearts at rest. As a taper to the sun; such the sun to the *glories that shall be revealed*. Looking to the close of the drama, we resume our native dignity; nor are longer over-awed on the stage by our fellows; or, perhaps, inferiors *be-*hind the scene. Nay, sometimes, *on* it too. When, like poor *Atamont*, they are forced to change their plume for the warm cap of sickness; and are unbuttoning their buskins on the bed of anguish, terror, and death.

And must this, one day, be the case? after having run the gauntlet of disappointing, painful, pleasures, and, for some years, being afflicted with delights; to drop unregarded, unlamented, infamous, into punishment far greater, *for* the punishment they have already undergone.—— Of human happiness what a dismal account is this! Yet this is the true. Let us therefore, inquire if it is not worse than *they* deserve.

Our *Men of Pleasure* affect much of being *men of honour* too; that is, they are as proud as they are dissolute; or, in other words, they will not stoop to mean and little vices; they deal only in great. They scorn to pick a pocket; but triumph in cutting a throat. If their *immaculate* honour is violated by word, look, or thought, then they trample all the laws of religion, justice and humanity, without remorse. My *inquiry* will join *the man of honour* and *the man of pleasure* together. But how shall I inquire; how shall I know the heart of these men? And that only can inform me right. Let us then consider what these men

mens prayer would be, if they prayed at all. For what is a prayer, but addressing to some superior power the real desires of our hearts?

Thus then I will show an exact picture of their hearts. There was so masterly a copy of a capital picture of *Julio Romano*, taken by one of his scholars, that he swore it was his own original drawing. I hope so to copy their hearts, that they shall imagine, that it is not I, but they themselves that speak. The desires of their hearts, if clothed in words, would run to the following purpose.—But, first, this caution: Let not that offend pious ears which passes in an impious heart; and which, for the sake of *piety* (though perhaps not without some shock to it,) is drawn out into light.

THE PROFLIGATE'S PRAYER.

“O THOU! whose omnipotence is but a second attribute an able servant to thy delight. Thou great fountain of *pleasure!* as such I adore thee. Pleasure alone makes me devout; and let devotion advance my pleasure. For I am not more devout, than modest; I ask not, yet, for heaven. Give me my heaven on earth. Let *Mahomet's* paradise descend, and bless me on this side the grave. Let my *honour* too shine before men; and let none see my heart,—but Thee. *No tem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.* Give my lusts a long and prosperous reign over me; and let not religion approach to hurt me. Lead me not into temptation, and give me strength to comply with it. And deliver me from all evil, that may mar my delights. Let me be (as I have been) a brute while I live, and an angel (if angels there are) when I die.”

Is the good man shocked at this? Yes; and the profligate too. Few know the foulness of their own hearts. A famous modern, when, in an age he had lost his understanding, passing by a looking-glass, cried out in compassion, “*poor old man!*” not knowing it to be himself. Thus the profligate, at sight of this mirror equally ignorant, no doubt will cry out in surprize, “*horrid wretch!*” I answer, therefore to the question above, *viz.* Is it not worse than they deserve? That men of pleasure, themselves being judges, deserve the worst.

In contrast to *this* (and sure it wants an antidote,) accept that piece of devotion you desired on your friend's account; and may it prove of some little service to him!

DEVOUT THOUGHTS OF THE RETIRED PENITENT.

“ **Y**ES blessed, ever blessed be the Divine Indulgence for *this*. How wanted, how welcome, this asylum? this recess? Here earth holds it peace; and heaven's voice can be heard. Heaven's voice, if we listen, ever speaking in the human heart. Here let me commune with my so long anxious heart; which has frequently called on me for an audience, and found me pre-engaged. Or else the rude world broke in on our conference; and fatally pushed it off till a farther day. Though (shocking to consider!) though depending eternity often chid my delay.

“ While the noise of the world beats its drum in our ears; and its bustle and hurry throws its dust in our eyes; who can hear the soft whispers of conscience, or read the strong demands of reason, though written in capitals, on the composed and disenchanted heart! I now read, hear, and tremble. I tremble at that in which I once triumphed. I blush at that of which I once was vain. Oh, *pleasure! pleasure!* what art thou? The death of reason. And with reason dies the whole heaven, as well as character of man.

“ The cloud now a little broken, which wrapped me up in night, look round my soul enlarged; and say where or what am I? An immensity around me! an eternity before me! a shadow, my pleasure! a moment my time! a vapour, my life! And shall a moment, shade, vapour, engage all my love? engross all my thought! Shall it bid an angel from heaven wait my better leisure? Bid the great Father of angels defer his call until to-morrow?—What, O my soul! if He should call no more! —Good God! If he should call no more! If he should leave thee to thyself!—Where then is hope? Where then is man?

“ Man, desperate man, the first moment he sets up for himself, and impatient of controul, takes the rein into his own mad hands: the first moment he is at liberty, he is
“ the

" the greatest of slaves. How shackled! how harrassed! how starved! In the midst of his riots, what a famine of joy! None can be wise for time, that are fools for eternity. Dreadful independence! the first moment man quits hold of his Creator, he drops! In distraction and ruin, how unfathomed his fall!

" Out of that deep, I call unto Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice. Dissolve the charm that ties me down to delights trifling, terrestrial, infernal; and give me wings to rise into day, and reach the things that belong to my peace. Where is the creature which Thou hast made? Where is the heart which Thou hast given? This sink of pollution! this nest of all vice! it could not come from Thee. No, I have snatched it out of thy blessed hand, and let it fall in the mire. What is it to me, that *thy mercy is over all thy works*, since I am *not* what thou hast made?

" I have slept on a precipice, and dreamt I was in heaven. Slept on its very brink; though vengeance frowned over me, and flames roared beneath. What horrors awake me! What a gulf lies before me! What mercy has saved me! Where had I been, had I died yesterday? Oh, let this load, this mountainous load on my heart sink me lower, and lower still, in adoration that I live! Had I felt *these* pangs before,—before I had been reclaimed.—Thou that bearest up the pillars of the earth, support my spirits!—Where had I been, if yesterday had been my last? Where—O where!—And eternal too!—*Eternal!*—O Lord God Almighty! could thy thunder shake me more?

" Thou glorious God, who makest the thunder! let me climb above creation; and soar into thoughts of Thee. —How I wander up and down, bewildered and benighted, through the *boundless* of such a contemplation? Where, what, who, how art thou? Source of all Beings! Centre of all Good! Great Ancient of days! before the birth of time! beyond the comprehension of angels! filler of immensity! who lookest down on the highest: and the lowest lost support!—support even me.

" Support me while I labour at some idea of my God —but I labour in vain. Thou most obvious and most occult! most present and most absent of beings! how

" much of Thee is *enjoyed*? How little of Thee is *known*?
 " I am *in* Thee, yet cannot find Thee. I can neither go
 " from Thee nor to Thee. Clouds and thick darkness are
 " thy pavillion! Wonders passing wonders, through the
 " moment of *time*, and the immense of *eternity*, guard and
 " aggrandize thy tremendous throne!

" Before *such* a Judge, O my soul! art thou to plead thy
 " cause; to pour out thy deep sorrows and deeper sins;
 " to tremble out thy complaint? Oh! let me annihilate
 " myself before him. Nor *wretch*, nor *man*, nor *angel*, is
 " any thing in His sight, until he is nothing in his own,
 " Who, Lord! ever thought on Thee, and was not con-
 " founded? And give me leave to add, Who, Lord! ever
 " prayed to Thee (as he ought,) and was not blessed?
 " For which infinite mercy from the first thrones in hea-
 " ven, to the meanest worm on earth, be paid all homage,
 " praise, and adoration; constant, profound, ardent, and e-
 " ternal!

PART II.

" Are they that pray, blessed?—But what is that to
 " me! Dare I to pray? To whom is prayer addressed?
 " Oh! how dreadful in Majesty! more dreadful in ven-
 " geance! dreadful to the blessed above! more dreadful
 " to man! more still to the sinner! what then to the deep-
 " est in sin? May not I then say (as is said, Lord God
 " Almighty, of thy blessed Self.) *Hell is open before me;*
 " *destruction hath no covering?* Where then shall I fly?
 " I cannot fly from thy presence. I dare not stand in it.
 " Should I sink to the centre, I am still in thy sight. E-
 " ven darkness detects me! even flight brings me nigh!
 " Oh! Thou that dost light the sun as a taper; or tread
 " it out as a spark! why *still* in being, a wretch ever des-
 " tined to pain? Oh! let me be nothing; or let me be
 " Thine.

" And what a nothing, indeed, am I? What a nothing,
 " compared, is man?—Thou that inhabitest eternity!
 " my foundation is in the dust. Lord most Holy! I was
 " conceived in sin. God most Mighty! what weaker
 " than man! Great! Holy! Mighty! Three Persons and
 " one God! Creator! Redeemer! Sanctifier! Three Be-
 " nefactors, and One Being! with what indignation dost

" Thou

“ Thou behold a wretch of such complicated guilt? a sinner to Thee, to the public, and himself?

“ And dare I then approach? The presumption how great!——But greater to forbear. To sin is bad. To despair is fatal. Oh! most merciful Jesus! what refuge, but in Thee! Yet dare I not meet thy face: I come trembling behind Thee. If I touch but the hem of thy garment, I shall be whole. Even dogs may eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table.—For that bountiful grant, what adoration is due? With prostration profound I cannot but adore.—What adoration is equal? I cannot adore aright. Or could I! I am unworthy to lift an eye to thy throne. My incense has no odour; my anthem no praise.

“ But Thou, Lord, wide as the arch of heaven, dost extend thy compassionate arms to receive a returning world. As the sands of the sea are thy mercies, and (with horror let me speak it) my transgressions, I have looked on an unfeeling heart, as a quiet conscience: On a multitude of sinners, as an apology for sin: And on the fashion of the world, as a repeal of thy laws. I have been thankful for what Thou hast most bountifully given: Senseless of what Thou hast most bountifully promised: Proving under the greatest obligations: Peevish and impatient under the smallest evils: Riotous under thy judgments: And by thy blessings, most unblessed: I turned them into poison; and by my prosperity was undone.

“ I have studied iniquity as a science: Being vain of distinction in it; and ashamed of my duty: I have blushed at the glance of a man, and a man most mistaken; and set my face as a flint against reason, and against Thee: I have even borrowed infidel scrap for the credit of the day; and run in debt for destruction: Time given for repentance, I turned over to folly; and made the Divine Mercy a promoter of sin. Nay I have sinned even beyond my power. What schemes have I laid, which thy goodness disappointed. How many crimes have I committed which never came to pass.

“ With such overflowing of ungodliness, I quenched Thy blessed Spirit; I have trod with thy Divine laws, thy precious blood, under foot. All this, Lord! Thou

" knowest; and yet I still live: All this Thou hast seen
 " and yet hast Thou held thy peace. Thou hast shorten-
 " ed thine arm; and curbed vengeance in air; though
 " called for (if daring *can* call for thy vengeance) to fall
 " on my head.

" How long, Lord! hast Thou forborne me! And for-
 " borne when thine arrows went abroad: Though I stood
 " in the first rank of offenders; nor ever lifted up the
 " shield of devotion; quite naked in sin. My le-s vicious
 " companions fell frequent around me; and dismal was
 " their fall. I washed off its memory in the next welcome
 " debauch; and the just cause of remorse, but redoubled
 " my guilt. By admonitions unadmonished, by thy merc-
 " cies unsoftened, by my own sentiments unawed, by my
 " own conviction unconvinced, I censured their conduct,
 " and trod in their steps. I deplored their sad exit, and
 " posted on to my own: Because spared, when most ob-
 " noxious, I thought myself immortal. In every path of
 " pleasure, in every flight of ambition, what gay, sanguine
 " multitudes of those born after me, and in every promise
 " of life to be placed before me, have I seen, rise, bloom,
 " triumph, languish, decay, and die? What a mystery of
 " mercy is this! And what a miracle of madness am I! A-
 " mid this mighty field of slaughter am I still alive?—
 " While I doubt if I still live, I live on in my crimes. Nay,
 " my very repentance increases the number. Repentance
 " so languid; so far short of my guilt!

PART III.

" Lord! from that stupenduous height, towards which
 " the cherubims lift up an eye in vain, bow down thine
 " ear, and hear.—O Lord! hear me *not*, For what have
 " I to plead? what excuse to cover, what palliation to
 " soften my guilt? Can my confession of sin weigh aught
 " in my favour? I fear not a grain; for wherefore have
 " I confessed my transgressions? because I could not con-
 " ceal them. Thou knowest even those that are unknown
 " to myself. But then, Lord! I have been tempted.—
 " Yes, and I have courted temptation. Frail nature has
 " seduced me.—And have I not indulged my seducer?
 " public example bore hard on me.—And I rejoiced in
 " that excuse. I have sinned with my fathers.—True,
 " but

"but I have sinned beyond them. What age for indulgence has so loosened the rein? And who, in such an age, has rushed farther in ill than the wretch at thy feet?"

"But is there nothing in counterbalance? no dawns of good? no pretensions at least to virtue, to light in the loaded scale? Yes; I have been an advocate for virtue.—that I might remove all obstructions in vice. I have gone to thy temple—but left my heart behind. Nay, I have prayed—but wished not what I asked. I have aimed at humility—out of pride. I have given—but without charity. I have been kind, the very kindest of men—to gain power of being cruel, as the most malignant of foes. My devotion to Thee has been absolutely declined; yet never have I repented but of omissions in guilt; nor ever had a *darting* joy, but what is the parent of my *present* grief.

"On searching my own heart, that abyss of corruption, I find there is hardly a virtue which my hypocrisy has not worn as a mask; hardly a vice which my presumption has not acted under it. By these abandoned means bringing into discredit virtue of others the most sincere; and making more heinous my own deepest guilt; to the public a scarce less pernicious pest, than a fatal assassin to myself. Thus, Lord! all my pleas but inflame my indictment; and seeking excuses, but discovers new crimes.

"But, as I discovered new crimes in myself by my own awakened reflection; by the gift of thy Grace, I discover new goodness; new glories, new wonders, in Thee. I have lived in darkness, in the shadows of eternal death. I wrapped myself up in the world, I saw nothing; but what had been better unseen, what made me blind to Thee. But now thy Divine attributes break in upon me, like the morning; and awake me to thy presence. I see Thee in every thing. And seeing, I adore. And adoring, tremble.

"Thine attributes, at once, all lighten upon me; and strike me, like him of *Tarsus*, thy less persecuting foe; they strike me to the dust. Thy most awful Omnipresence; thy most incomprehensible glory; thy most unbounded wisdom; exquisite justice; and ineffable goodness! Goodness, how ineffable! And to me, Lord!

"to

" to me how unsupportable. That chief cause of my con-
 " fusion! severe upbraider of my conduct! and terrible
 " aggravation of my guilt! If thy goodness thus pains
 " me, what then will thy vengeance? When thy ven-
 " geance awakes (cover me, O ye mountains!). When
 " thy vengeance awakes—Oh! mercy! mercy! mercy!
 " —Thou mighty to save! oh! have mercy upon me.
 " And mercy thou wilt have; thou Father of all mer-
 " cies! of mercy, redundant, inexhaustible source! Thou
 " wilt not condemn him who condemns himself. Who
 " trembles at his own tribunal. Who is scarce struck
 " with more horror at vengeance than at guilt. At *such*
 " guilt! and at *such* a Master! whose bounties enable me
 " so signally to sin; and who, my sin so provoking, so long
 " overlooked.

" But I repent. Lord! I repent—Yet how dry are
 " these eyes! how hard is this heart! Strike thou the
 " rock, and the waters flow. Let not him who groans
 " under his transgressions, groan under thy displeasure.
 " Thou giver, guider, lover, yea, buyer of souls! and at
 " what a price? Who dost hear the very thoughts of
 " the wounded at heart? Hear, pity, spare! Nor let the
 " Lord be angry, if I presume to add—Oh! spare thy
 " paternal tenderness, oh! save it from its aversion; its
 " *strange work*. Vengeance is an alien to thy most ami-
 " able nature. Ruin is a subversion of thy most glorious
 " scheme.

" Though common sense has deserted me, and a *legion*
 " possessed me; though I have contradicted my own reason,
 " and sought my own heart, which stood in defence of thy
 " laws; though I have struggled hard for madness, and
 " taken ruin by force, yet let not compassion be quite a
 " stranger in heaven. Let not thine anger burn for ever.
 " Wherefore is the Lord angry, because I am a sinner?
 " What else canst thou forgive? Because my sin is great?
 " If pardoned, the greater the glory. Thy servant is wick-
 " ed but still a servant. Thy son a prodigal; but still a son.
 " Though a son's duty has been wanting in me, lose not
 " thou boundless love! *all* the bowels of a father. Am
 " not I the work of thy hand? Do not despise it. An
 " image of thy majesty? Do not blot it out. The price
 " of thy blood? Oh! cast it not away. Shall things
 " incompatible combine to my destruction? Can I be re-

" lated

“ lated to ruin and to thee? Let it be thy blessed plea-
 “ sure to reclaim, not to destroy me: if destroyed, thy
 “ foe will triumph; if reclaimed, there is joy in heaven;
 “ and ten times ten thousand will sing praise round thy
 “ throne.

PART IV.

“ But if I am pardoned, who then can be punished?
 “ What stains can condemn, if an *Æthiop* escapes? The
 “ regions of darkness are part of thy creation; and horrors
 “ infernal were not made in vain. My crimes in them-
 “ selves how great? as committed in defiance of *infinite*
 “ Majesty, they are greater still. What then shall I say?
 “ To what shadow of excuse shall I fly?—Pardon, Lord!
 “ the weakness of my reason, if I judge, or rather hope
 “ amiss; thine *Infinite Majesty* seems to plead for me. Fain
 “ would I find an advocate in *that*; in that very cause
 “ which most heightens my guilt.

“ For what, my Lord! am I? a poor complex of
 “ littleness and vanity; the very centre of infirmities;
 “ a combination of all causes, that can call for thy
 “ compassion. Frail flesh, and fleeting spirit! a moth! a
 “ worm! a flower of the field! To-day, and not to-mor-
 “ row! at morning and not at night! not master of a mo-
 “ ment; not a match for a breeze! A dream! a vapour!
 “ a shadow! a thing of nought! posting through daily
 “ doubt and danger, toil and trouble, into trodden dust
 “ and ashes!

“ Such am I! Such was I made!—and made by Thee:
 “ And now, Lord! wilt thou make bare an arm Almighty
 “ against me? wilt thou lift up a bolt that can crush crea-
 “ tion against its meanest worm? (oh! pardon what dis-
 “ tress compels me to plead) thine *Infinite Majesty* declares
 “ against it; that rescues the sinner, though it enhances
 “ the sin. Does not my meanness disarm thy might? Is
 “ not the greatness of the offended the offender’s defence?
 “ I am, indeed, unworthy, most unworthy thy favour;
 “ but am I not unworthy thy resentment too? Thou that
 “ sittest on the highest heavens, and seest worlds infinite
 “ dance beneath thee, as atoms in the sun!—Wilt thou,
 “ oh! wilt thou not remember that I am but dust?

“ Yes, Lord! Thou wilt remember it: Thou wilt re-
 “ member

" member thy glorious self; what ancient days resound;
 " what wonders love divine has wrought of old. For to
 " whom do I cry? Art thou not He, to whom none ever
 " cried in vain? Who created not, but to bless; com-
 " mands not, but to preserve; nor punishes, but to reclaim.
 " Who has not more relieved, than amazed with his ex-
 " tremities of love! for art thou not the same Lord, who,
 " though most offended, as if thou wert the offender, be-
 " seeches us to be reconciled? Who mourns over the im-
 " penitent? and over the impenitent for sins against him-
 " self? And when his sorrow cannot prevail, even weeps
 " in their stead? those tears obdurate *Jerusalem* would
 " not shed, didst thou not take to thy own blessed lids,
 " which overflowed at the bare prospect of its ruin? Who,
 " without pious terror, without the greatest astonishment,
 " can think on these things? or who, without comfort,
 " still greater than *that*?

" Nor end our healing hopes of comfort here; not only
 " to beseech, commiserate and weep, descended the Lord
 " of glory and eternal life, but to die. And *what* a death?
 " And after *what* a life? A life of compassions, without
 " number and beyond measure: What a shining progress,
 " what a stupendous ascent in love? He meets the re-
 " turning prodigal: looks compassion on denying *Peter*;
 " rejects not disbelieving *Thomas*: admits sinful *Magda-*
 " *len*: pardons the taken adulteress: and associates to him-
 " self, in Paradise (where angels cast their crowns at his
 " feet,) a thief from the cross. What a marvellous and
 " most adorable climax is this? And is it possible for
 " love to rise higher still? Oh! let it rise higher, and
 " reach even me.

" What am I, thou most exuberant fountain of love!
 " that I should set a bound to such compassion as this?
 " Can *ocean* be repelled by a single grain on the shore?
 " What a triumph of mercy to pluck the ruined from
 " ruin? What an *omnipotent* action to save the most lost?
 " Though pleasure has fooled me; though reason, con-
 " science, heaven, nay, and earth too, in one scale, has
 " been outweighed by a feather in the other; though
 " with *Esau*, I sold my birthright for nothing; yet Lord!
 " let these distractions of thought, these convulsions of
 " heart, these pangs of the wretch, if not the prayer of
 " the penitent, reach the foot of thy throne: For his dear
 " sake

“ sake who spared not his most precious blood; oh! spare,
 “ pardon, bless; yes, bless me, even me, O my *Father!*
 “ Yes, thou all surrounding, all-pervading, all-sustaining;
 “ and all-blessing Majesty of heaven! bless me, even me,
 “ O my *God!*

“ *Thou!* who if thou movest thy lip it thunders: if
 “ thou liftest thine eye, the sun is dark: who hast thy
 “ way in the whirlwind, and walkest on the wings of the
 “ wind: who sittest above the heavens, and hidest thy
 “ footsteps in the great deep! But (above all,) whose
 “ superabundant effluence, whose ocean of love overflows
 “ the whole creation! add to these wonders one wonder
 “ more—the forgiveness of guilt like mine: hear the
 “ suppliant voice, see the bleeding bosom, these throes,
 “ these throbs of the most vile and abandoned—but most
 “ repentant, and heart-broken of men.

“ *Then, Lord!* come the worst, I will not complain.
 “ My joy shall burst its way through the frowns of the
 “ world, and the shadows of death. Then—*Blessings,*
 “ and honour, and glory, and power be to him who sitteth on
 “ the throne, and to the Lamb, who nails sin to his cross!
 “ —Thus will I sing in spite of my groans! Thus will
 “ I sing with my last expiring breath! Thus will I sing
 “ for ever and ever. Amen. O my soul! Amen, Amen.”

This, Sir, is that importunate, ardent, persevering spirit of address, which was suitable to the state of the person from whom I borrowed it. It may possible (partly at least) suit some others. And I thought it inhuman to gaze, so long as I have done, on the disease, without aiming at some expedient to mitigate its malignity. There is a sovereign balm in prayer.

I know, Sir, there are certain quietists in devotion, saints of great repose in prayer, who may censure this as too warm. But when should we be warm, if not when our eternity is at stake? Shall we be warm in our vices, and cool in our repentance? Were our passions given for nothing, or given only as the servants of sin? Is not heaven, but its reverse, that is to be taken by violence? I, therefore, drop this dispute, not only as *unchristian*, but *undeistical* too: for, if there is a God, all our affections are too feeble, all the wings of our soul are too few, to be put forth in pursuit of his favour? and being languid in devotion, is, being solemnly undevout. If there is a God,
 he

he gave us our passions as well as our reason; they therefore, as well as reason, should assist in his service. And, indeed, reason without them, though it may loudly tell, will but lamely perform our duty. How great a part of the scripture must these mens kind of criticism explode? Poor *David* must break his harp, lest it give offence. Even angels have their passions, nor are any beings exempt from the need of them on this side the throne of God. Whatever exemption some may fancy in their own favour, let us, my friend, who have seen the necessity of devotion for others, not neglect our own. Nor in the pride of instructing, lose the prudence of safety.

You and I, my friend! lie under two disadvantages in this point; the world's example, and our own years. It is an undevout age; and will you not be surprised to hear me say, that ours is an undevout period of life? — Yet it is most certain, that there is a tenderness of heart, and a susceptibility of awe, with regard to God, as well as man, in youth, which in most is wanting afterwards. This want is an enemy we must fight, and fervent prayer, that sword of the spirit, is the best weapon against him. Prayer, because the most easy of duties, seems, with many, the hardest to be performed. It costs them so little pains, they think they may as well let it alone. Whereas, it is the supreme, the great mother-duty; all other duties and virtues are its progeny; are brought forth, nursed, nourished, and sustained by it. Devotion is the sole asylum of human frailty, and sole support of heavenly perfection: it is the golden chain of union between heaven and earth; keeps open the blessed communication;

— *Geminique facit commercium regni.*

CLAUD.

He that has never prayed, can never conceive, and he that has prayed as he ought, can never forget how much is to be gained by prayer.

Dear Sir,

Yours,

LET-

LETTER V.

LIFE'S REVIEW.

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF SECURITY IN SIN.—THOUGHTS FOR AGE.

DEAR SIR,

IN this and the following letters I shall touch on five points; *Life's Review: The General Cause of Security in Sin: Thoughts for Age: The Dignity of Man: The Centaur's Restoration to Humanity*. The three first are naturally suggested to me, by the world's wickedness and our own; and our advanced time of life. The fourth, viz. *The Dignity of Man*, is naturally suggested by the notoriety of its reverse in those for whose sake these letters are principally written. For who can look on *Lucifer* in his abyss, without thinking of that height from which he fell? By which alone we can take any just measure of his calamity. And the fifth point, viz. *The Centaur's Restoration to Humanity*, is forcibly imposed on me by the transporting thought, that *such* an event is possible. Yet, should it take place, posterity will scarce believe it:

Annalium nostrorum laboravit fides.

L. FLO.

I begin with *The Review of Life*; and that, though chiefly for our own sakes, yet also for the sake of all our gray-headed boys, as *Sunbury, Torrismond, Ironside, &c.* for though beasts of so gross a class as they choose to rank with, scarce deserve to be brought to the manège, yet pupils not yet expelled the school of life, ought still if possible, to be taught the lesson they have so long neglected; and I offer myself gladly for their tutor; though I fear they would prefer a *tetanotbrum* * to an *apotheosis*: Their erudition will not leave them at a loss to know what I mean.

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than their good advice, be the stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry in it an intimation of our own influence

* A medicine to take out wrinkles.

importance, or worth. We (for you approved it; *we*, I say) have bestowed abundance of it on our Centaurs, which Fear will bring us in but little thanks. Let us, therefore, return from abroad, come to ourselves; and see if our export of wisdom may not be wanted at home. We have censured the age; are we not such ourselves? Is there no folly to be found, but at assemblies and masquerades? Or is folly not folly, because it hits our own taste? Let us lay the line to our own conduct: Let us drop foreign ware and put ourselves into the scale.

Yes, my friend! let us make a short visit to our former selves. They are, indeed, great strangers; nor much to be liked: Yet it is a visit all should make who wish well to the future of life. *A Review of Life* is an employment agreeable but to few; because none *can* look back without self-condemnation; and none *will* look forward but with self-flattery. But though the task may be bitter, it is wholesome too. Ask you, "What advantage from it?" — It is the only way of taking my Centaur's advice, and *knowing ourselves*. A man can see himself in retrospection only. When warm in action, he is ever looking on something else, on his point in view: Or, if he could see himself, he could not judge aright, either of himself or others. While warm in action, prejudices, and passions, excited by the *then* present objects and incidents, corrupt his judgment. But in a cool review, he becomes rather a *bystander* than the *party*; and is patient of truth. His *then* former rivals are no longer rivals; therefore he judges better of *men*. His former points of view are no longer points of view; therefore he judges better of *things*. He can judge, nay, he cannot but judge, as impartially of himself, as of the rest of mankind.

Wisdom is the growth of experience; but experience is not the growth of action, but of reflection on it. In an active life is *sown* the seed of wisdom; but he who reflects not, never *reaps*; has no harvest from it; but carries the burden of age, without the wages of experience; nor knows himself old, but from his infirmities, the parish-register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not esteem? — It has nothing.

Starting, my friend! from the same goal, through different paths, which severed our fortune, not our affection, we have run our race, and now approach its end. Jaded with

with our long journey, the spur of ambition blunted, and our spirits off their speed, we are glad of rest. In which reflection on the past is not only *useful*, but extremely *natural*. Look on the stormy sea whose billows reach the clouds; then on the peaceful lake where the feather or fallen leaf lies unmoved; and you see the difference between the cool evening and warm meridian of man. Reflection is as natural to one, as action to the other. Unactive youth and unreflecting age are equal blanks in the book of life. Man varies no less than those varying insects at which he wonders. In this morning he crawls; long ere noon, flutters and flies; at evening, chilled into languor, he creeps into corners, lies hid, and sleeps; or, if awake, having but little ground before him, nor that the best. How naturally he looks back on the past? How naturally his winter's evening calls for its tale? And to self-love what tale so natural as our own? How idle soever our *tale* has been, if we can draw some *moral* from it, that will abate its insignificance, and give it some little weight, by making us wiser for the future.

And want we not to be wiser? On how many fruitless friendships, ill-judged enmities, rash presumptions, cowardly despairs, unmanly flatteries, bold indecencies, idle schemes, airy hopes, groundless fears, opportunities, lost, admonitions slighted, escapes unacknowledged, evils improved, blessings neglected, and trifles admired? on what a swarm of infirmities, I look back with shame? How ambitious have we been in our attachments, not aware that all, most worthy our ambition, we can give ourselves? How fearful of expences, not aware that, till it escapes the gripe, and takes its flight into some prudent use, money is not *wealth*; that it truly becomes *ours* only by our parting with it? How fond have we been of applause, not aware that human, separate from superior applause, is the greatest vanity, as well as the most common pursuit in life? How plainly I now see that few things are more pernicious than too keen an appetite for applause, except a bold defiance of just reproach? *That* makes coxcombs; *this* felons; this calls for detestation, that for contempt.

How plainly do I now see that our ignorance has been great? How often have we been so idle as to complain of our wants; that is, of our capacity of being happy? For, without wants there would be no desires; and with-

out desires, no gratification of them: and without gratifications of desire, no happiness; for *human* happiness, nay happiness of a'l created beings, consists in nothing else.

What, on retrospect, appears to me to be the capital weakness of man, is that strange ascendant which his wishes have over his understanding. It is this makes a *Centaur*. How often have we looked on our wishes as infallible arguments for the certainty of what we desired, when others saw it was an impossible point? And of this capital weakness a capital instance is, that dying men can scarce believe that they shall die. Are we not now as those yellow autumn leaves which the first blast sweeps away? Yet we seem to think the green bud hardly more tenacious of the stem.

On farther review, *this* is stranger still. Our friends are our strongest ties to life. When these are cut, what but folly can renew the charm! What re-engage our disenchanted hearts? And what, in my retrospect, is an object more obvious or striking than yonder ensigns of death? How the tyrant triumphs! What numerous monuments rise over the cold bosoms that once warmly received us! That shared our councils, our ambitions, our pleasure, and our hearts? Their epitaphs collected would make a volume. A volume how instructive, if read aright? A friend's monument is a friend's legacy; and a richer to the considerate than any parchment can convey. What, for the most part, is human wisdom, but the melancholy growth of a bleeding heart! The thought of death is the directing helm of life, and he bespeaks a wreck who lays it aside.

O my friend! how rapid the human march? Men are in haste. How they hurry over the stage! Where are those luminaries in every various walk of fame; in every kind of excellence and renown, who most fired our ambition and provoked our envy? Are they not passed away as *April* shadows over the field; or, by the fire-side, a winter's tale! Are not those far-seen shining lights gone out apace after one another, as lit le sparks in the fired leaf or paper, leaving us nothing but ashes behind? And in their ashes is there nothing to be found but sorrow? May we not light on a little prudence in them?

Sorrow indeed predominates. Oh recent wound! Sorrow, how just! Whom lost we the very last moon?—Lost we!

we? That is vainly said. Whom lost the public! whom the whole nation? Few have left it more worthy all love and esteem than our friend deceased *. He was made by nature to be beloved, and entitled by virtue to be admired.

— Quem semper amatum,
Semper honoratum, sic Dii voluistis, habebō.

VIRG.

Well had it been, if we, like him, had sought *esteem*; but we would not pay the price. *Love* we thought would come cheaper; and seeking that, were in danger of losing both. The wise world will part with nothing, but by force. Love cannot be compelled; esteem may. And when it is, we lay in it at the same time, the surest foundation for lasting love.

My retrospect shows me a *transitory* love of which we have been too fond. A love often bestowed by great ones on those whom they cannot esteem. This love, supposing it sterling, I (*stultus ego!*) returned in kind; but I do not repent it. I may not repent of my virtue: For, my friend, there are two sorts of charity in the world, and which the greatest is hard to say. We are bound in compassion to help the poor to *live*, and the rich to *enjoy*; who feel a pain peculiar to themselves, that of being mocked by abundance, which denies them their expected happiness; happiness in proportion to their purse. All I learn from such *ardent* lovers (for such generally they are,) is, that it is dangerous to dip into most men below the surface, lest our curiosity should rob us of our good opinion of them. Much *decorum*, little homage is requisite. My whole life tells me that a just demand for *esteem* is sacred, but rare. We may well afford to pay it when it is *due*. Nor must our *love* be withheld where it is *not*. Universal love enjoined, is designed as an antidote against reciprocal contempt, and as a discipline to human pride, which must stoop to love men in their infirmities and *faults*. Nor is it more our duty than our prudence; how else could we hope quarter for our *own*, which both tell us of others faults, and bid us forgive them. For many of them we should not suspect, but from the whispers of their parallels in our own bosoms. And therefore, by not forgiving them, we condemn ourselves. If then we would be forgiven by

* Sir J. S.

G 3

ourselves

ourselves or others, we must forgive. A truth for which I thank my present review.

What I like least in this survey, for fear it should prove our own case, is *this*: I find old men apt to think well of themselves, not because they fly vice, but because vice is fled; repute themselves virtuous, because free from boys offences; set down impotence for victory; and triumph because they have not fought, because they meet no foe. And what makes me even tremble, is, I see some who, blameless in youth, are overtaken by folly when in years, and (of all sights the most deplorable!) I see them dragged by their white beards into the foulest enormities. Faults which are the natural growth of the distinct periods of life, may meet with some toleration; but the monstrous growth of vices of season no man spares; because the hot-beds of *Lucifer* only can rise crimes in which *nature* has no hand.

Heaven avert from us such an end! for, far from blameless was our beginning. In our early days (called the days of innocence) we had our little villanies, our vice in miniature. As years and temptations increased in years less ripe than in iniquity, we were no petty criminal before we were men. We wished indeed for wisdom; but what wisdom would have avoided we made our favourite choice; what wisdom would have chosen we bid wait till to-morrow. Frequent were our quarrels with our faults, but rarely pushed on to a parting. Pleasure had its charms, and virtue its efforts; and sometimes in a passion threw its rider. But triumphs of passion are but short. No rebukes are so powerful as those from our own conduct. Affords not this then a strong caution for the future? The distempers of the past periods of our lives are the best antidotes for those to come.

Retrospection informs me, It was *now* open war with our enemy, *now* perfect peace: How easy sin sat on our hearts, and called itself spirit, wisdom, any thing but what it was? When some merciful discipline awaked us from our trance, we fought, and we conquered; but what was our conquest? Such as rather marred our wrong enjoyments than wedded us closely to the right. We *called* the right our beloved, our spouse, but often committed adultery against it; thus losing the joys both of the sinner and the saint: So motely a creature is man; as mutable as
God

God is fixed. Ours, indeed, was no uncommon case; but others faults are not our absolution. An absolution it is, however, with which many are content: Though his Holiness could scarce give his saints one more ineffectual and vain.

Who is he, my dear friend, that can absolve us, or condemn? — Look through thy whole past life, and answer. What year, nay, what day has passed unimproved to vouch for *his* clement and absolute reign! See I not, in numberless instances, the naked hand of Providence stretched out as it were on this side the clouds, pointing us to good? Now, showing how little this world can give, by pouring on us the full enjoyment of it, to turn our hearts on a better. Now showing us, by the calamities of others, how much we may suffer in this world, to keep us in awe, though ourselves were unhurt. Now, breaking to pieces all our own schemes, and raising our happiness out of their ruins, to teach us humility, gratitude, and on whom to rely; showing us that most of our triumphs are errors, and our disappointments escapes. Now bringing us, when most secure, to the brink of the grave to repress presumption. Now snatching us from it when past all human help, to kindle devotion and forbid the pain of despair. Now defeating us in spite of all our wisdom, now blessing us in spite of all our folly; blessing, to sweeten life; the contrary to wean us from it; and thus in both worlds to provide for our welfare as far as the nature of humanity will admit.

What a glorious image of Divine goodness is this? The wisest cannot pay half its due in their highest opinion, nor the best in their profoundest acknowledgment of it. And can we not show as inglorious a portrait of human *weakness* in ourselves? How are our two different path of life equally strewed over with follies? with follies thick as autumn leaves! but not thick enough to hide our faults: So numerous both, that I am quite disinclined to look longer backward, and hasten for refuge into some change of thought; and here shall only add, that man overlooks the most instructive book in his study, if he reads not himself.

And now I fear you will say, that how *useful* and *natural* soever *Life's Review* may be, yet you can find but little pleasure in it. In it there is *no* pleasure to be found but

but what has cost us some pain, but what we have fought our way to through nature's perverse bias and besieging temptations. Unbought pleasure is not the growth of earth: This is a militant state; nor must man unbuckle his armour till he puts on his shroud: For the most victorious veteran may meet with a defeat. Nothing in Life's Review can give delight but what we may call our trophies, or spoils taken in war. All else is vanished as a dream.

What have I said? vanished as a dream!—Would to God it was! 'tis *no*! Far from it! Every moment is immortal! Every moment shall return, and lay its whole freight, nothing lost, its every whisper, every thought, before the throne: The throne of him who sent it to man on that commission, and commands it back at the stated day to make its report; to be registered in eternity for the perusal of angels and the justification of their king. Tell our gay triflers, that there is no such thing as a trifle upon earth. Can any thing be a trifle that has an effect eternal? Tell them, though they are so well assured that there is nothing serious upon earth, that *time* to man is, in some respects, a more serious season than eternity: That *his* eternity is absolutely the creature of time; that it is foul or fair, rejoices or laments, as time, *omnipotent* time (that trifle which they throw away!) ordains its fate. If they doubt it, let them ask their jovial companion who died of *their* happiness last night.

Many, my friend! have made a worse, many a better use of time than we have done. Many have been more criminal, many more innocent. But most men imagine that innocent which has a *negative* guilt. An idle day is a guilty day in a life so short and precarious; with more than human thought can carry incumbent on it. There are not more spots in the sun than in the life of a saint.

What then are we?—O my friend! at half a glance through life, I perceive that, though we have made a shift to creep out of the *Angean stable*, yet have we not scaled the temple of virtue; though we have made the choice of *Hercules*, yet we wanted his strength; though we sometimes lopped one head of the *Hydra*, yet too often seven shot up in its stead: Whereas, on the contrary, they that have been long tossed by folly, when once landed on a good life, should *burn their ships*; as *Cæsar* once burnt those

of

of his legions on the *British* coast: I mean, that the warmest resolution should destroy the very desire of embarking in ill, and so render a return impracticable.

Such then being our feeble attempts, so slender our pretence to wisdom, it becomes us to give those whom we have so freely treated their revenge. To confess that, though we are not quite *horizonta's*, yet neither are we quite *upright*; and though we have set up for reformers, yet we are not altogether men.

A *man*, my friend! is a glorious being, a great rarity; there are but few to be found. A *man* is an exalted character, doubly great; he is an hero and a king. Few kings are so great as to reign over their own hearts. Few heroes so victorious as to drive *dominions*, *principalities* and *powers* before them. Both these meet in a *real man*; he ranks in *reality* but a little lower than the angels, nor long so low.—O friend! man is a wonderful being! Anon I will tell thee what thou art, and (mark what I say) I will surprise thee with thyself.

At present only this—Dare we say that we are arrived at the character I have mentioned? No. Dare we say it was not in our power? No.—Why then this cowardice in a *possible* hero? Why this disloyalty to himself in a *possible* king? Whence this reproach to reason and immortality? Whence this inglorious and absolute desertion from our godlike selves? Sounds that too high?—In whose image were we made? I foresee your objection, I grant that image is impaired, but I quit not my point; I dare affirm, that beings which are free, rational and immortal, may be gods in due time, through Divine grace, if they please.

How deplorable our distance from it! Whence this *unmanly* defect? Know we not, that unless our conduct is that of a man, it had been better for us if a lower species had fallen to our lot! Why were we called into being? What we have enjoyed already poorly pays our mothers pain and our own. Wouldst thou repeat thy part in the comedy? act it over again? Wouldst thou be rejaumbled in this rough *Thespian* cart, dragged by those two skeletons half-starved *hope* and panting *expectation*, through bad roads, now worse and worse, and thy fellow-strollers in a constant conspiracy against both thy pay and thy applause, how well soever thy part is performed, how great soever,
thy

thy indulgence is to them?—Thou wouldst not. Here and there, indeed, we might pick up a lucky hour, *alboque notanda lapillo*, that might make us smile again. But nature, and indeed reason, starts back at the whole. If we should find a small pearl in one oyster of a million, it would hardly make us fishers for life.

Wouldst thou then cease to be?—No, nature shudders at it. That horn of the alternative wounds more than the former: If so, our wishes as well as our nature push us into eternity. And shall we *fear* what we *wish*? Fear it we must, unless we provide a good reception there. We have provided for to-morrow, and to-morrow was not satisfied. If we provide for eternity, our satisfaction will be full. We have provided for many years, for more than we shall ever see; but not for those which will never end.

How great the dishonour, my dear fellow criminal! in us who were not blind to the grand futurity, were not cold to the divine rewards, to let the glowing thoughts of immortality so far mingle with the dregs of sense? Is not this, with the wings of an eagle, to drop into the mire? *There* lies the *pleasure* of which the world is so fond; that bane of private property, that presage of public slavery, that sure annihilation of a rational creature, and as sure a creation of a wretch eternal. *Pleasure* has robbed earth of more lives, and heaven of more souls, than the body collective of all other evils discharging their whole quivers on man.

Our weakness and our security under the consequence of it is no uncommon case. Blushing I look round for its fatal cause. And do I not find it where; if found, it must increase my confusion? Do I not find it in the *great goodness* of God? If so, how must that reproach and brand the deep ingratitude of man? And I think I find it there.

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF SECURITY IN SIN.

FOR, consider, my good friend! what can he do that ventures to continue in sin? He cannot defy the wrath divine, that is not in man. He cannot acquiesce under the terror of its consequence; he must therefore presume on Divine mercy. "I know myself worthless, yet earth pours its blessings. I know myself worthless, yet heaven buys me with its blood. What is to be feared, what

" is not to be hoped from *such* a God? Be my crimes what they will, some yet unrevealed expedient will be found for my safety: For *God is Love*." Thus possibly he may reason; and thus at once do two strange things,—cite Scripture to his ruin, and make the mercies of God fatal to man.

God, indeed, is love; but shall man, therefore, be a monster? And a monster in the judgment of all men? All confess that there is an admirable consent between the precepts of virtue and the sentiments of our common reason. All confess that virtue receives a constant approbation from the uniform verdict of our consciences. All confess that virtue practised brings in the greatest happiness to society: He, therefore, that is not virtuous, can give himself no satisfactory account why he was born either with reason or conscience, or a desire of happiness; since he has nothing of what they all demand from him. And, therefore, he must appear an unaccountable being; that is, a monster not only to others but himself,

This is more than enough to make vice our aversion, through God were love to that absurd degree which our folly may fancy, and which our vice most certainly wishes and wants. But there is no *such* love in Him: It is blasphemous to suppose it. *God is love*, and therefore—what? That which we may least expect—therefore God is *terrible*: From whence arises his marvellous love to man? Of man he has no need, the Divine happiness is complete: In man he sees no merit; he knows we are worthless, as well as we ourselves: But then, far better than we, he knows that we are—*immortal*. That therefore (most interesting and most alarming thought!) that, therefore, *must* suffer or enjoy for ever!

Hence, be most assured, my friend! his regard for man. Hence, for a worm, to-day crawling out of the earth, and to-morrow, more despicably still, crawling into corruption; his compassion, his solicitude, his councils held on high, and all the wonders of his love. Wonders?—much more than wonders to man; they are wonders in heaven! They strike with amazement the first angels of light.

Conscious of my own meanness, canst thou scarce believe that Divine indulgence should thus abound? Consider: God indeed, called us out of the *dust*; but he called

us into an *eternity*, an eternity henceforward commensurate with his own: And shall not his concern be commensurate in degree, bear a proportion to his gift? Shall not one show as much of the great God as the other? As he has made us *immortal*, he has made us also *endangered* creatures. Creatures that must necessarily stand the most important and, incomprehensible consequence of their own doubtful conduct for ever. Does not this abate thy surprise at such abundant indulgence? It must, if *God is love*, and vouchsafes to look on us in the mentioned light. In that light he looks on us. Thence his more than paternal bowels of compassion for the most unworthy of men. Thence his omnipotence exerted in giving proofs of his love.

But why, sayest thou, is this love *terrible*? Is not that love *most* terrible which tells us we are in danger of being eternally undone? And *this* love tells us so; for (as I conceive) it never had existed, had not that been our case.

How deep then and deplorable is their mistake who presume to sin, because God is so good; when God is so good, purely because he knows that presumption will be their ruin? Who presume on impunity for sin, because God is so good; when God is so good, purely because he knows that sin and impunity are incompatible? Such men make a demonstration of their danger, the basis of their security, and fear nothing, because an Omnipotence, that is solicitous for their welfare, gives proof that he is apprehensive of their destruction.

Such men reason ill. Still worse, experience cannot convince them. What their experience of every day, every hour, proves to be true, they will not believe. They *doubt* if they shall be (not to use a harsher word) condemned for their sins. Yet they *know* that they shall die. Now, as I take it, their death is a prelude and assurance of their future condemnation; for if beings, originally immortal, die for another's sin, can it be doubted but that they shall be condemned for their own. And that death (which is a demonstration that sin shall not escape unpunished) is unavoidable, they are convinced by their senses: Unless our Centaurs, therefore, lay aside their senses, as well as their reason, for the future they must forego vain hopes, too frequent and too sanguine among them; nor
longer

longer turn a proof of immortality into a presumption on impunity; Heaven's indulgence into destruction, and gather poison from the tree of life.

I know not, my friend! if others have urged these arguments, with regard to the cause of God's indulgence to man and the certainty of punishment for sin; but to me they appear of a very weighty and affecting nature. There are some truths of the last moment to men, which, at first aspect, have somewhat surprising in them; they require and well deserve our second thoughts.

I will give you two, one from Scripture, one from my own thoughts: "*With the Lord there is mercy, therefore, shall he be feared.—With man there is immortality! therefore he shall tremble.*"—Tremble at himself, Tremble at his own power which can give what colour he will to a whole eternity. Tremble at his own glory; that he has angels for his guard, and an Almighty for his friend. Yes, tremble at all that might incline him to triumph; for these grandeurs that inspire presumption increase danger; are magnificent assurances that he may be plunged beyond hope, be lost past retrieve.

God, indeed, forbids our despair: but not because his love will save us in our sins; but because despair stops all effort at amendment; and without it his love desires our welfare in vain. His love is such, as to give us encouragement and support in every thing but sin: such as to support our spirits amid the ruins of a falling world; but not under the cloud of one unrepented guilt.

This flings light on a part of Scripture which has a cloud on it in some eyes; and with others quite ruins its credit: *Work out your salvation with fear and trembling*: A strange text to those who fear and tremble at nothing so much as at a disappointment in their lusts. Our salvation must be *worked out*: Wishing and willing will not bring it; hoping and confiding will not procure it; it will not come by chance; no, nor by gift and infusion. It must be worked out with *fear*; because fear is the strongest guard of diligence, without which this work cannot go on; and with *trembling*, lest we should fail in this important work; lest we should think too lightly of the Divine justice; and lest our very confidence should betray us, even though we were good men: for good men have failed purely from a good opinion of their own state. For a

good opinion begets security; and security begets negligence; and negligence temptation; and temptation a fall: and (if unrepented) a fall into that state where our *first* wish will be, that we never had been born; and (worse still!) where there is no *last*. Pain is sometimes so great even *here* that we lose our senses; *there* it will be far greater, and (how terrible to say!) our senses will *not* be lost.

THOUGHTS FOR AGE.

ON the bank of that state we *now* stand: That post of wisdom if ever men are wise; which is the reason why they wish it may be long before they arrive at it: for folly is the favourite of mankind; and is it not *our own*? Though there we stand, we scarce believe it; so much our wishes obstruct our belief; or believing, scarce know what being *there* means; so much familiarity takes away our attention; and robs things of their power to strike strong on our minds. *Eternity* has so often passed our lips, that it has forgot its way to our hearts. Did it enter there, would it not extinguish every earth-born passion in them? Yes; as the sun, the smallest spark of fire.

Though we stand on its awful brink, such our leaden-bias to the world, we turn our faces the wrong way; we are still looking on our old acquaintance *time*, though *now* so wasted and reduced, that we can see little more of him than his *wings* and his *scythe*: our age enlarges his wings to our imagination; and our fear of death his *scythe*; as *time* himself grows less. His consumption is deep: his annihilation is at hand.

Should we not then turn us round, and look on eternity? That glorious home of all that survives, and outshines the sun: that kingdom of souls immortal! Of immortal souls, *time* is only the maturing womb; from eternity they wait their *real* birth. Are we, my friend! matured? Or shall we prove abortive to the world of glory? If we were mature, why tarry here so long? By protracting life, Heaven shows not its favour to those that are fit to die. Is not the business of our day undone, the cause why we are suffered to sit up so late? To be so long on our weary legs after the common hour of human rest? I fear it is. I much fear we are permitted to live, purely because—we do not deserve it.

Is it not (my languid fellow-traveller in the deep vale of years) high time to be wiser? lest the greatest of curses should fall on us, that of being wise too late: Which is the most emphatical definition of a fool. The world is worn out to us, and we are worn out to the world. The world which knows its own interest, quits us as rats a ruined house; if we knew *ours*, should we not quit the world as bees an exhausted flower? We can make no more honey of it! its sweets are gone. Where are its formerly sweet delusions, its airy castles and glittering spires? Are we not left on a lonely, barren, briery heath, to grope out our weary way through the dusk of life to our final home? Shall not the dissolved enchantment set the captive free? Are we *Torrismonds* or *Sudburys*? Shall our dotage rivet our chains, when kind nature would knock them off? To speak a language even Centaurs may understand, "A last card well played may yet win the game?"

Consider we are scheming still? Stretching out a trembling hand which wants to be supported, to grasp at the nothing that comes next? Any thing now gained would rather mock than enrich us; can any thing enrich that cannot be enjoyed? Grasp at new *faculties* and new *powers*, if thou canst find them, or new objects will only laugh us to scorn. But hadst thou even *those*, if the value of things is in proportion to our term in them, their price at our market should fall very low.

It is a good thing to know when we have *all*, and to laugh at that cheat *more*, which is ever stealing our hearts. But it is as uncommon as good. Hence seniors are milking the world after it is dry. Is it not a shame that we should be gleaning sublunary *straws* when our harvest of life is over? hoping an after-crop in our stubble? Though called to diadems, where harvest is perpetual; where an harvest more than golden profusely crowns an eternal year?

As to the pass which is so much feared; the dark subterranean entry to future life; into which our weak imagination peeps and starts back as a child at a shadow; all thanks to the blessed Gospel, we know what will light us up a lamp in it, and lessen its formidable gloom. I have seen a death-bed the reverse of poor *Altamont's*, where the by-standers were the greatest sufferers; and the king of terrors, by Christian-patience, was over-matched. The

power of religion shone out without a veil; nor could any rising suspicions of hypocrisy dim its lustre. In such scenes as these the human heart is no longer invisible to man; and a glimpse of heaven is discovered in such a sight.

We know what can make us sleep sweetly in the dust: what can smooth the rough transition; soften death into a sort of translation which interrupts not (blessed be God!) our existence; nor our peace. In peace have many died; and therefore it is certain all *may*. The whole secret for obtaining that peace is an absolute resignation to the most High; which (as hard a task as it seems to some) at the bottom is no more than owning him to be God. And a contrary conduct (as little as it is considered) has atheism, partial atheism in it. It is questioning some of his attributes, though not denying a God. May that peace be thine! My heart beats with ardour for thy present peace and future bliss. May I share it with thee! What a poor broken embrace, what a sad fragment of friendship is that which ends at the grave? Such a transitory tie gives a second dart to death; and a double dissolution to departing man. That of a soul and body scarce more severe.

Would to heaven! that all friendships were *evidently* friendships of immortal men. Such, I mean, as gave proof of their having each other's *eternal* interests at heart. Modern, at least fashionable friendship flows from a polluted source; it tastes too strong of earth; without the least tincture of *man* (as above described;) without the least spirit of *immortality* in it. Nay, worse; it often springs from causes that will not bear the light: and resembles the dark streams of *Alpheus* and *Arctusa*, that mingle under ground: it should rather resemble *Eridanus*, which is said to flow from heaven.

How many have we of these subterranean attachments? What is it ties our Centaurs together in so long a string? — Leaping together the same barriers of the decent and the just; ranging the same forbidden grounds; gorging at the same manger; neighing the same inflammatory tune: or being daily rid and sorely galled by the domineering insolence of the inflamed mistress.

Since such their accomplishments, I hope to levy a *Lapithean* infantry sufficient successively to carry on the war now opened against them. — As *Chiron* blew the trumpet which called the *Greeks* to the siege of *Troy*; I hear there

there is a modern *Cbiron*, who sounds as many instruments as *Nebuchadnezzar* did to summon his idolaters; and that he raises forces and ceases not to carry on the war at *vast expence*. Doubtless he was typified of old by him who is said in *Virgil*;

Ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu.

For my own part, my friend! I fancy my campaign will soon be over. I have frequent pains; and think I hear the master call. If so, should we not leave this world, though not yet admitted to the next? Have we not been, through life, anxiously providing one year for the next? And shall we grudge to pay half that pains for an eternity?

Consider, my *immortal* friend! should we not leave the world before the world leaves us? It is dismal to be left. There is a noble absence from earth, while we are yet on it. There is a noble intimacy with heaven, while we are yet beneath it. If our affection flies thither, we shall be welcomed by superior beings, and not be missed by men who delight in novelties; or, if missed, admired the more for being *once* in the right. They must be somewhat out of the world, who would be deep in the concerns of the next: and is it time we should be so? Till the business of life (as it is called) is over, its *real* business is rarely begun: nor always then. Age is apt to carry its allowed title to repose too far: age is the most busy period of human life. But its transactions are not with men. Therefore that absence above-mentioned is most fit for us. It is a sort of a third state between this world and the next. How proper then, for the reception of those whose term is out here, according to the common age of man.

And can it be hard for us to lay this world aside, since they that have fared best in the world, have only the fewest objections against it? Is it not an old tragic comedy read over and over, which by no means,

—*Decies repetita placebit?*

Juv.

To speak in the licentious style of comedy, man is a mule of mixed origin, of heaven and earth: earth has had more than its share of us; give heaven the rest: and that for a *double* reason. All know that hope is life's cordial: it

works miracles; without happiness it makes men happy. What have been all the pleasures of our former years, but joyous prophecies, and bold promises in the name of to-morrow? Worldly *hope* in age expires. If he provides not another hope, a man of years and a man of misery mean the same thing. Therefore the same steps are to be taken, whether we would sweeten the remaining dreg of life, or provide a triumph for eternity.

The worldly wishes which an old man sends out, are like *Noah's* dove; they cannot find whereon to light, and must return to his own heart again for rest. His natural, and perhaps most allowable and proper wish is for respect. But respect for age is a *virtue*. I need say no more to convince him how little of it he must expect: and indeed he but ill deserves it from others, who, by doating on the world, denies it to himself.

When infirmity drives the world from us, or disease confines us to our chamber, shall we not be all alone with the great Father of spirits, and searcher of hearts? Is it not worth while a little before hand to practise our lesson, that we may be the better prepared to sustain such an interview? Our wisdom cannot add to the days, but it can lighten the burden of life, and lessen the terrors of death. Death forgot in youth is folly; in age, madness. With regard to that king of terrors, how many in years borrow the security of youth; for it is impossible it should belong to them. Happy they whom death, when he comes, shall find at home; his visit will have less of terror in it. Out of pure decency to the dignity of human nature, of which the decays and imperfections should not be exposed, men in years, by recess, should fling a veil over them, and to the world be a little buried before they are interred. An old man's too great familiarity with the public, is an indignity to the human nature, and neglect of the Divine. A greater intercourse with it than the calls of duty and virtue demand, is indecent, irreligious, and contemptible; speaking acquiescence in contempt, dotage on the world, and oblivion of eternity. His fancying himself to be still properly one of this world, and on a common foot with the rest of mankind, is, as if a man getting drunk in the morning, after a long nap, lifting his drowsy eyelids at sun-set, should take it for break of day.

But grant him to be still of this world; grant him all
it

it can give; what is this world but a machine played on us by our *great enemy*, for the dissipation of human thought, whose scattered rays must be collected, as it were, to a focal point, in order to duly warm our devotion, and set a pious heart on fire? And can any happiness subsist in age without piety? Impossible! Its intimacy with the world is not for the pleasures it can give; they are past: It is purely to dislodge the thoughts of death which intrude at that season; that is, it is purely to decline the pleasures of heaven.

Why, my friend! is our day of trial extended beyond the expiration of the common term? Is it not indulged to the great need our past conduct has of it? And shall our folly reverse the kind intention of that Divine indulgence to us? Shall it set us farther from our God? I am never so strongly struck with the weakness and depravity of man, as when I see gray hairs playing the fool. Hope, which in other evil appearances supports our spirits, fails us there. What can shock common sense, what can create amazement, if not the failings that would dishonour youth in those that are miraculously alive after the stated period of human life? This is an outrage to reason; beyond the boldness of the desperado that confounds us most; this outdares the felon repeating his crime, not only under the gallows, but with the cord about his neck. Where is that world into which you and I were born? It is under ground; and a generation of strangers are dancing over our coevals long since in the dust. Where is that world into which we *shall* be born? Far, far above the sun, if, while *we* are beneath it, we behave ourselves like men. But if this life was our only concern, consider that nothing but being wiser, that is, better than those born after us, can possibly rescue the decays of age from a veision and contempt.

Fain would I have my pen of some service to the aged, now my nearest relations, those of blood are no more. To the former am I related by like date, duty, interest, and above all.

—Nunc ipsa pericula jungent.

OVID.

Still eager in worldly pursuits, warm in the chase of shadows, shall we rush, as down a precipice, and leap plump into the jaws of *extempore* death?

No, let us halt in our career; pause on the brink; and provide

provide for our eternal peace. Can I better express my love than by pressing it on thee? I press it strongly. And know, my friend! that Heaven, and (as I have showed thee) a most indulgent Heaven, joins my pathetic wish; and angels, ardent angels, say Amen. And what want they? (mark it well) they want nothing but thy own concurrence to crown their wishes for thy welfare.

Dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER VI.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

THE CENTAURS RESTORATION TO HUMANITY. — THE DIGNITY OF MAN RESUMED.—THE CONCLUSION.

HERE, Sir, I enter on that elevated theme, *The Dignity of Man*.

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo

VIRG.

I shall scale the summit of human nature, and set its dignity in the strongest light; that the contrast may strike our Centaurs with a just sense of their own ghastly condition; and more clearly demonstrate the depth of their fall. Many are for degrading their nature, that they may lessen its duties; and for looking on themselves as beings insignificant, that they may be profligate beings with a better grace; and (as they would flatter themselves) with more excuse. They run voluntarily into this error, as men run into the dark, that they may sin without a blush; framing a lie (which is the common case) for their apology. Their master (*Epicurus*) meant much the same, by setting the gods at such a distance; and, for their repose, exempting them from the trouble of inspecting the trifles of men. A due sense of the grandeur of man's nature and destination, is his best bulwark against the frequent and violent assaults temptation makes on him. This is a subject which I wish had been taken into better hands. For, as it demands all the powers of the noblest pen to reach its heights, so the world stands in need of having this, above all other, pressed home on their hearts; for all

all other of any great moment are implied in it. There are but few whose opinions do not too much widen the distance between an angel and a man. I shall bring them nearer together, as the best means for the reformation of *Centaur*s (as you shall see,) and for the most noble exaltation of *men*.

I have just now observed, that "angels want nothing but thy own concurrence to crown their wishes for thy welfare." This is true. Shall I not then be pardoned, if I presume to put the same meaning into somewhat an higher style, and say (with all reverence) that heaven's desires are at thy mercy? If so, think, and think again, What art thou? Thou poor, feeble, earth-born mortal! What art thou? Darts not on thee a stream of heavenly light? Dost thou not see an amazing majesty in man? Have I not then made my bold promise good? Did I not above tell thee I would *surprise* thee with thyself?

Nor can I rest here. A man is almost more than man can conceive; a marvellous being that rises above himself, darting rays of glory beyond the reach of his own sight. My heart is tied to this endearing, transporting, and triumphant theme.

Is *thy* consent necessary to finish what is began, or rather only designed above? How strangely this sounds! Yet must I proceed in a still higher strain—In thee it is, (how seemingly bold and impious so to speak!) Yes, it is in thee to grant or deny the request of the Almighty.—And impious indeed it would be, if unauthorised by Scripture, in which that request is made.

A requesting Omnipotence:—What can stun and confound thy reason more? What more can ravish and exalt thy heart? It cannot but ravish and exalt; it cannot but gloriously disturb and perplex thee, to take in all *that* thought suggests. Thou child of the dust! thou speck of misery and sin! How abject thy weakness? How great is thy power? Thou crawler on earth, and possible (I was about to say) controuler of the skies!

Weigh, and weigh well, the wondrous *truths* I have in view; which cannot be weighed too much; which, the more they are weighed, amazed the more; which to have supposed before they were revealed, would have been as great madness, and to have presumed on, as great sin as it is now madness and sin *not* to believe. Such precious and beautifying

beautifying news is brought us by revelation; that revelation which is rejected and despised by those that affect to be thought wiser and happier than the rest of mankind.

The *truths* I mean, are implied in what follows: *viz.* Heaven intends, desires labours, works miracles, or more (if more can be) for thy welfare; it presses thee, it importunately presses thee to comply. Consider, how art thou courted? And by whom? By Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; thy *fellow-labourers* for thy good. How is thy alliance sought? and at what price? Angels, inspecting, admiring angels cannot compute its value. An extreme of love, an extreme of glory this, which those angels (if angels could envy) might envy to man; for was it not denied to them?

Thou younger, but darling son of heaven! wonder, tremble, triumph! Yes, triumph, tremble, wonder; thy greatest emotion falls short of the mighty cause. Thou greatly beloved, greatly favoured, greatly destined, and, oh! greatly endangered! take heed to thy steps; nor less take fire at thy prize.

Art thou more exalted or terrified at what I say? Exaltation and fear doth rise in extremes. With both passions comply; highly reverence thy *own* nature; more profoundly adore the *Divine*. Adore it with voice, heart, and life; and thus to glad all heaven, assert, rescue, ennoble, and with bliss eternal crown thyself; for without thee, in the constituted, order of things, heaven is unable to do it. Its almighty hand is, as it were, tied up by its own decree. Without thee, thou amazing being! (pardon me the word so bold) there is impotence in heaven. Nor is it bold, when explained; for impotence, when voluntary, is no impeachment of power.

Is all this *rapturous*?—Yes, such a rapture as nothing but gross ignorance or more fatal infidelity can forbear. Is not rapture due for felicities inexpressible? And what felicity is so much as second to this! It is the close, frequent, and feeling inspection of these *interiora* of man's sublime condition, as *immortal* and *redeemed*, that is the highest cordial of human joy, and the richest mine of human thought. A mine deep dug by few! and yet without it, man is not more a stranger to the natives of *Saturn*, than to himself. Without it, he must want the true, genuine, vital spirit of a Christian. None without it can be filled

filled with the light and comfort of the Holy Ghost. This, O ye Methodists! gives the real new birth; this enters man in quite another world. In his *former* world all things are absolutely changed; well nigh annihilated as to his wonted passion for them.

The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. But the Christian *mine* I have mentioned, infinitely more demands our adoration and praise: infinitely more demands our exultation and joy. Are we transported, and justly transported, at the wonderful operations of nature, and decline we the contemplation of greater wonders in ourselves? And when the former but amuses an hour, the last blesses an eternity. In those stupendous views it is, that the mercy of God, and glory of man, at highest shine. Hence it is, that constant joy is enjoyed to Christians as an absolute duty: a duty, on weaker motives, as absolutely impracticable.

You see, Sir, that to dive deep into man, is to dive into an ocean of Love Divine; which first drowns us in amazement, then lifts us into triumph; and at length lands us (if we are wise) on eternal life. But too many swim only on the surface of our nature; like a feather, through their levity, incapable of sinking to those solid and shining advantages, those pearls of great price; those great awakening and strongly stimulating motives to virtue that lie below. But I shall resume *this subject* before I close. What is already said, is enough to produce that good effect which you will find in the marvellous scene which very soon will open on you.

THE CENTAURS RESTORATION TO HUMANITY.

At present, my friend, we must quit this consecrated for enchanted ground; as you will soon, to your surprise and disgust, perceive. I know it is not to your taste, nor indeed to my own. But *levity* has its use, when perverse patients will refuse what a salutary, if conveyed in any vehicle less agreeable to their vitiated taste; and the grave reader, who nauseates it, sacrifices (through too great delicacy) to mere appearances, the substance of what is right.

Thou knowest that our Centaurs can scarce be persuaded that

that they are not still human creatures; though *mœbantur scortantur, adulterantur, diabolantur* (I am forced to make words that are bad enough for them;) and not so much as retain,

——— *Veteris vestigia formæ.*

OVID.

Are they not (to speak with reverence is the language of the prophet) as *fed horses in the morning*; Do they not *assemble by troops in ladies houses*? It is *barlot* in the original; and so by us translated. But that is not their only objection to the Scriptures. Perhaps, an old *Arabian* proverb may have greater authority with them. What says it? "Let him that would be safe avoid seven things; wasps, spiders, hyænas, crocodiles, effs, adders, and *fine* women."

Here then, I shall begin my exorcism. Its words must be strange and barbarous, suited to the occasion. Let not your ear, my friend, be shocked; but listen, and wait the event.

"May *Latis, Tbois, Limax, Lupæ, Succuba, Quadrantaria, Obolaria, Euriole, Stbenio, Medusa Erinnyes, Megæra*, and *Tysiphone*——May all these, and all such ladies, whether sick or sound, high or low, of blood and title, or ditch and dunghill; natives, foreign or infernal——May this glorious group of *Torrismond's* angels, these gorgons, furies, harpies, leeches, syrens, centaur-making syrens! paid, or unpaid, keeping or kept, on fire or quenched; genevaed or citroned, in closet or cellar, in tavern, bagnio, brothel, round-house, bridewell, or Newgate——Oh! may they cease from this hour, to sing or dance, smile or frown, please or plague, pray or swear, our British, unbritish youth, manhood and age, out of their senses, health, estates, reputation, human nature, and hopes of heaven!

"And these enchantresses laying aside their spells, may the bewitched of *Great Britain* recover their *pristine* form, as *Circe's* herd, at the prayer of *Ulysses*. At the touch of my disenchanting pen, may they leap out of their hides for joy; and laying hold on their long-deserted definition of man *reason*, and *two legs*, walk up-rightly for the future."

Rejoice with me, my friend! For do I dream? or didst thou not observe? Didst thou not hear?——*Intonuit lævum.*

As

As the dark cloud which caused it is vanished, and a flood of light rushes in, so shall it fare with *them*. I see their dawning reason; I see I shall break off their moral day. And what I see I shall relate; and what I relate, though strange, let no man disbelieve.

The Centaurs that can read, on perusal of *The Dignity of Man*, are stung, as the *Trojan* horse, when *Laocoon's* spear pierced his side; and groan as deeply as that, when

Infonère cavæ, gemitumque dedere cavernæ.

VIRG.

Most of them are much affected but differently; being at last fully convinced that they are *not* men. One burns his *Bolingbroke*; another an indecent song: this calls in his bills, pleading privilege no more; that bespeaks a new against the next quarter: a third blames his delay; swears he will pray directly; falls on his knees like *Cæsar's* horse — rises again, with a sigh and solemn vow, that he will be master of his *Pater-noster* before to-morrow: a fourth subscribes all his gains by false dice to the foundling hospital: a fifth orders two little boys to school immediately; and sends ten guineas to their mothers in bridewell: a sixth, in a flame of pious zeal, damns a senseless world; and undertakes, in less than a week, to demonstrate, that adultery is a crime. A seventh, &c.

But I must not triumph too much. I have not had equal success with the female Centaurs. From a natural constancy of temper, and habitual aversion to change, they come but slowly into my wishes. But to make amends, when they come, they come with a vengeance, and overshoot the mark. Mr. *W——ly* (whose converts some of them are) tells them, that they stand not upright, unless they lean a little backward; like a crosier, or like themselves, when they coyly refuse a salute: thus, though converted, they find not the straight line, but stand still a little bent—to the wrong.

Besides, of my male converts, I have somewhat to complain: for some, though changed at heart, yet awed by fashion, and vain of being still *fine men*, are ashamed to own it; and *appear* to be fools to save their credit. These hypocrites in vice, these moral fops, ridiculously good, may be called *little men* in Centaurs skins; or coward virtue in masquerade.

And worst of all, of some Centaurs I am quite in despair. They fly my pen, and will not be *touched* for their distemper. But being deep stung by wiser than the *tarantula*, run mad for music, and dance themselves to death. Others, with *Swift* (in that respect a Centaur himself,) look on the noble quadruped as superior to the man. Others, on the contrary, approve, and heartily wish a *restoration* to humanity; but are careless and indolent. They would, indeed, if a demon was not in possession, they *would* be good; but will not be at the trouble of bringing a writ of *ej. c'ment*, though *Sophronius* proffers to draw it up for them. The lowest price of virtue is vigilance and industry; and if it costs us no more, it comes very cheap.

As for those that are truly conscious of their calamity, and heartily desirous of an escape, mark the good effect of the least tendency to goodness: the mighty change, a restoration of the human figure is actually begun. But the process is gradual; nature advances, never leaps. They became not Centaurs all at once.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

Juv.

As evil habits, which occasioned their transformation, were gradually contracted, it is no wonder that their recovery should prove equally gradual and slow. One sheds a mane, another drops a tail; and appears only as too closely docked: some wonder to see slender fingers sprouting through hoofs by their penitential tears, mollified into flesh: some, like dancing dogs, continue upright some time; but tired of that unnatural restraint, drop into Centaurs for life. So dangerous in moral distempers, as well as natural, is a relapse: some quite restored, yet still retain so much of their former nature, that they are apt to trip, if a strong temptation, like a stone, or cart-rut, lies across their way: some can scarce believe their good fortune, and fear it is a dream. Others, too sanguine, cry out, brother! to the first man they see; who starts at his new relation, with a hide still sticking at his heels.

What a loud call do I hear among them for things strange and new? For dresses suited to the human shape; for pleasures suited to the human mind; for bibles, prayer-books, debt-books; for virtuous consorts, faithful friends, and fit objects of charity; for rational improvement and employments;

employments; no longer for Newmarket trappings, but for human ornaments. This, however, where the restoration is complete. Poor *Sudbury* is still awkwardly hopping on three legs; while others stand firmly planted on half four: one of whom, more learned than the rest, cries out:

ΠΛΗΘΥΝΕΙ ΤΟ ΠΑΝΤΟΣ.

HES.

The rest naturally take it for a pious thanksgiving, and give a loud Amen.

They that are quite recovered, arrayed in decent plain apparel, not dappled as the morning, with embroidery, or with lace all over listed like the beautiful *Indian* ass. call a council; and their first manly resolution is to proclaim peace with the *Lapitææ*, or men of virtue; with whom, from time immemorial, the Centaurs have been at war. *Chiron* bent his bow against them: but of war various has been the fortune between them; till within this last half century, the Centaurs increasing both in numbers and boldness, wearing frontlets of brass on their foreheads, and *Horace's* *Æs triplex* on their breasts; and having of late a mighty giant at their head, whose quills, more fatal than the porcupine's, threatened a thousand deaths at once, they began to dream of nothing less than victory complete. But the present reinforcement of their enemies will turn the scale against them. I say reinforcement; for the next step my converts take, is to list into the *Lapitæan* service, determined to meet their late friends in no friendly sort, under a banner with this motto,

Quid verum, atque, decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

Which promises victory: for they are very formidable foes, who have had the fortitude first to conquer themselves.

At the news of their revolt, offended *Torrismond*, burning for revenge, cries, Ha, ha, snuffs the battle from afar.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

VIRG.

The glory of his nostrils is terrible. And still more abundantly his heroic choler rises, on hearing that their first destined enterprise is against *Bolingbroke* castle; that delight of his eyes, and defiance of his foes: For he deems

it impregnable; because it is moated round with *Acberon*, and its aspiring proud battlements threaten heaven.

This castle was built out of the various ruins of many demolished forts of infidelity, pompously put together faced over with a material more shining than solid; and cemented with untempered mortar. *Sopbronius* * heads the laudable enterprise. The castle is taken as was ancient *Babylon*. He first turns the general stream of the nation, by the force of strong and solid eloquence into a new channel, as *Cyrus* did the river *Euphrates*; then entering the castle, and finding the garrison turning things sacred to profane use, and drowned in debauch; obtains a sudden and complete victory, but is a most merciful conqueror: For, instead of putting any to death, he only puts the most sensible of them out of countenance: And to their own darling delights and boasted glories, instead of the gallies, condemns them for life. Obliging them, however, in acknowledgment of his clemency, to wear yellow cockades impressed with these words, "*Be thou a Centaur still!*" The bad man's choice includes his punishment.

The same *Sopbronius*, adorned with his well-deserved mural crown, rescues the character of a late pious and learned prelate, which the Centaurs boasted *Achilles*, (who,

Jurat negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat,)

HOR.

had dragged, like *Hector's* body, round the town in the dirt: For the glory of *Britain*, and for the light and emulation of posterity, I see it inscribed on a column of adamant, with a *Bolingbroke couchant* embossed on the base; who now contributes to support (as much as such a feeble *Atlas* can) that celestial character which he lately laboured to destroy; proud of his uncircumcised *reason*; which reason, notwithstanding, had evidently lost its *authority* with himself: For when *that* is preserved, sense submits to reason; and when sense submits to reason, reason submits to the revealed word of God. And (since some are in love with words) I must observe, that reason stooped to revelation, is reason still; only reason more reasonable; and its great hazard of error is all that it has lost.

And now, my friend! what shall I say on this happy revolution?

* An excellent writer in this controversy.

volution? Shall I not out-boast *Augustus*? He said of Rome, *Latericean inveni, marmoream reliqui*. I, of London, *Inveni equinum, reliqui humanam*.

Nothing remains but to cleanse the now-deserted stables, and to render them fit for human use; and to persuade the she-grooms who kept them, into some more decent and less diabolical course of life; especially my patroness, who for the honour (as she calls it) of my dedication, has promised to give into my superstition; and to play fair, at least on *Sundays*, and learn her Catechism, when the *masquerades* for the season are over; which, out of an unsurmountable regard for thy first, and most amorous, and most musical son, *Chiron*, she confesses ingenuously, she cannot forbear. For ladies love a Centaur still.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN RESUMED.

It is high time, my friend! to quit this fairy land, of which I know you are heartily tired; and to perform my promise in resuming *The Dignity of Man*: a theme which my heart affects, and which your conduct, in some measure, inspires. And who can think of it unimproved? He who *thinks* of his dignity necessarily, thinks of his God: And he who *values* his dignity, as necessarily worships and obeys him. In a due sense, therefore, of human dignity, our endangered virtue finds her most powerful guard.

Think you that I have carried the dignity of man too high? Spare the sacred page. "There one of *Adam's* seed converses face to face with his Creator. Another is called his friend. He who made the world's delights to be called the son of a third. He who made the world even died for the meanest of men. The meanest of men has it within his power to be an heir of the most mighty God, and a joint heir with the most blessed Jesus." Absolves not this the boldest stroke of my pen? What can raise our self-estimation so high, what can aggrandize human nature so much as this?

In Heavens great and constant effort for our welfare, is capitally written the Dignity of Man. That is a key to the moral world, and opens and explains the reason of all God's otherwise mysterious conduct in it. Every step of which is evidently calculated for man's present or future felicity; or both. The long-shining series, the golden

chain of all God's marvellous acts, from the beginning to the close of time, speaks his uninterrupted regard for human nature; and what can more loudly proclaim human dignity than this? O let it not be said that Man's Dignity is declared by all things but the manners of man!

As distant as they may be thought by the thoughtless, heaven and earth are so near together, so shot (as it were) into one another, that good men are truly *foreigners on earth; have their conversation in heaven; are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.* To speak allusively to the patriarchal vision, good men are angels; only as yet at the bottom of the ladder, and some angels are only men made perfect at the top of it. As a man from an embryo, so differs an angel from a man; what one is, the other soon shall be. Since this is the case (and a most glorious case it is,) and since by such multitudes it is either not considered or not known;

O fortunati nimium, bona si sua norunt!

VIRG.

would be no needless memorandum, or improper motto for all mankind.

But you still have your objection on the whole.—“Will not raising so high, and dwelling so long on the Dignity of Man, occasion pride?” No; on the reverse, a due sense of it will necessitate humility. Pride springs from a conceit which an individual has of his superiority over some others of the same species. The dignity I speak of is equally the dignity of *all* men; and what levels, cannot exalt. It will *necessitate* humility; because, without *that*, it cannot preserve itself; our native dignity will die in the result. As for that dignity which occasions your objection, we have, I confess, too much of it. We have in abundance what may be called *lunar* great men. Men in themselves opaque, who borrow beams from their circumstances or situation; which beams they show like the moon by night: I mean, when ignorance prevails; then the darkened understandings of their admirers give them leave to shine.

These lunar grandees have generally many little surrounding satellites, that help by their adulations to gild their opacity. But of such great men who are forced to *assume* (as men must plunder, who would be gainers where nothing

nothing is due,) it must be said, that the greatest of them would be greater still, if they would only please to be a little less.

They only have *solar* or self-born light, who live up to the dignity of their nature. The light is not only their own, and illustrious, but inextinguishable and eternal. These, as they are the greatest, are also the most humble of mankind. For they well know that our grandeur is to be looked for in the love of God, not in the merit of man. And therefore they set it down as a maxim (and a maxim most true and useful it is,) "No man ever thought too highly of his nature, or too meanly of himself."

Here would I cease. But how hard to get loose from this ever-teeming, all-important and inexhaustible theme? It fills with serene joy the superior region of the soul; and denies entrance to the clouds and storms of worldly perturbation and care. Such the height of its joy, that music and wine leave the raised hearts of our sons of delight far, far below. And yet how is this glorious subject in most minds, by the love of the world, close compressed and folden up, as an oak in an acorn, or a man in the womb? To develope and expand it, how great my desire? In which of its thousand shining lights shall I set it, for our final contemplation of its mighty moment to man.

Man is the most noble study of man. Let him circle the globe, let him traverse the skies; and then, for something more worthy his notice and admiration, return to himself. To himself he is a theatre immense; and was reputed such when that theatre had much less to exhibit, than at present it can boast; and when it was but faintly illuminated with the glimmering beams of far more feeble lights. The so renowned *Know thyself*, was nothing but a precept enjoining a close inspection and survey of this theatre; yet that precept, as to its Author, was held divine; and as to its practice, the supreme wisdom of man. That precept is now exalted into an awful command from heaven; and that theatre is consecrated into a venerable temple, a temple of the Holy Spirit.

As in some pieces of perspective, by the pressure of the eye, so in this temple, by the pressure or perseverance of thought, the magnificent prospect is opened and aggrandized still more and more; and, opening, discovers the full Dignity of Man. In what does that consist? In the
marvellous

marvellous things the Almighty has done and designed for him. And if so, this survey gives at once the greatest *virtue*, and the greatest *blessing* of life. For who can see those marvellous things, without an ardent *love of God*, which is the supreme virtue of man? And who can reflect on such indulgence past, without an *absolute trust* in *such* a friend for the future; which of man is the Supreme Blessing?

But this blessing and this virtue, this glory and comfort of life is lost to those to whom this temple is shut. And it is shut to the careless and ignorant, to the slothful and unawakened, in the most illustrious theory of the Christian religion. If therefore such men, in what has been advanced, shall find any thing like a key to this yet unopened temple, and shall enter its sacred and surprising recesses, and read the wonders of Divine Love in it; that is, in themselves, in their own condition and prospects; if they shall see and contemplate the three Persons of the Godhead, before creation assuming, and through time's whole length exercising their separate parts and provinces of philanthropy; and shall behold an innumerable flight of angels for ever on the wing to receive their commands, and speed away on various dispatches for the temporal and eternal welfare of man—How should I rejoice? For such a key would be next in value to the key of heaven. It opens the porch, the preliminary scene to it. Therefore have I kept it on the anvil so long, and yet how unfinished at last? May some master-hand accomplish, and multitudes open the yet absolutely unknown scene of their own nature, and blessed destination with it.

And now, my friend, tell me how must *his* love of glory fail; how must his *ambition* creep, who after the strong inspiration of such a view as this, miserably confines it beneath the sun? Consider this view, and see how high human nature may soar; then look down on the Centaur, and see (if thou canst bear the sight) how low the sons of heaven may fall! Shall a being whose interests spread so wide as to take in both ends of the creation; shall a being deeply concerned in what was done in the days of *Adam*, and more deeply still in what shall be done in the great day of consummation; shall such an expansive and far interested being, with the most sordid and despicably self-denial, and the most inconceivably criminal *poverty of spirit*

spirit, imprison his stifled thought, and nail down his little heart to the narrow span of this present life? God forbid. If there is the least sense of dignity or fear of shame, the least spark of man alive, let us consider that we are not only the favourites, but the sons too of heaven, and obey in this our voyage of human life, as *Æneas* in his from Troy, the *Delian* oracle,

Antiquam exquirite matrem.

VIRG.

But our overwhelming shame and almost incurable misery, is that we are so *carnalized* by our lusts, that our heavenly * mother, in our esteem, has no blessing for us; that a *spiritual* Paradise is no Paradise; that it is a Paradise we wish lost; one from which we desire to fall; and to wallow, *Epicuri de grege porci*, in one beloved mire. And yet what is this spot of earth which so swallows us up, and in its gulf of obscenities extinguishes our love of heaven? Its enchantment is very short. A few days, a few hours, may make us as wise as *Solomon*. For rest assured, earth's rankest idolater, who now perhaps, in our flourishing school of infidelity thinks a wiser than *Solomon* is here, will, at the close of life, in his aching heart, ask *Solomon's* pardon for not believing him before.

I believe that wise and experienced prince, whose wisdom and experience was designed to spare future ages their own fatal experience in folly, and closing with his last sentiment the sum of his Divine philosophy, affirm, that many a philosopher may justly be reputed a fool; that, as there is but one God, one trial, and one great Tribunal, one salvation, so there is but one wisdom; that all which, devoid of *that*, assumes the name, is but folly of different colours and degrees; gay, grave, wealthy, lettered, domestic, political, civil, military, recluse, ostentatious, humble, or triumphant; and is so called in the language of angels, in the sole-authentic and unalterable stile of *eternity*.

That awful word inspires and awakens ideas that slept before; it points to heaven and shows me where I fail. — Though studious to do it justice, I have wronged my theme; and wronged it much. Some what more is wanting to consummate and crown the Dignity of Man. What have

* Gal iv. 26,

have I advanced? "That man is *near* to the blessed angels?" Is he not more?—Yes, most adorable Jesus! man is more, much more. O whither dost Thou call me? Whither dost Thou transport astonished human thought? I scarce dare look up to the summit of such stupendous love. Leave I not cherubim and seraphim below? Ye first-born of light! ye thrones! dominions! principalities! and powers! What do I behold? How awed, and how raptured; with what prostration of heart, what elevation of joy, from this remote region, this lowest vale of the creation, this land of darkness, and shadow of death, look I up through incumbent clouds of misery and sin, and behold—a *Man* in heaven! In the highest heaven! In union with the Most High! In union with *your* most adored and eternal King! And so throned in authority, to *you* so superior in power, as to make ceaseless intercession for the rest of mankind; not for *those* whose fall left seats empty in heaven: Oh aid me with *your* language, with words more than human, to praise Him! that Advocate unwearyed for his relations, (proud language!) for his earth-born relations and friends below.

Is not this *almost* too much for human modesty to mention? For human frailty to credit? For human corruption to admit?—But is it not also *far* too much for human gratitude to leave unproclaimed, unresounded, unadored! *I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.* What heart-subduing, thought-overwhelming, man-exalting words are these? What an amazing, I had almost said *leveling* condescension of the Deity! What an amazing, I had almost said what a *deifying* sublimation of man!

O blessed revelation! that opens such wonders. O dreadful revelation! if it opens them in vain. And are there those with whom they go for thought? Strange men! in possession of a blessing, the bare hopes of which supported the spirits of the wise for four thousand years, under all the calamities of life and terrors of death; and know they not that it is in their hands? Or knowing, cast it away as of no value? A blessing, the very shadow of which made the body of the Patriarchal and Jewish religion! A blessing after which the whole earth panted, as the hart for the water brooks! A blessing, on which the heavenly host were sent to congratulate mankind, and,
sing

sing the glad tidings into their transported hearts! A blessing which was more than an equivalent for Paradise lost! And is this blessing declined, rejected, exploded, despised, ridiculed? O unhappy men!—The frailty of man is almost as incomprehensible as the mercies of God.

Who then can inculcate too much the Dignity of Man? For what equally to a due sense of it can inspire a contempt of the world, a fondness for which occasions the madness I deplore? Indeed a due sense of it evidently includes the whole of our duty. It inspires high veneration and great gratitude to God who gave it; it inspires a reverence for ourselves, which is of utmost moment to our character and peace; and it inspires a proper regard for all mankind as equal sharers in it: Which regard would prevent infinite mischief, and banish half the miseries of life.

This, its universal use, its nature so pregnant of good effects, determined me to the choice of this too much neglected subject. And perhaps, I have now set it in the strongest light. But if not, its importance is such that it should be set in *all* lights, and from every point that imagination can suggest and reason authorise, strike if possible the degenerate, deeply-sunk, and ever-groveling human heart. He that looks not on man in the light above, or some light similar and equivalent, knows not himself; is a perfect stranger at home; his heart wanders an exile from his destined felicity: He deprives himself of the powerful impulse which he so much wants and which nature denies, and which revelation designed him, for his more vigorous advance in virtue here, and his more sublime ascent in glory hereafter: Which two are the whole of his happiness; all the rest is extrinsic, precarious, transient, and inevitably mortal.

And who will dare say, that he who declines or falls from the noble and elevating object of contemplation above-mentioned, and the glorious hopes it inspires, into the barren field of amusement and trifle, or into the bestial abyss of a few years debauch for his portion; who will dare affirm, that such a wretch differs not as much in reason and happiness from the true Christian as a *quadruped* differs in form from a man? It is not form but manners which make humanity. The mould in which we are cast only says what we *should be*; nothing but our conduct tells

tells us what *we are*. What wretches are they who contradict their figure, and accuse nature of having set a wrong stamp on their lying clay ! The most despicable and deplorable being under heaven is a Pagan in a Christian land. He is like a rank growth of poison in Paradise : He confines that thought which should set out at the creation, and travel down with wonder and adoration at every step, through the countless mercies and miracles of God for man into nature's final dissolution ; and thence launch for a never-ending voyage in a blessed eternity,——to the nothing of threescore years ; and the wretched means of annihilating that nothing, of contracting that span ; lust exhausts, luxury overwhelms, and, by heaping on fuel, quite puts out the fire.

Where is that *dignity* which reason exacts, and which revelation exalts in man ? In what I have said on that subject, I have, I think, done more to our purpose, than he who measures the heavens and numbers the stars. I have taken (as I conceive) the true measure of man. That extensive measure rising above the skies, which the Centaur dwarfs down to the scanty span of the brute creation, to the *bestai triumphanti*, and making (might I so speak) a dunghill of our condition, with the cock in the fable, for a grain of sensuality spurns the jewel away ; the powers angelic, the radiant beams of the divinity, in the *real* man.

But while I contemplate his grandeur (so mixed our nature, so great and little is man,) I feel his weakness : In mind and body, I feel his infirmities—Pain this instant stops my pen.—Stops it short of what I had proposed to say.—It bids me take, while I may, my leave of him I love.—I take a solemn, because perhaps a final, leave. It is at least possible we may meet no more : No more in this foreign land, in this gloomy apartment of the boundless universe of God.

O thou ! the last and strongest hold that earth has on me ! my friend in Jesus Christ ! my rival in immortal hope ! and my companion (I trust) for eternity ! come to my bosom : Though so far remote, I take thee to my heart. Souls suffer no separation from obstruction of matter or distance of place ; oceans may roll between us and climates interpose in vain : The whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind. Farewel.—Through
boundless

boundless ages, fare thou well. The Dignity of Man and blessing of heaven be with thee! The broad hand of the Almighty cover thee! Mayest thou shine when the sun is quenched! Mayest thou live and triumph when time expires!

This cordial duty done, this human debt discharged, my mind is eased; my spirits revive; my pain is less. And when this endless letter is ended, I shall drop thee for *the present*; and this idle pen, and an idler world (that other feather in the scale of eternity) *for ever*. He that drops the world before that drops him, he *only* knows its real value, and the value of his own soul. And whatever the gaiety of the world pretends to, he *only* can have a solid, permanent, and uninterrupted joy of heart, who builds it on the rock, on hope of the Divine mercy. Give a man the world, and give him no more, and his happiness is at an end: The human heart will necessarily feel a futurity through all the superabundance earth can heap on it: Nothing can possibly give it a peace independent of an here-after: That point of view in his creation, that purchase of blood in his redemption, and yet in human conduct, that ever neglected *all* of man.

Ask the last bill of mortality, ask pleasure's or ambition's triumph most triumphant, what is human life? Knowledge of the world recommends recess, knowledge of life reconciles to the grave. Few sufficiently consider how great mercy is implied in the grant of death. With a heart quite disengaged, its cable cut, imploring a smooth passage and gentle gale, bound for that port whence none returns, I wait the mighty MASTER's call: That call irresistible which every moment should expect, which every fool forgets, every wise man welcomes, and every monarch obeys.

And yet, my friend, some of our few coevals close not altogether with this way of thinking, but rather seem to judge, that some little degree of precipitation may be laid to its charge. As the dial knows not the hour it points out, so they, by their infirmities and decays, discover their time of day to all but themselves. Their desires grow stronger as enjoyments grow more coy. It is somewhat to be feared that their hearts gravitate almost as much as their scarce-animated clay, and take but few and feeble flights above the level of the world; though very excel-

lent things are spoken of thee, thou welcome haven of eternal rest! Thou delightful region of inextinguishable love! Thou great goal of perfection! Thou bright meridian of glory! Thou boundless ocean of *unrepenting pleasure*! Thou city of God!

And is man invited to this fulness of fruition? And is man *importuned* to partake the glories of the Almighty? — He that weighs not well this transcendent height of love Divine is far from being able to comprehend the terrible depth of human guilt. And what guilt so deep as that of a *baptized infidel*? A rank heathen rising out of the sacred font is *reason's* greatest shock, the deepest wound of rectitude, the blackest brand of earth, the sigh of angels, a second spear in the side of the most blessed Jesus, and the supreme triumph of the foe to God and man.

Most gracious God! in *happiness* and *dignity* how widely distant is man from man? In both, what an immense superiority has the pious believer? Scarce seems of the same species the believing and apostate world. To the *first*, how justly may we cry out, O ye happy sons of the fallen *Adam*! where is the damage you received from your father's fall? Where are the once lamenting miseries of life, where are the once unsurmountable terrors of death fled? I discern the Dignity of Man when his carcase is in the dust. I congratulate his happiness while the worm is feasting on him. Rejoice, O ye dead! exult and sing, ye dark inhabitants of the grave! For do I not behold even in the grave the comfort of heaven, when, with an eye of Christian faith, in heaven I behold a *man*? The man Christ Jesus? And with transport and adoration let me resound the lofty language of the prophet, — *A man the fellow of the Almighty* *.

THE CONCLUSION.

AND now, my friends! let us consider how deplorably wretched is that man amongst us who is deaf to *such* a voice, and blind to *such* a sight! And how criminally wretched is he if he voluntarily declines them? If he voluntarily recalls the suspended curse, obstinately presents disarmed death with his mortal sting again, and pours out

in

in his distraction all the phials of its original bitterness of the days, how dismal and unredeemed, of an apostate human life? What a formidable *revelation* does such a man bespeak in lieu of that which brought pardon and peace? What a revelation of no *glad tidings* awaits him, when his now-involving cloud breaks, and truth thunders on the dreadfully illumined soul at the no-distant hour of death.

It is, indeed, in man's option, which of these *revelations* he will admit (one he must,) but it is not in man's wisdom to make the least apology for a wrong option in so plain and important a point. A point how plain? I shall here just touch on a single proof of the truth of Christianity, which renders any further proof, among proofs innumerable, unnecessary with me, to create and support our Christian faith.

Every thing in the *natural* world is a proof of a God; and almost every thing in the *moral* world is a proof of a revelation. As in the material universe, all exactly corresponds with the previous ideas of it in the Divine mind; and in a substantial copy renders legible to man its invisible pattern, in the thought of the Almighty; so a complete history of mankind (if such could be had) would be little more than the same Almighty's *prophetic* word in Scripture materialized into fact. The prophets are more accurate and authentic historians of the *future* than the most happy genius, uninspired, can possibly be of the *past*. And want we *miracles* for our conviction? The series of Scripture-prophecies accomplished, is the most striking of miracles: It is a miracle not expiring in a transient act! but of great longevity, persisting in a perpetual increasing weight and validity, through the protracted course of many thousand years. It is a living, growing, permanent, paramount, miracle, lighted up as a lamp of illumination for all ages; that all able to see might be quite unable to disbelieve; quite unable to retain reason, and at the same time renounce belief. For if the Scripture-prophecies are fulfilled, the Scripture is the word of God; and if the Scripture is the word of God, Christianity cannot be false. Shall we reject it as false, when, in the *present* state of almost all nations, we are surrounded and condemned by a full ocular demonstration of its being true! Let us dis-

pure our own existence, if we would continue of a piece with this.

Where is our natural curiosity? And that in points which concern us most? Would we know what we *are*; or what we *may* or *must* be to all eternity! Nothing but revelation can tell us either. So that if we acted on no higher motive than mere instinct, revelation would be precious in our sight. But vice extinguishes not our reason only, but our instinct too, when it would do us any good. Either the strongest instinct of curiosity is extinguished by it, or there is an astonishing and pernicious self denial in infidels, if their most natural curiosity is still alive. Revelation was written for our instruction; and are we too wise to be instructed by God himself? I throw we by unread, and as of no consequence, an unsealed letter sent to us from the Almighty?

In our infidels it is no less than defiance of any common sense, no less than hardened impudence to the rational nature of man, to pretend, that on due inquiry, they want proof of the truth of the Gospel. Its proof is not only great, but amazing; it is not only sufficient to convince, but astonish: Such its accumulated, overwhelming evidence, so truly *marvellous its lights*, that if rejected, it lays us under a necessity of rejecting reason and revelation together. And is not *reason obeyed*, the sole dignity, glory, grandeur of gods and men? Nothing can so much degrade as the violation of reason; and no violation of reason is equal to a wrong option in this point supreme. Too faint is the strongest colouring of all the severe fables of antiquity to reach an absurdity so absurd.

That of *Circe's Sty*, and *Chiron's Stud*, falls short of the mark. For reason, in those days, had not such powerful motives to combat, or such glaring lights to resist. And guilt blackens in proportion to the strength of the lights resisted, and the motives overcome.

Since then (as has been proved) if reason makes a man, by ceasing to be Christians, they cease to be men; by what terms shall we call those, whom no term can defame? Let, therefore, your offended sister pardon my *parable*; and let no honest man for the future so far offend propriety, and profane our language, as to join in one abused word such repugnant ideas, as those of the Centaur and the man; *one* the idea of a being, horridly rejoicing in the

miserable

miserable and mistaken thought, that this short life, shortened by vice and vanity, is his all; and that, like the snuff of a candle, it shall go out for ever: rejoicing to think, that after all his bustle and ambition, he shall only, by his *putrid carcase*, add rankness to a clod of earth, and defile the dirt: The *other* idea is that of a being, big with humble but triumphant hope of exalting with his *immortal spirit*, joy celestial; of adding melody to seraphic choirs, in ceaseless Hallelujahs to the Eternal King. "Sing praises, sing praises to our God: sing praises, sing praises to our, King. Praise him, all ye angels! praise him, all his host! praise him, sun and moon! praise him, all ye stars and light!" For a fairer light, a nobler star, a more illustrious sun is risen; the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings; and all the glories of unbounded creation are outshone by the smallest beam of the Gospel; by the faintest hope of wrath appeased, and eternal life.

Yet this is that light which some in their superior wisdom would extinguish as superfluous to man, and set up the dim taper of their reason in its stead.

O thou wisest guide, philosopher and friend!

Say, for thou know'st, what is it to be wise?

ESS. ON MAN.

With equal *wisdom*, thou mightest imagine the sun superfluous and unnecessary to the material world; and call on chaos for primæval darkness, as the great blessing of mankind. Say for now indeed thou knowest is not *Lucifer* in the list of such benefactors as these?

Though in *this*, his lordship is quite as good a friend to mankind, as he is a philosopher in his *materiality* of the soul; yet I will venture advancing towards that precious doctrine so far as to call without scruple such sort of imaginations the *thoughts of the body*; for from the body's predominance they necessarily rise: And that necessity proves the necessity of religion which they resist: so that such men (which perhaps they are not aware of) while as much as they can, they condemn religion, they commend it too; they as loudly call for as the disease for the cure. For religion is nothing but an expedient for supporting against the body's assaults and encroachments, the sacred interests of the soul.

At your request, Sir, in the wide-spread ruins of our faith

and *virtue*, I have taken a slight view of a more melancholy scene than could be presented by famine, pestilence, or the sword: But by God's grace we shall repent; and not suffer our greatest glory to become our greatest dread; not suffer our prime and unspeakable blessing, *immortality*, to render existence the most insupportable curse. What a terrible inversion is this of the high favours of heaven! This must be the case when man is all *sense*: For to sense nothing exists but the *present*. Our present is so dear, that our future is undone. Strange conduct! when our step out of life is so short, and so sure, sudden, and innumerable our accidents *in* it, that almost every moment assures us, that unless in time we lay hold on our *invisible*, and to reason alone, existing God, we shall soon fall from all we held so dear; and that then not only our happiness, but all our hope is at an end.

What is there, O my countrymen! O my friend! O my poor, endangered, immortal soul! What is there, from *Adam* to this hour, but fully confirms what I say? The world allures us; the world condemns us; he who takes that kind advice, which through his own experience the world conveys, will despise all its charms. As ignorance teems with infidelity, so knowledge is a fast friend of faith. If we would but know what we cannot but know; if we would but believe our senses in what passes, and our common records in what has passed; it would not only reconcile us to, but almost supply the place of our *Creed*; so very natural a growth is the Christian of the man.

As natural a growth of an infidel is a beast: a beast by God uncreated; by *Adam* unnamed. That defect *Adam's* meanest son has supplied, by writing CENTAUR in the horrid gap, which the bold infidel has made by the desperate erasure of his christian name.

Is this thought too opprobrious, and a term of reproach? —I will make some amends by a short hint of advice, which may save from reproach the whole length of their lives. "Let not the brute any longer run away with the man, lest something more dreadful should run away with the brute."

If this advice is refused, as *Alexander* said of the *Persian* effeminate army, *there are many enemies, but few soldiers*; so say I, of this *Paphian* isle, *there are a multitude of people, but a small remnant of men*! And of all brutes, the

the most brutal is the volunteer in brutality; the brute self-made; the brute not from the decree but abuse of nature; the *strange* brute-affrighting brute, with the stature, vesure, voice, and face of man; the brute *mysterious*, irrationally rational, and (with horror let me speak it) *deplorably* immortal.

Does the *Centaur* still sound too harsh in their ears? I will so far indulge them as to change it for *slave*; and instead of making free with their hides, only rattle their chains. For chains they wear, galling, infamous chains! Till stubborn and wild will is broken by grace and reason, no man is free; but madly prefers the heavy burdens of his lust, and the scourges of conscience, to the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

And is it possible that *pride* should be the growth of slavery? They are proud of bondage, triumph in infamy, and imagine that in their high flights of folly, and riot unrestrained, there is something great. No man is great, till he sees that every thing in this world is little. And of all that is little, that *they* are the least. Would they know what is greatness? Great is he, and he alone, who makes the whole creation, and its amazing cause, the *circumstance*, and his own *truth*, interest, the *centre* of his thoughts. Who has strength and steadiness to weigh in perpetual and equal balance, right and wrong, body and soul, time and eternity, nature and God: and so weighing, to disdain any very anxious thought, for less than the greatest good his limited nature admits, and his all-powerful God has promised to bestow. That God *whose are the pillars of the earth, and who has set the world upon them*. Who in his wrath thunders out of heaven, and his adversaries are broken to pieces.

In *this*, Sir, in giving our supreme good, our supreme effort and concern, in spite of a temptation, lies the greatness of man. Well may it lie in a prudence, *such* a prudence, as angels cannot exceed. If this is wanting, vain are all other pretensions to greatness, whether of king, hero, or philosopher. And a *Cæsar*, a *Marlborough*, a *Newton*, a *Bolingbroke*, a fiddler, tumbler, and scaramouch, may be thrown together into one promiscuous heap of equal impotence for attaining true greatness. The *performance* indeed, of each of these candidates for glory, the multitude may admire; but the *performer*, at the same
 time,

time, will be condemned by the wise, as little-minded and mean; as a very *fool* in the language of Scripture; that is, in the judgment of God.

You see, therefore, to what titles of renown our *fine men*, on the strictest inquiry, may put in a just pretence: *fool! slave! Centaur!*—The last is the newest, and (which would be well for them) may be the least understood; but let them choose which they please. Were it referred to me, their antichristian glory should be quite aggrandized, and shine, like his *business*, triple-crowned with all three.

To that tremendous power, which *alone* is *truly* great and good; in whose favour is all light, life, hope, peace, joy, and salvation; be thanks, praise, and dominion over the *rebel, fool, slave* and *Centaur*, in our hearts. And may our hearts, thus exercised, have a lively *feeling* of the God invisible; and, panting for the rivers of *true pleasure* at his right hand, abhor the *life in vogue*; and in *faith* unshaken, and *virtue* unfeigned, be confirmed for evermore: nor longer (to the reproach eternal of the present age) let our sins, as well as our situation, proclaim us to be

———*Toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

VIRG.

But to damp my rising hope, I know not if *another* distinction of *Britons* from the greatest part of mankind, may not have been the glorious indeed, but fatal cause of this most ignominious effect. It is the great glory of God to draw good out of evil. To draw evil out of good is the greatest intamy of man.

I suspect, that an insolent pride in *British* liberty, in some measure, inspires *British* licence of thought and extravagance of opinion; which as extravagant a practice for ever follows: if so, vice and infidelity are as much our *national* distempers, as the scurvy or the spleen. Though discretion much befriends happiness, happiness is no friend to discretion. Great blessings intoxicate. Liberty, fraught with blessings as it is, when *unabused*, has, perhaps, been abused to our destruction. And as *British* malt, sublimated into the most pernicious liquor (now so much in use,) so *British* liberty, carried into licentiousness, has poisoned and brutalised the *British* state. By too much exalting our spirits, it corrupts our manners; and that glory of our constitution is the disgrace of our lives. Purely to prove themselves

selves *freemen*, some turn infidels: Hanging themselves would be as good, and, to the public, a less pernicious proof. Such men should perform a long quarantine ere admitted to the embrace even of a brother. Heaven preserve thee, my friend, from the freedom, and wisdom, and happiness now in vogue. He is most free who is bound by the laws; he is most wise who owns himself weak; he is most happy who abridges his *pleasures*; and he is most magnanimous, O ye bold, intrepid, heaven-defying, *Britons*! who fears his God.

He, indeed, is the most magnanimous, for by that fear he is fortified against all other. And he is *by far* the most happy! for the Divine favour, the light of God's countenance is the *sun* of the human soul whence all its vegetation of real felicity; and though the world (which from him receives all its feeble rays) may greatly shine in our eyes, yet, as wisely may we expect vigorous and vivifying heat from the *moon*, as any *solid* satisfaction from it.

But just one word to the busy, ambitious, learned, and gay. Vice and virtue excepted, no man on earth can say what is good or ill, in as great a tumult and uproar as your passions are, O ye *busy*! and *ambitious*! about every thing *else*: And to love and labour at what God commands, and to desire and hope what he promises, is the single great lesson, O ye *learned*! and the single true pleasure, O ye *gay*! of human life.

And now, my friend, farewell. I must trust myself no longer with the pen; for while I think there is a possibility, that, touched by some happy stroke, but one fellow mortal may be raised from a perishing *man of the earth*, to a blessed immortal, my busy mind perpetually suggests new hints, and my heart knows not how to refrain from pursuing them. The volume grows upon my hands, till its very bulk would defeat its end. New rays of thought dart in upon me, which, like cross lights, confound and perplex each other. Something of this you may have perceived already. Even Centaurs *have been* human, and I feel the strong tie of humanity, when going to bid them a last, an everlasting farewell. Like one above to leave unhappy friends in the midst of a destruction, which yet, by timely care, they might escape; still, at the moment of departure, some new caution occurs to me, some new exhortation, something unsaid, or not so well said as it might have

have been. But now, the adieu must be final. With only this additional, and still more urgent, and to them surprising, motive for reformation, (*viz.*) my assuring them, that what I have hitherto, through tenderness, allowed to pass for fable, is actual fact. That the Centaur is *indeed* not fabulous. That a man without religion is really a beast; and such is he pronounced in Scripture, where it is said, that * *He also is flesh*; that is, a brute! And (what should strike them not a little) this is assigned as the reason for sweeping away our degenerate race by the flood. A brute in truth he is, with this only difference, that his superior understanding gives him more venom than the most envenomed of serpents; and enables him to do more fatal mischief to himself and others, than without the curse of reason, of abused reason, could possibly be done. So far therefore is it from satire, that kind admonition is all which the word Centaur implies. And as in some words there was once imagined to reside a magic power over *demons* themselves, that opinion might still prevail, if the design of these letters, to the wish of all honest men, could succeed, and the foul nature of the Centaur be cast out by the name. If this should be the fortunate event, these pages would live in the lives of those they shall reclaim. And if so, O *Bolingbroke*! and you, his applauding idolizers! what to *this* is that vain immortality which the meanest writers wish, and which the noblest can scarce attain? Praise is an error, where pardon is indulgence: and pardon is indulgence to the brightest parts misapplied. They rather provoke than please the worthy mind, by laying it under the disagreeable necessity, and clashing dispositions, of admiring the writer, and disapproving the man. Which in some sort, is like admiring *Nero* for his fiddle, when, through his own frenzy, his glorious capital was in flames.

I am, my dear friend,

Truly Yours.

Nov. 29. 1764.

POSTSCRIPT.

I RECEIVED your objections, and thank you for them. I believe every judicious reader will make the same. All I

can

Gen. vi:

can say, for mitigation of their censure, is, that they who take on them to read lectures in this laughing age, if they wish an audience but moderately large, must have weight enough to make impression on the serious, and levity enough to catch those wanton ears, which, unless tickled by that feather, would continue shut as close as their silly hearts are to virtue, though an angel should take the chair.

I know you are so kindly concerned for your friend's reputation, that the mixture of levity with solemnity, in these letters, make you apprehensive of its exposing the writer to censure or ridicule. Yet how is it possible to write on so dreadfully mixed a subject as the ways of men, without being agitated by the most contradictory emotions? His follies so fantastically wrong, so ludicrously absurd: His capacities for virtue and happiness so noble: His vices so shocking; Their consequence so deplorable: —So earnestly desirous I am of waking him from that dream, in which he nods upon the brink of eternal ruin, that if nothing can do it but my own disgrace, my own buffoonery (as perhaps he will think it,) I rejoice to fall so low. If he will but laugh *with me*, at *himself*, he is freely welcome to laugh *at me* as much as he sees cause. It is not his applause but his welfare that is sought. *Amendment* is the point in view. That point unproposed, (and could the* Viscount propose it?) all censure is mere malice, and mere impertinence is all harangue, and entitles a *Tully*, a *Bolingbroke*, and a parrot, to just the same portion of our esteem and applause. Would you my friend, judge aright of men! Ask not *what* they have done, but *why*; or their characters will be still in the dark.—But I fear I am setting your judgment of men too right for my own interest; I must leave it under the power of some partiality, for the sake of your humble servant.

Pardon one word more. † *Centaur* is of *Greek* extraction, and signifies stimulation. May it here prove (as intended) a spur to virtue, and most in myself. Standing in awe of my own pen, may I take the counsel I give! Thus only can I be *sure* of doing any good; thus only can I boldly say, without the reader's leave, that I have
not

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† From *Kerisy*, stimulate.

not writ in vain: Is not this a new expedient for writing to some little purpose, and an expedient of no small service to the public, if all our writers would use the same? Their numbers, then, would be less a nuisance, and half the nation (blessed change!) would aim at virtue as well as fame. This too, might be some sort of apology for those heroes of the pen, who, dauntless at their own danger, with the spirit of a *Curtius*, for the sake of their dear country, leap headlong into the press (too hasty patriots!) and perish there.

Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

VIRG.



THE

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY

THE BRITISH FLEET,

AND

THE POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

M. DCC. XXXIV.

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR.

Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum.

Hor.

I.

YE guardian gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

II.

Tis gain'd: hail monarchs great and wise!
'From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the sun and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen north I pine;
Nor vine, nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep my muse surveys:
A Fleet, whose empire o'er the wave
You grant, Time strengthens, Nature gave;
Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

IV.

Ye great by sea! ye shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb, and bath'd the sword,
Arise! arise! arise! 'tis Britain charms;
Arise ye boast of former wars!
And pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

Vol. II.

L

'Tis

V.

'Tis done: and see sweet Clio brings
 From heav'n her deep resounding strings:
 Clio! the * god which gave thy charming shell;
 Demands its most exalted strain,
 To sing the sov'reign of the main:
 Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell?

VI.

Such wonders as may pass for sport,
 Or vision in a southern court:
 But, mighty thrones! those truths which make me glow,
 Your fathers saw, your sons shall see:
 Then quit your infidelity;
 Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

VII.

Believe me, kings! at Britain's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Huge oaks stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
 The lofty pines assume new forms,
 Fly round the globe, and live in storms;
 And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a stupendous birth;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore:
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous nature frowning rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar,

IX.

These ministers of wrath fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will:
 Ye nations! know; know all ye scepter'd pow'rs!
 In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When stern Britannia's awful senate lours.

X.

Bold is the style, when hearts are bold!
 Would Britain have her anger told?
 O! never let a meaner language sound,
 Than that which thro' black ether rolls,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

In

* Neptune.

XI.

In peace she sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine;
 Her cannon slumber at the world's desire;
 But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
 At once they thunder from the seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XII.

The furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
 Whilst all serene and hush'd above,
 The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this my monarchs! is the scene
 For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
 Here war's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
 You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is Bellona's flame,
 How her storms languish on the continent!

XIV.

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
 Now scatters from her glowing womb;
 Now the chain'd bolts in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds man and mast,
 And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair;
 My patrons! what a burst was there!
 The strong-rib'd barques at once dislodging fly!
 Insatiate death! compendous fate!
 Deep wound in some brave bleeding state!
 One moments guilt a thousand heroes die.

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young and brave,
 (Short obsequies!) the sable wave
 Involves in endless night: Ye graveless dead!
 Where are your conquests! now you rove
 Pale, pensive, thro' the coral grove,
 Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
 Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
 Lowly the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
 In sea-weed wrapt; alas! how vain
 The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
 The love and godlike valour of mankind?

XVIII.

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
 Shut up in triple brass and more,
 Who when explor'd the secret durst explain;
 How, in one instant, at one blow,
 The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
 Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
 With sulphur, flame, and crucible:
 And can the charms of gold that saint inspire!
 O cursed cause! O curs'd event
 O wondrous power of accident!
 He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill,
 Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
 The skill by which destruction swiftly runs;
 And seas, and lands, and worlds, lays waste,
 With far more terror, far more haste,
 Than ancient Nimrod, and his haughty sons,

XXI.

In frown and force old war must yield;
 The chariot scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
 The ram, the castled elephant, were tame,
 Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies
 Superior terror to the skies,
 And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXII.

The flame, the thunder and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
 The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
 A firmament by mortals storm'd
 To wro'g'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream, or do I rave?
 Or do I see the gloomy cave?
 Where Jove's red bolt the giant-brothers frame?
 The swarthy gods of toil and heat
 Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
 Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
 That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue;
 Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

Begin; and first take winged flight,
 Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
 And trembling terror, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the north his roar,
 Mix groans and death! one phial pour
 Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

XXVI.

Yet, peace celestial! may thy charms
 Still fire our breasts, though clad in arms:
 If scenes of blood avenging rates decree,
 For thee the sword brave Britons wield;
 For thee charg'd o'er th' embattled field;
 Or plunge through seas, through crimson seas, for thee.

XXVII.

Even now for peace the gods are press'd;
 We woo the nations to be bless'd;
 For peace, victorious kings! we call to you:
 For peace, on pinions of the dove,
 Soft emblem of eternal love,
 Through trackless air, and desert skies, I flew.

XXVIII.

My * former lays of rough contents,
 Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
 Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
 Your height of dignity, to clear
 Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear,
 And wake attention to more mild address.

L 3

Have:

* The foregoing stanzas.

XXIX.

Have I not heard you both declare,
 Your hearts detest the purple war,
 And melt in anguish for the world's repose!
 Hail then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
 Your godlike zeal through time renown'd,
 Through Europe bless'd; with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the North,
 To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
 And leads soft-handed peace: how pow'rful he!
 His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
 Of golden empire, radiant sight!
 Endless beam on into eternity.

XXXI.

What long allies!—the virgin train
 Your most obdurate foes may gain:
 See, how their charms in lineal lustre shine!
 Through ev'ry genuine branch, the fire
 Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
 The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

XXXII.

How fair the field! ye * Aonian bees!
 The flow'rs ambrosial fondly seize,
 Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain;
 That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
 And my thron'd patron's ravish'd ear
 The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

XXXIII.

Even mine they taste; and with success:
 Ambition's fumes my strains repress;
 The fever flies; noxious thoughts ferment;
 No frenzy, taking friends for foes:
 The pulse subsides; they seek repose;
 Nor I my winged embassy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain,
 I swear, the rumour'd war is vain;
 Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease?
 I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
 I swear by great Eliza's shade,
 The wise Iberian is the friend of peace.

Yet

* Ye poets.

XXXV.

Yet, lest I fail (for prophets old
 Not all infallibly foretold,)
 We set our naval terrors in array:
 Know, Britons! an Augustus reigns;
 If foes compel, send forth your chains,
 While haughty thrones, uncensur'd might obey.

XXXVI.

O could I sing as you have fought!
 I'd raise a monument of thought!
 Bright as the sun!—how you burn at my heart!
 How the drums all around,
 Soul-rising resound!
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the swords flame on high!
 How the cannon, deep knell!
 Fates of kingdoms foretel!
 How to battle, to battle, our father's brave part,
 How to battle, to conquest, to triumph, we dart?

XXXVII.

But who gives conquest? He, whose ray
 To darkness turns the blaze of day;
 Whose boundless favour far outflows the main;
 Whose pow'r the raging waves can still,
 And curb more rebel human will,—
 With peace, O! bless us, or in war sustain.

XXXVIII.

Dost thou sustain?—Ye twinkling fry!
 That swim the seas; glide gently by;
 Though your scales glitter, though your numbers swarm,
 Ah! gentle glide, for life's dear sake;
 Nor dare Leviathan awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

XXXIX.

And now, who censures this address?
 Thus, crowns, states, common men, make peace;
 They swell, sooth, double dive, swear, pray, defy:
 And when rank int'rest has prevail'd,
 And artifice the treaty seal'd,
 Start love and conscience own the bastard tie.

XL.

Ambassadors, ye mouths of kings!
 Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings
 What though the muse your province proudly chose;
 The

'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect poets! in the vale of prose.

XLI.

More safe, O muse! that humble vale,
Than the proud surge and stormy gale,
Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
Dulness and frenzy curse thy streams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

XLII.

While warmer climes in cooler strains,
Or tented fields, or dusty plains,
The bleeding horse and horsemen hurl to ground;
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows through the seas profound!

XLIII.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, pant, with rage divine?
Truth, simple truth, I proudly drest
In fancy's robe; her flow'ry vest
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nile.

XLIV.

But, ah! 'tis past; I sink; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint;
The refluent raptures from my bosom roll;
To heav'n returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

XLV.

My vocal shell! which Taetis form'd
Beneath the waves, which Venus warm'd
With all her charms (if ancient tales be true,)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
E're Pæan silver chords bestow'd;
My shell! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific lyre! my laurell'd thrones! adieu.
Hear, Atticus! your sailor's song; I sing, I live, for you.

BUSIRIS, KING OF EGYPT.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Busiris King of Egypt, Mr
Elrington.

Myron, the Prince, Mr
Booth.

Nicanor, Father of Man-
dane, Mr Mills.

Conspirators,
Memnon, Mr Wilks.

Rameses, Mr Walker.

Syphoces, Mr Thurmond.

Pheron, Mr Williams.

Auletes, a Courtier, Mr W.
Mills.

W O M E N.

Myris, Queen of Egypt,

Mrs Thurmond.

Mandane, Mrs Oldfield.

SCENE, a temple at MEMPHIS, in Old Egypt.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter PHERON and SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

IF glorious structures, and immortal deeds,
Enlarge the thought, and set our souls on fire,
My tongue has been too cold in Egypt's praise, -
The queen of nations, and the boast of times,
Mother of science, and the house of gods!
Scarce can I open wide my lab'ring mind
To comprehend the vast idea, big
With arts and arms, so boundless in their fame.

Pber. Thrice happy land! did not her dreadful king,
Far-fam'd Busiris, whom the world reveres,
Lay all his shining wonders in disgrace,
By cruelty and pride.

Syph. By pride indeed;
He calls himself the *Proud*, and glories in it,
Nor would exchange for Jupiter's Almighty.
Have we not seen him shake his silver reins

O'er

O'er harness'd monarchs to his chariot yok'd?
 In sullen majesty they stalk along,
 With eyes of indignation and despair,
 While he aloft displays his impious state,
 With half their rifled kingdoms o'er his brow,
 Blazing to heaven in diamonds and gold.

Pber. Nor less the tyrant's cruelty than pride;
 His horrid altars stream with human blood,
 And piety is murder in his hands. [*A great shout.*]

Syph. There rose the voice of twice two hundred thousand,

And broke the clouds, and clear'd the face of day;
 The king, who from his temples airy height,
 With heart dilated, that great work surveys,
 Who shall proclaim what can be done by man,
 Has struck his purple streamer, and descends.

Pber. Twice ten long years have seen that haughty pile,
 Which nations with united toil advance,
 Gain on the skies, and labour up to heaven.

Syph. The king—or prostrate fall, or disappear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BUSIRIS, attended.

Bus. This ancient city, Memphis the renown'd,
 Almost coeval with the sun himself,
 And boasting strength scarce sooner to decay,
 How wanton sits she amid nature's smiles;
 Nor from her highest turret has to view,
 But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes;
 A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world!
 Here, fruitful vales, far-stretching, fly the sight;
 There, sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,
 While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
 Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
 Float on the waves, and break against the shore:
 To crown the whole, this rising pyramid

[*Shows the plan.*]

Lengthens in air, and ends among the stars;
 While every other object shrinks beneath
 Its mighty shade, and lessons to the view,
 As kings compar'd with me.

Enter

Enter AULETES. He falls prostrate.

Aul. O live forever,
Busiris, first of men !

Bus. Auletes, rise.

Aul. Ambassadors from various climes arrive,
To view your wonders, and to greet your fame ;
Each loaden with the gifts his country yields,
Of which the meanest rise to gold and pearl,
The rich Arabian fills his ample vase
With sacred incense ; Ethiopia sends
A thousand coursers fleeter than the wind ;
And their black riders darken all the plain ;
Camels and elephants from other realms,
Bending beneath a weight of luxury,
Bring the best seasons of their various years,
And leave their monarchs poor,

Bus. What from the Persian ?

Aul. He bends before your throne, and far outweighs
The rest in tribute, and outshines in state.

Bus. Away ; he sees me not ; I know his purpose ;

A spy upon my greatness, and no friend :

Take his ambassador, and show him Egypt ;

In Memphis show him various nations met,

As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,

But streaming freely through the spacious street

Which send forth millions at each brazen gate,

Whene'er the trumpet calls ; high over-head

On the broad walls the chariots bound along,

And leave in air a thunder of my own.

Jove too has pour'd the Nile into my hand,

The prince of rivers, Ocean's eldest son :

Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,

Nor ask precarious plenty from the sky——

Throw all my glories open to his view,

Then tell him, in return for trifles offer'd,

I give him *this*, and when a Persian arm

[Gives him a blow.]

Can thus with vigour in reluctance bend,

And to the nerve its stubborn force subdue ;

Then let his master think of arms—but bring

More men than yet e'er pour'd into the field ;

Meantime, thank heaven, our tide of conquest drives.

A different

A different way, and leaves him still a king;
 This to the Persian.—I receive the rest,
 And give the world an answer. *[Exit Busiris.]*

MANDANE, attended by priests and her virgins, is seen sacrificing at a distance.

An hymn to Isis is sung. The priests go out.

MANDANE, attended by her maids, advances.

Man. My morning-duty to the gods is over,
 Yet still this terror hangs upon my soul,
 And saddens every thought—I still behold
 The dreadful image; still the threat'ning sword
 Points at my breast and glitters in mine eye.—
 But 'twas a dream; no more. My virgins, leave me;
 And thou great Ruler of the world, be present!
 O kindly shine on this important hour!
 This hour de'ermine all my future life,
 And gives it up to misery or joy. *[She advances.]*
 These lonely walks, this deep and solemn gloom,
 Where noon-day suns but glimmer to the view,
 'This house of tears, and mansion of the dead,
 Forever hides him from the hated light,
 And gives him leave to groan.

Back scene draws, and shows MEMNON leaning on his father's tomb.

Was ever scene
 So mournful! If, my lord, the dead alone
 Are all your care, life is no more a blessing.
 How could you shun me from this dismal shade,
 And seek from love a refuge in despair?

Mem. Why hast thou brought those eyes to this sad place,
 Where darknes dwells, and grief would sigh secure
 In welcome horrors, and beloved night?
 Thy beauties drive thy friendly shades before them,
 And light up day e'en here. Retire thy love;
 Each joyful moment I would share with thee,
 My virtuous maid, but I would mourn alone.

Man. What have you found in me so mean, to hope
 That

That while you sigh, my heart can be at peace?
Your sorrows flow from your Mandane's eyes.

Mem. O my Mandane!

Man. Wherefore turn you from me?
Have I offended, or are you unkind?—

Ah me? a sight as strange, as pitiful!

From this big heart, o'ercharged with gen'rous sorrow,
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops
Without his leave!—can those tears flow in vain?

Mem. Why will you double my distress, and make
My grief my crime, by discomposing you.—
And yet I can't forbear! Alas, my father!

That name excuses all; what is not due
To that great name, which life or death can pay?

Man. Speak on, and ease your lab'ring breast: It
swells

And sinks again; and then it swells so high,
It looks as it would break. I know 'tis big
With something you would utter. Oft in vain
I have presum'd to ask your mournful story;
But ever have been answer'd with a frown.

Mem. O my Mandane! did my tale concern
Myself alone, it would not lie conceal'd:
But 'tis wrapt up in guilt, in royal guilt,
And therefore 'tis unsafe to touch upon it:
To tell my tale, is to blow off the ashes
From sleeping embers which will rise in flames,
At the least breath, and spread destruction round.
But thou art faith, and my other self;
And, O! my heart this moment is so full,
It bursts with its complaints; and I must speak.

Myris, the present queen, was only sister
Of great Artaxes, our late royal lord:
Busiris, who now reigns, was first of males
In lineal blood, to which this crown descends.
Not with long circumstance to load my story,
Ambitious Myris fir'd his daring soul,
And turn'd his sword against her brother's life:
Then mounting to the tyrant's bed and throne,
Enjoy'd her shame, and triumph'd in her guilt.

Man. So black a story well might shun the day.

Mem. Artaxes' friends (a virtuous multitude)

Were swept away by banishment or death,
 In throngs, and sated the devouring grave.
 My father!—Think, Mandane, on your own,
 And pardon me!— [Weeps.
 The tyrant took me, then of tender years,
 And rear'd me with his son (a son since dead.)
 He vainly hop'd, by shows of guilty kindness,
 To wear away the blackness of his crime,
 And reconcile me to my father's fate;
 Hence have I long been forc'd to stay my vengeance,
 To smoothe my brow with smiles, and curb my tongue
 While the big woe lies throbbing at my heart.—

Enter PHERON at a distance.

Pber. So close! so loving—Here I stand unseen,
 And watch my rival's fate. [Aside.

Mem. But thou, my fair;
 Thou art my peace in tumult, life in death;
 Thou yet canst make me bless'd.

Man. As how, my Lord?

Mem. Ah! why wilt thou insult me?

Man. Memimon.

Mem. Speak!

Man. Nature forbids; and when I would begin,
 She stifles all my spirits, and I faint:
 My heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.
 O let me fly.—

Mem. You pierce me to the soul. [Holding her.

Man. O! spare me for a moment, till my heart
 Regains its wonted force, and I will speak—
 Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
 Breaks through restraints, and will not be refused.

[Pheron shows a great concern.

Yet more; the prince, the young impetuous prince,
 Before his father sent him forth to war,
 And gave the Mede to his destructive sword,
 Has often taught his tongue a silken tale,
 Descended from himself, and talk'd of love.
 Since last I saw thee, his licentious passion
 Has haunted all my dreams—
 This day the court shines forth in all its lustre,
 To welcome her returning warrior home;
 Alas, the malice of our stars!

Mem.

Mem. To place it
Beyond the power of fate to part our-loves;
Be this our bridal night, my life!—my soul! [*Embrace.*

Pber. Perdition seize them both! and have I lov'd
So long, to catch her in another's arms!
Another's arms for ever! O the pang!
Heart piercing sight!—but rage shall take its turn——
It shall be so——and let the crime be his
Who drives me to the black extremity;
I fear no farther hell than that I feel. [*Exit.*

Mem. Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious heart
Is still in doubt if I may call thee mine,
O bliss too great! O painful ecstasy!
I know not what to utter.

Man. Ah, my lord!
What means this damp that comes athwart my joy,
Chastising thus the lightness of my heart!——
I have a father, and a father too,
Tender as nature ever fram'd. His will
Should be consulted. Should I touch his peace,
I should be wretched in my Memnon's arms.

Mem. Talk not of wretchedness.

Man. Alas! this day
First gave me birth, and (which is strange to tell)
The fates e'er since, as watching it's return,
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
With something great; extremes of good or ill.

Mem. Why should we bode misfortune to our loves?
No; I receive thee from the gods, in lieu
Of all that happiness they ravish'd from me;
Fame, freedom, father, all return in thee,
Had not the gods Mandane to bestow,
They never would have pour'd such vengeance on me;
They meant me thee, and could not be severe.
Soon as nights favourable shades descend,
The holy priest shall join our hands forever,
And life shall prove but one long bridal day.
Till then, in scenes of pleasure lose thy grief,
Or strike the lute, or smile among the flowers,
They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for thee.——
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender side,
By weighty reasons, and important calls;

Were swept away by banishment or death,
 In throngs, and sated the devouring grave.
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 And pardon me!— [Weeps.
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Or strike the lute, or smile among the flowers,
They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for thee.—
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender side,
By weighty reasons, and important calls;

Nay e'en by love itself—I quit thee now,
But to deserve thee more.

[*They embrace.*

Man. Your friends are here.

[*Exit Man.*

Mem. Excellent creature! how my soul pants for thee!

But other passions now begin their claim;
Doubt, and disdain, and sorrow, and revenge,
With mingling tumult, tear up all my breast:
O how unlike the softnesses of love!

Enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. Hail, worthy Memnon.

Mem. Welcome, my Syphoces.

And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding heart;
A heart that bleeds for others miseries,
Bravely regardless of its own, though great;
That first of characters.

Syph. And there's a second,
Not far behind: To rescue the distress'd,
Or die.

Mem. Yes, die; and visit those brave men,
Who, from the first of time, have bath'd their hands
In tyrants blood, and grasp'd their honest swords
As part of their own being, when the cause,
The public cause, demanded. O my friends!
How long shall Egypt groan in chains? How long
Shall her sons fall in heaps without a foe?
No war, plague, famine, nothing but Busiris,
His people's father! and the states defence!
Yet but a remnant of the land survives.

Syph. What havoc have I seen? Have we not known
A multitude become a morning's prey,
When troubled rest, or a debauch, has sour'd
The monster's temper? Then 'tis instant death;
Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd corn
Before the sweeping scythe; not the poor mercy
To starve, and pine at leisure in their chains.—
But what fresh hope, that we receive your summons
To meet you here this morning?

Mem. Know, Syphoces,
'Twas on this day my warlike father's blood,
So often lavish'd in his country's cause,
And greatly sold for conquest and renown;

'Twas

'Twas on this execrable day it flow'd
On his own pavement, in a peaceful hour,
Smok'd in the dust, and wash'd a ruffian's feet.
This guilty day returning, rouses all
My smother'd rage, and blows it to a flame.
Where are our friends ?

Sybb. At hand. Rameses,
Last night, when gentle rest o'er nature spread
Her still command, and care alone was waking,
Like a dumb, lonely, discontented ghost,
Enter'd my chamber, and approach'd my bed :
With bursts of passion, and a peal of groans,
He recollects his godlike brother's fate,
The drunken banquet, and the midnight murder,
And urges vengeance on the guilty prince.
Such was the felness of his boiling rage,
Methought the night grew darker as he frown'd.

Mem. I know he bears the prince most dreadly hate ;
But this will enter deeper in his soul ; [*Shows a letter.*]
And rouse up passions, which till now have slept :
Murder will look like innocence to this.

Sybb. How, Memnon ?

Mem. This reminds me of my fate ;
The queen has courted thee with proffer'd realms,
And sought by threats to bend thee to her will ;
She languishes, she burns, she wastes away
In fruitless hopes, and dies upon thy name.

Sybb. O fatal love ! which, stung by jealousy,
Expell'd a life far dearer than my own,
By cursed poison—Ah divine Apame !
And could the murd'ress hope she should inherit
This heart, and fill thy place within these arms ?
But grief shall yield—Revenge, I'm wholly thine !

Mem. The tyrant too is wanton in his age,
He shows that all his thoughts are not in blood ;
Love claims its share ; he envies poor Rameses
The softness of his bed ; and thinks Amelia
A mistress worthy of a monarch's arms.

Sybb. But see, Rameses comes ; a sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow, and marks him through the dusk.

Enter RAMESES, PHERON and other conspirators.

Mem. To what, my friend, shall Memnon bid you welcome !

To tombs, and melancholy scenes of death?
 I have no costly banquets, such as spread
 Prince Myron's table, when your brother fell.

[To Rameses.

I have no gilded roof, no gay apartment,
 Such as the queen prepar'd for thee, Syphoces,
 Yet be not discontent, my valiant friends,
 Busiris reigns, and 'tis not out of season
 To look on aught may mind us of our fate:
 His sword is ever drawn, and furious Myris
 Thinks the day lost that is not mark'd with blood.

Ram. And have we felt a tyrant twenty years,
 Felt him as the raw wound the burning steel;
 And are we murmuring out our midnight curses,
 Drying our tears in corners, and complaining?
 Our hands are forfeited—Gods! strike them off.
 No hands we need to fasten our own chains,
 Our masters will do that; and we want souls
 To raise them to an use more worthy men.

Mem. Ruffles your temper at offences past?
 Here then, to sting thee into madness.

[Gives the Letter. Rameses reads.

Ram. Oh!

Syph. See how the struggling passions shake his frame!

Ram. My bosom joy, that crowns my happy bed
 With tender pledges of our mutual love,
 Far dearer than my soul! and shall my wife,
 The mother of my little innocents,
 Be taken from us! Torn from me, from mine,
 Who live but on her sight! And shall I hear
 Her cries for succour, and not rush upon him?
 My infant hanging at the neck upbraids me,
 And struggles with his little arms to save her.—
 These veins have still some gen'rous blood in store,
 The dregs of those rich streams his wars have drain'd;
 I'll giv't in dowry with her.

Pher. Well resolv'd:

A tardy vengeance shares the tyrant's guilt.

Ram. Let me embrace thee, Pheron; thou art brave,
 And dost disdain the coldness of delay.
 Curse on the man that calls Rameses friend,
 And keeps his temper at a tale like this;
 When rage and rancour are the proper virtues,

And

And loss of reason is the mark of men.

Mem. Thus I've determin'd: When the midnight hour
Lulls this proud city, and her monarch dreams
Of humbler foes, or his new mistress' love,
Then we will rush at once, let loose the terrors
Of rage pent in, and struggling twenty years
To find a vent, and at one dreadful blow
Begin and end the war.

A more auspicious juncture could not happen.
The Persian, who for years has join'd our counsels,
Stir'd up the love of freedom, and in private
Long nurs'd that glorious appetite with gold,
This morn with transport snatch'd the wish'd occasion
Of throwing his resentment wide, and now
He frowns in arms, and gives th' event to fate.

Ram. This hand shall drag the tyrant from the throne
And stab the royal victim on this altar.

[*Pointing to the tomb.*]

Mem. O justly thought! Friends, cast your eyes a-
round;

All that most awful is, or great in nature,
This solemn scene presents; the gods are here,
And here our fam'd forefathers' sacred tombs;
Who never brook'd a tyrant in this land.
Let us not act beneath the grand assembly!
The slighted altars tremble, and those tombs
Send forth a peal of groans to urge us on.
Come then, surround my fathers monument,
And call his shade to witness to your vows.

Ram. Nor his alone, O all ye mighty dead!
Illustrious shades; who nightly stalk around
The tyrant's couch, and shake his guilty soul;
Whether already you converse with gods,
Or stray below in melancholy glooms,
From earth, from air, from heav'n, and even hell,
Come, I conjure you, by the pris'ner's chain,
The widows sighing, and the orphan's tears,
The virgin's shrieks, the hero's spouting veins,
By gods blasphem'd, and free-born men enslav'd.

Mem. Hear, Jove, and you most injur'd heroes, hear,
While we o'er this thrice-hallow'd monument
Thus join our hands, and, kneeling to the gods,
Fast bind our souls to great revenge!

All.

All. We swear——

Mem. This night the tyrant and his minions bleed.

Pber. [*Aside.*] So, now my foe is taken in the toil,
And I've a second cast for this proud maid——
It is an oath well spent, a perjury
Of good account in vengeance, and in love.

Mem. We wrong the mighty dead, if we permit
Our eyes alone to count this grand assembly :
A thousand unseen heroes walk among us ;
My father rises from his tomb ; his wounds
Bleed all afresh, and consecrate the day :
He waves his arm, and chides, our tardy vengeance :
More than this world shall thank us. O my friends !
Such our condition, we have nought to lose ;
And great may be our gain, if this be great,
To crush a tyrant, and preserve a state ;
To still the clamours of our father's blood,
To fix the basis of the public good,
To leave a fame eternal ; then to soar,
Mix with the gods, and bid the world adore.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

A magnificent throne discovered, and several courtiers walking to and fro.

Enter SYPHOCES and RAMESES. Shouts at a distance.

RAMESES.

WHAT means this dust and tumult in the court,
These streamers fooling in the wind, these shouts
The tyrant blazing in full insolence,
And all his gaudy courtiers basking round him,
Like pois'nous vermin in a dog-day sun ?

Syph. Your father and prince Myron are arriv'd,
And with one peal of joy the nation rings.

Ram. Long has my father serv'd this tyrant king,
With zeal well worthy of a better cause.
Though with his helm he hides a hoary brow,
Long vers'd in death, the father of the field,
At the shrill trumpet he throws off the weight

Of

Of fourscore years, and springs upon the foe.
The transport danger gives him, conquers nature,
And a short youth boils up within his veins.

Syph. Behold this way they pass to meet the king.

MYRON and NICANOR pass the stage with attendants.

RAMESES. [*Looking on Myron.*

What pity 'tis that one so lost in guilt,
Should thus engage the sight with manly charms,
And make vice lovely!

Syph. Pardon me, *Rameses*:

Though to my foe, I must be ever just.
He's generous, grateful, affable, and brave:
But then he knows no limit to his passion;
The tempest-beaten bark is not so toss'd
As is his reason, when those winds arise:
And though he draws a fatal sword in battle,
And kindles in the warm pursuit of fame,
Pleasure subdues him quite; the sparkling eye,
And gen'rous bowl, bear down his graver mind,
While fiery spirits dance along his veins,
And keep a constant revel in his heart.

Ram. But here the tyrant comes!—With what excess
Of idle pride will he receive his son!
How with big words will he swell out his conquest,
And into grandeur puff his little tales!

Enter KING, and ascends the throne; on the other side.

Enter MYRON and NICANOR.

King. Welcome, my son; great partner of my fame;
I thank thee for th' increase of my dominions,
That now more mountains rise, more river's flow,
And more stars shine in my still growing empire.
The sun himself surveys it not at once,
But travels for the view, while far disjoin'd
My subjects live unheard of by each other;
These wrapt in shades, whilst those enjoy the light;
Their day is various, but their king the same.

Myr. Here, Sir, your thanks are due; to this old arm,
Whose nerve not threescore winter camps unbend,
You owe your victory, and I my life.

When

When my fierce courser, with a jav'lin stung,
 First rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
 The trembling earth, plung'd deep amidst the foe;
 And now a thousand deaths from ev'ry side,
 Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
 'I through the throng'd legions, like a tempest, rush'd
 This friend, o'er gasping heroes, rolling steeds,
 And snatch'd me from my fate.

Bus. I thank thee, general;
 Thou hast a heart that swells with loyalty,
 And throws off the infection of these times;
 But thy degenerate boy——

Nic. No more my son;
 I cut him off, my guilt, my punishment
 Look not, Dread Sir, on me, through his offence;
 O let not that discolour all my service,
 And ruin those who blame him for his crimes,

Bus. Old man, I will not wear the crown in vain;
 Subjects shall work my will, or feel my pow'r
 Their disobedience shall not be my guilt.
 Who is their welfare, glory, and defence?
 The land that yields them food, and ev'ry stream
 That slakes their thirst, the air they breathe, is mine.
 And is concurrence to their own enjoyment
 By due submission, a too great return?
 Death and destruction are within my call——

But thou shalt flourish in thy master's smile,
 A faithful minister adorns my crown,
 And throws a brighter glory round my brow,

Nic. Take but one more, one small one to your favour.
 And then my soul's at peace—I have a daughter,
 An only daughter, now an only child,
 Since her lost brother's folly; she deserves
 The most a father can for so much goodness:
 Her mother's dead, and we are left alone;
 We two are the whole house; nor are we two;
 In her I live, the comfort of my age;
 And if the king extend his grace so far,
 And take that tender blossom into shelter,
 Then I have all my monarch can bestow
 Or heav'n itself; but this, that I may wear
 My life's poor remnant out in your command;
 Stretch forth my being to the last in duty,

And,

And, when the fates shall summon, die for you.

Bus. Nicanor, know, thy daughter is our care.

Myr. O, Sir, be greatly kind, exert your pow'r,
And with the monarch furnish out the friend!——
Art thou not he, that gallant-minded chief, [To *Nic.*
Who would not stoop to give me less than life?
And shall I prove ungrateful? Shocking thought;
He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

Nic. What joy my daughters promis'd welfare gives
me,

My lips I need not open to discover——

Thus humbly let me thank you.

Bus. Dry thy tears,
And follow us; thy daughters' near our queen,
And longs, no doubt, to see thee: Bless the maid,
And then attend us on affairs of state——
I hear, there's treason near us: Though the slaves
Fall off from their obedience, and deny
That I'm their monarch, I'm Busiris still:

Collected in myself, I'll stand alone,
And hurl my thunder, though I shake my throne:
Like death, a solitary king I'll reign
O'er silent subjects, and a desert plain;
Ere brook their pride, I'll spread a gen'ral doom,
And ev'ry step shall be from tomb to tomb. [Exit.

[*Myr. and Aul. who talk'd aside, advance.*

Myr. Her absent beauties glow'd upon my mind,
And sparkl'd in each thought. She never left me—
Woud'st thou believe it? In the field of battle,
In the mid terror, and the flame of fight.
Mandane, thou hast stol'n away my soul,
And left my fame in danger.——My rais'd arm
Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,
And, for a moment, spar'd the prostrate foe——
O that her birth rose equal to my own!

Then I might wed with honour and enjoy
A lawful bliss——And why not now? Methinks
Absence has plac'd her in a fairer light,
Enrich'd the maid, and heighten'd ev'ry charm.

Aul. She comes!

Myr. That modest grace subdu'd my soul:
That chastity of look, which seems to hang

A veil

A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
And by forbidding, most inflames desire.

[Enter MANDANE.]

What tender force! what dignity divine!
What virtue consecrating ev'ry feature!
Around that neck, what dross are gold and pearl!
Mandane! pow'rful being, whose first sight
Gives me a transport not to be express'd;
And with one moment over-pays a year
Of danger, toil, and death, and absence from thee.

Man. My lord, I sought my father.

Myr. Leave me not;

I've much to say; much more than you conceive;
Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter:
My breath is snatch'd; I tremble; I expire. [Aside.
Nay, here I'll offer tender violence— [Takes her hand.
May I not breathe my soul upon this hand?
When your eyes triumph, and insult my pain,
Permit me here to take a small revenge.

Man. My lord, I am not conscious of my fault.

Myr. 'Tis false—I know the language of those eyes;
They use me ill—See my heart beat, Mandane;
Believe not me, but tell yourself my passion—
Is it in art to counterfeit within?
To drive the spirits, and inflame the blood?
Each nerve is pierc'd with light'ning from your eye,
And ev'ry pulse is in the throbs of love.

Man. My lord, my duty calls; I must not stay.

Myr. Give me a moment: I have that to speak
Will burst me, if suppress—O heavenly maid!
Thy charms are doubled.—so is thy disdain—
Who is it; tell me, who enjoys thy smile?
There is a happy man, I swear there is;
I know it by your coldness to your friend—
That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart,
That stings to death.—And is it possible
You ever spoke of Myron in his absence,
Or cast at leisure a light thought that way?

Man. I thought of you, my lord, and of my father,
And pray'd for your success; nor must I now
Neglect to give him joy.

Myr. Yet stay; you shall not go—Ungrateful woman!

I would

I would not wrong your father; but, by heav'n,
 His love is hatred, if compar'd with mine.
 I understand whence this unkindness flows;
 Your heart resents some licence of my youth
 When love had touch'd my brain. You may forgive me,
 Because I never shall forgive myself;
 But that you live, I'd rush upon my sword,
 If you forgive me, I shall now approach,
 Not as a lover only, but a wretch
 Redeem'd from baseness to the ways of honour.
 And to my passion join my gratitude:
 Each time I kneel before you, I shall rise,
 As well a better, as a happier man,
 Indebted to your virtue, and your love.

Man. I must not hear you.

Myr. O torment me not?

Hear me you must, and more—Your father's valour,
 In the late battle, rescu'd me from death:
 And how shall I be grateful! Thou'rt a princess! —
 Think not, Mandane, this a sudden start;
 A flash of love, that kindles and expires;
 Long have I weigh'd it; since I parted hence,
 No night has pass'd but this has broke my rest,
 And mix'd with ev'ry dream. My fair, I wed thee
 In the maturest counsel of my soul.

Man. [*Aside.*] O gods, I tremble at the rising storm;
 Where can this end?

Myr. And do you then despise me?

Man. My lord, I want the courage to accept
 What far transcends my merit, and for ever
 Must silently upbraid my little worth.

Myr. Have I forsook myself, forgone my temper
 Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
 And fall'n in love with virtue most severe;
 Turn'd superstitious, to make thee my friend?
 Gods! have I struggled through the pow'rful reasons
 That strongly combated my fond resolves?
 Was wealth o'erlook'd, and glory of no weight:
 My parents crown forgot, and my own conquests;
 And all to be refus'd to sooth your pride,
 And make my rival sport?

Man. With patience hear me—
 Nor let my trust in Myron prove my rain.

[*Kneels.*

Myr. Distraction ! art thou marry'd ?

Man. Oh !

Myr. My heart foretold it—Ah my soul ! Auletes.

[Swoons.

Aul. Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw—

[Exit Mandane.

Myr. I do not live—I cannot bear the light !

Where is Mandane ? But I would not know.

She is not mine.—Yet, though not mine in love,
Revenge, my just revenge, may overtake her.

O how I hate her ! Let me know her faults :

Did the proud maid insult me in distress,

And smile to see me gasping ? Speak, Auletes.

Did she not sigh ? Sure she might pity me,

Though all her love is now another's right.

Aul. She sigh'd, and wept ; but I remov'd her from
you.

Myr. It was well done—Yet I could gaze for ever.

And did she sigh ? And did she drop a tear ?

The tears she shed for me are surely mine ;

And shall another dry them on those cheeks,

And make them an excuse for greater fondness ?

Shall I assist the villain in his joys ?

No ; I will tear her from him, —

I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

Aul. My lord have temper.

Myr. And another's passion

Warm on that lip ! another's burning arms

Strain'd round the lovely waist for which I die,

And she consenting, wooing, growing to him !

What golden scenes, when absent, did I feign !

What lovely pictures did I draw in air !

What luxury of thought ! And see my fate !

Shall then my slave enjoy her ; and I languish

In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,

And o'er my head a canopy of gold.

Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train

What if I stab him ! No—She will not wed

His murderer—I never form'd a wish,

But full fruition taught me to forget it.

And am I lessen'd by my late success ?

And have I lost my conquest ! Fly, Auletes,

And tell her—

Aul

Aul. What, my lord?

Myr. No bid her——

Aul. Speak!

Myr. I know not what—My heart is torn asunder.

Aul. Retire my lord, and recompose yourself:

The queen approaches—Ha! her bosom swells;

[*Exit Myron.*]

Her pale lip trembles; a disorder'd haste

Is in her steps; her eyes shoot gloomy fires——

When Myris is in anger, happy they

She calls her friends.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Auletes, where's the king?

Aul. At council, madam,

Queen. Let him know I want him. [*Exit Aul.*]

Base! to forget to whom he owes a crown!

Fool! to provoke *her* rage, whose hand is red

In her own brother's blood!

Enter KING and PHERON.

King. Horrid conspiracy!

Pher. This night was destin'd for the bloody deed.

King. Mistaken villains! if they wish my death,
They should in prudence lay their weapons by:
So jealous are the gods of Egypt's glory,
I cannot die whilst slaves are arm'd against me,
Haste, Pheron, to the dungeon; plunge them down
Far from the hopes of day; there let them lie
Banish'd this world while yet alive, and groan
In darkness, and in horror—Let double chains
Consume the flesh of Memnon's loaded limbs,
'Till death shall knock them off—A king's thy friend;
Nay, more; Busiris——Go; let that suffice—

[*Exit Pher.*]

Queen. My lord, your thoughts engag'd.

King. Affairs of state

Detain'd me from my queen.

Queen. The world may wait:

I've a request, my lord.

King. Oblige me with it.

Queen. Will you comply?

King. My queen, my pow'r is yours.

Queen. Your queen?

King. My queen.

Queen. Indeed, it should be so—
Then sign these orders for Amelia's death. —
He starts, turns pale, he's sinking into earth. —
Enough; be gone, and sting thee at her feet;
Doat on my slave, and sue to her for mercy.
Go; pour forth all the folly of thy soul;
But bear in mind, thou giv'st not of thy own:
Thou giv'st that kindness, which I bought with blood,
Nor shall I lose unmov'd.

King. I wish, my queen,
This still had slept a secret for thy sake;
But since thy restless jealousy of soul
Has been so studious of its own disquiet,
Support it as you may—I own I've felt
Amelia's charms, and think them worth my love.

Queen. And dar'st thou bravely own it too? O insult!
Forgetful man! 'tis then I owe a crown!
Thou hadst still grovell'd in the lower world,
And viewed a throne at distance, had not I
Told thee, thou wast a man, and (dreadful thought!)
Through my own brother cut thy way to empire;
But thou might'st well forget a crown bestow'd;
That gift was small; I listen'd to thy sighs,
And rais'd thee to my bed.

King. I thank you for it:
The gifts you made me were not cast away:
I understand their worth; Husband and King
Are names of no mean import; they rise high
Into dominion, and are big with pow'r—
Whate'er I was, I now am King of Egypt,
And Myris' lord.

Queen. I dream: Art thou Busiris?
Busiris, that has trembled at my feet?
And art thou now my Jove, with clouded brow
Dispensing fate, and looking down on Myris!
Dost thou derive thy spirit from thy crimes?
'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, therefore dost thou threaten

And roll thine eye in anger? Rather bend,
And sue for pardon!—O detestable!
Burn for a stranger's bed!

King. And what was mine,

When

When Myris first vouchsaf'd to smile on me!

Queen. Distraction! death! upbraided for my love!

Thou art not only criminal, but base:

Mine was a godlike guilt: Ambition in it;

Its foot in hell, its head above the clouds;

For know, I hated, when I most caress'd:

'Twas not Busiris, but the crown, that charm'd me,

And sent its sparkling glories to my heart:

But thou canst soil thy diadem with slaves.

King. Syphoces is a king then.

Queen. Ha!

King. Let fair Amelia, know the king attends her.

[Exit.]

Queen. Go, tyrant go, and wisely, by thy shame,

Prepare thy way to ruin: I'll o'ertake thee,

Living or dead; if dead, my ghost shall rise,

Shriek in thy ears, and stalk before thine eyes!

In death, I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,

And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms;

Alone to suffer is beneath the great;

Tyrant, thy torment shall support my state.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The General's House.*

Enter the KING.

KING.

HERE dwells my stubborn fair: I'll sooth her pride,

And lay an humble monarch at her feet:

But let her well consider; if she's slow

To welcome bliss and dead to glory's charms,

Then my resentment rises in proportion

To this high grace extended to my slave,

And turns the force of her own charms against her:

Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd

[Enter the QUEEN, veiled.]

Amelia, dry thy tears, and lay aside

That melancholy veil.—Ha! Myris!

Queen. Myris!

A name that should like thunder strike thine ear,

And make thee tremble in this guilty place:
 But wherefore dost thou think I meet thee here?
 Not with ean sighs, and deprecating tears,
 To humble me before thee, and increase
 The number of thy slaves, in hope to break
 Thy resolution, and avert thy crime;
 But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,
 The vengeance due to injur'd heav'n and me:
 And by this warning double thy offence:
 I think, think of vengeance; 'tis the only joy
 Which thou has left me: I'm no more thy wife,
 Nor queen; but know I am a woman still.

Enter AULETES.

Aul. May all the gods watch o'er your life and empire,
 And render omens vain! So fierce the storm,
 Old Memphis from her deep foundation shakes,
 And such unheard-of prodigies hang o'er us,
 As make the boldest tremble: See the moon
 Robb'd of her light, discolour'd, without form,
 Appears a bloody sign, hung out by Jove,
 To speak peace broken with the sons of men;
 The Nile, as frightened, shrinks within its banks;
 And as this hour I pass'd great Isis' temple,
 A sudden flood of light'ning rush'd upon it,
 And laid the shrine in ashes.

King. O mighty Isis!
 Why all these signs in nature? Why this tumult
 To tell me I am guilty? If my crown
 The fates demand, why let them take it back:
 My crown, indeed, I may resign; But O!
 Who can awake the dead?——
 'Tis hence these spectres shock my midnight thoughts,
 And nature's laws are broke to discompose me;
 'Tis I that whirls these huricanes in air,
 And shake the earth's foundation with my guilt.
 O Myris! give me back my innocence.

Queen. I bought it with an empire.

King. Cheaply sold!
 Why didst thou urge my lifted arm to strike
 The pious king, when my own heart recoil'd?

Queen. Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a woman;
 You that are vain of your superior reason,

And

And swell with the prerogative of man?
 If you succeed, our counsels is of nought;
 You own it, not accepted, though enjoy'd;
 But steal the glory, and deny the favour:
 Yet if a fatal consequence attend,
 Then we're the authors; then your treach'rous praise
 Allows us sense enough to be condemn'd.

King. 'Tis prudent to dissemble with her fury.
 And wait a softer season for my love. [*Aside.*

Bid Isis' priests attend their king's devotions,
 I'll sooth with sacrifice the angry pow'rs;
 Swift to my dungeons, bid their darksome wombs
 Give up the numerous captives of my wars;
 Ten thousand lives to heaven devoutly pour;
 Nor let the sacred knife grow cold from blood,

Till sevenfold Nile, infected with the stain,
 In all his streams flow purple to the main. [*Exit.*

Queen. Thin artifice! I know the sacrifice
 You most intend——But I will dash your joys;
 Thou, victim, and thy goddess, both shall feel me.

Aul. Madam, the prince.

Queen. And is he still afflicted?

Aul. It grieves your faithful servant to relate it: |
 He struggles manfully; but all in vain:
 Sometimes he calls in music to his aid:
 He strives with martial strains to fire his blood,
 And rouse his soul to battle——

'Then he relapses, into love again,
 Feeds the disease, and doats upon his ruin,

Queen. Why seeks he here the cause of all his sorrow?

Aul. He seeks not here Mandane, but her father;
 For friendship is the balm of all our cares,
 Melts in the wound, and softens every fate.

[*Martial Music.*

Enter MYRON, at a distance.

Queen. Heav'ns! What a glory blazes from his eye,
 What force, what majesty, in ev'ry motion,
 As at each step he trod upon a foe!

Myr. O that this ardour would for ever last!
 It shall; nor will I curse my being more.
 Chain'd kings, and conquer'd kingdoms are before me;
 I'll bend the bow, and launch the whistling spear,

Bound

Bound o'er the mountains, plunge into the stream,
Where thickest faulchions gleam, and helmets blaze.
I'll number my own heart among my foes,
And conquer it, or die.

[Exit.]

Queen. The thoughts of war
Will soon dislodge the fair one from his breast—
But this has broken in on my intent—
I would remind thee of my late commands.

Aul. Madam, 'tis needless to remind your slave—
At dead of night I set the prisoners free.

Queen. Yes, set the prisoners free—'tis great revenge,
Such as my soul pants after—It becomes me,
O it will gall the tyrant! stab him home;
And if one spark of gratitude survives,
Softens Syphoces to my soft desire;

The tyrant's torment is my only joy;
Ye gods! or let me perish, or destroy:
Or rather both; what has life to boast,
When vice is tasteless grown, and virtue lost?
Glory and wealth I call upon in vain,
Nor wealth, nor glory, can appease my pain;
My every joy upbraids me with my guilt,
And triumphs tell me sacred blood is split,

[Exit Queen.]

Enter MYRON.

Myr. The shining images of war are fled,
The fainting trumpets languish in mine ear,
The banners furl'd, and all the sprightly blaze
Of burnish'd armour, like the setting sun,
Insensibly is vanish'd from my thought;
No battle, siege, or storm, sustain my soul
In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breast:
But softness steals upon me, melting down
My rugged heart, in languishments and sighs;
And pours it out at my Mandane's feet—
I see her e'en this moment stand before me,
Too fair for sight, and fatal to behold:
I have her here; I clasp her in my arms;
And in the madness of excessive love,
Sigh out my heart, and bleed with tenderness.

Aul. My lord, too much you cherish this delusion:
She is another's.

Myr.

Myr. Do not tell me so :
Say rather she is dead : Each heav'nly charm
Turn'd into horror ! O the pain of pains,
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another !
How does my soul burn up with strong desire ;
Now shrink into itself ! Now blaze again !
I'll tear and rend the strings that tie me to her :
If I stay longer here, I am undone.

As he is going out, Enter NICANOR.

Nic. My prince, and, since such honours you vouchsafe,
My friend ! I have presum'd upon your favour ;
This is my daughter's birth-day, and this night
I dedicate to joys, which ever languish,
If you refuse to crown them with your presence.

Myr. Nicanor, I was warm on other thoughts—

Nic. I am still near you in the day of danger,
In toilsome marches, and the bloody field,
When nations against nations clash in arms,
And half a people in one groan expire ;
And am I, with your helmet, thrown aside,
Cast off, and useless, in the hour of peace ?

Myr. Since then you press it, I must be your guest—
Methinks I labour as I onward move, *Aside.*
As under check of some controuling pow'r.
What can this mean ? Wine may relieve my thoughts,
And mirth and converse lift my soul again. *Exeunt.*

The back scene draws, and shows a banquet.

Enter MANDANE, richly dressed.

Man. It was this day that gave me life ; this day
Should give much more, should give me Memnon to :
But I am rival'd by his chains ; they clasp
The hero round (a cold, unkind embrace !)
And but an earnest of a worse to come :
While he, my soul, in dungeon-darkness clos'd,
Breathes damp unwholesome steams, and lives on poison,
I am compell'd to suffer ornaments,
To wear the rainbow, and to blaze in gems ;
To put on all the shining guilt of dress,
When 'tis almost a crime that I still live ;

These

These eyes, which can't dissemble, pouring forth
The dreadful truth, are honest to my heart;
These robes, O Memnon! are Mandane's chains,
And load, and gall, and wring her bleeding heart.

[Exit Mandane.]

Enter MYRON, NICANOR, AULETES, &c. They take their places.

Nic. Sound louder, sound, and waft my wish to Heav'n.
Hear me, ye righteous gods, and grant my pray'r;
For ever shine propitious on my daughter:
Protect her, prosper her; and when I'm dead,
Still bless me in Mandane's happiness!

[The bowl goes round. Music.]

Haste, call my daughter; none can taste of joy
Till she, the mistress of the feast, is with us.

A servant brings NICANOR a letter: He reads it.

The king's commands at any hour are welcome.

Myr. Not leave us, general?

Nic. Ha! the king here writes me,
The discontented populous, that held,
O'er midnight bowls, their desperate cabals,
Are now in bold defiance to his pow'r
Amid the terrors of this stormy night,
Ev'n now they deluge all yon western vale;
And form a war, impatient for the day:
The spreading poison too has caught his troops,
And the revolting soldiers stand in arms,
Mix'd with seditious citizens.

Myr. Your call is great.

Enter MANDANE. MYRON starts from his seat in disorder.

Man. [Aside.] O Memnon! how shall I become a banquet,
Suppress my sorrows, and comply with joy?
Severest fate! Am I deny'd to grieve?

Nic. Be comforted, my child: I'll soon return.
Why dost thou make me blush? I feel my tears
Run trickling down my cheek.

Myr. [Aside to Auletes] I must away:
Her smiles were dreadful, but her tears are death.
I can no more: I sink beneath her charms,
And feel a deadly sickness at my heart.

Nic.

Nic. Your cheek is pale: I dare not let you part:
You are not well——

Myr. A small indisposition:
I soon shall throw it from me—Farewel, general;
Conquest attend your arms.

Nic. You shall not leave
Your servant's roof; 'tis an unwholesome air,
And my apartment wants a guest.

Myr. Nicanor,
If health returns, I shall not press my couch,
And hear of distant conquests; but o'ertake thee;
And add new terror to the front of war.

Nic. Mean time, you are a guardian to my child;
Let her not miss a father in my absence:
She's all my soul holds dear.

Botb. [*Embracing.*] Farewel. Farewel.

NICANOR waits on MYRON off the stage, and returns.

Nic. My child, I feel a tenderness at heart
I never felt before: Come near, Mandane;
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the father——
Thy dying mother, with her clay-cold hand
Press'd mine; then, turning on thee her faint eye,
Let fall a tear of fondness, and expir'd——
I cannot love thee well enough; her grace
Softens thy cheek, and lives within thine eye.
Let me embrace you *botb*—My heart o'erflows—
If I should fall—Thy mother's monument—
But I shall kill my tenderness—No more:
Nay do not weep; I shall return again,
And with my dearest child sit down in peace,
And long enjoy her goodness.

Man. If the gods
Regard your daughter's fervent vows, you will.

Nic. Farewel, my only care; my soul is with thee:
Regard yourself, and you remember me. [*Exit.*]

Enter MYRON and AULETES.

Myr. No place can give me ease; my restless thought,
Like working billows in a troubled sea,
Tosses me to and fro; nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where?—Ha! where indeed!
But let me pause, and ask myself again,

If

If I am well awake—Impetuous bliss !
My heart leaps up ; my mounting spirits blaze ;
My soul is in a tempest of delight !

Aul. My lord, you tremble, and your eyes betray
Strange tumults in your breast.

Myr. What hour of night ?

Aul. My lord, the night's far spent.

Myr. The gates are barr'd,
And all the household is compos'd to rest.

Aul. All: And the great Nicanor's own apartment,
Proud to receive a royal guest, expects you.

Myr. Perdition on thy soul for naming him !
Nicanor ! O I never shall sleep more !
Defend me ! Whither wander'd my bold thoughts !
Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad !
And now they are come home all arm'd with stings,
And pierce my bleeding heart—
I beg the gods to disappoint my crime ;
Yet almost wish them deaf to my desire :
I long, repent ; repent, and long again ;
And ev'ry moment differs from the last.
I must no longer parley with destruction :
Auletes, seize me : force me to my chamber ;
'There chain me down, and guard me from myself :
Hell rises in each thought ; 'tis time to fly. *[Exeunt.*

Enter MANDANE and RAMESES.

Ram. I hope your fears have giv'n a false alarm.

Man. You've heard my frequent visions of the night ;
You know my father's absence, Myron's passion :
Just now I met him, at my sight he started ;
Then with ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with such malignity of love,
Sending his soul out to me, in a look
So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retir'd. *[You,*

Ram. No more ; my friends (which, as I have inform'd
The queen, to gall the tyrant, has set free)
Are lodg'd within your call ; th' appointed signal,
If danger threatens, brings them to your rescue,

Man. Where are they ?

Ram. In the hall beneath your chamber :
Memnon alone is wanting ; he's providing
For your escape before the morning dawn ;

The

The rest in visors, fearing to be known,
Have ventur'd through the streets for your protection.

Man. Auspicious turn! then I again am happy.

Ram. Auspicious turn indeed! and what completes
The happiness, the base man that betray'd us
This arm laid low: I watch'd him from the king;
I took him warm, while he, with lifted brow,
Confess'd high thought, and triumph'd in his mien:
I thank'd him with my dagger in his heart.
'Tis late; refresh yourself with sleep, Mandane.

[*Exit Mandane.*]

So, 'tis resolv'd, if Myron dares attempt
So black a crime, it justifies the blow:
He dies; and my poor brother's ghost shall smile,
This way he bends his steps: I hate his sight;
And shall, till death has made it lovely to me.

Enter MYRON and AULETES.

Myr. O how this passion, like a whirlpool, drives me
With giddy, rapid motion, round and round,
I know not where, and draws in all my soul!
I reason much; but reason about her:
And where she is, all reason dies before her;
And arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.—
So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
In all the wide expanse; the light'ning's flash
But shows the darkness; and the bursting clouds
With peals of thunder seem to rock the land:
Not beasts of prey dare now from shelter roam,
But howls in dens, and make the forest groan,
What then am I? A monster, yet more fell.
That haunts the wilds?—I am, and threaten more:
My breast is darker than this dreadful night,
And feels a fiercer tempest rage within.—
I must—I will—This leads me to her chamber—
Did not the raven croak?

[*Starting.*]

Aul. I hear her not.

Myr. By heav'n, methinks earth trembles under me—
Awake, ye furies, you are wanting to me;
O finish me in ill; O take me whole;
Or gods confirm me good, without allay,
Nor leave me thus at variance with myself;
Let me not thus be dash'd from side to side—

The old man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
 Confided in me, gave her to my care.
 Nor long since sav'd my life—and doubt I still?
 I'm guilty of the fact; here let me lie,
 And rather groan for ever in the dust,
 And float the marble pavement with my tears,
 Than rise into a monster. *[Flings himself down.]*

MANDANE, *passing at a distance, speaks to a servant.*

Man. Well, observe me.

Before the rising sun my lord arrives,
 To seal our vows; the holy priest is with him:
 Watch to receive them at the western gate,
 And privately conduct them to my chamber. *[Exit.]*

Myr. *[Starting up.]* O torment! racks! and flames!
 then she expects him

With open arms! Am I cast out for ever;
 For ever must despair, unless I snatch
 The present moment? She is all prepar'd;
 Her wishes waking, and her heart on fire!
 That pow'rful thought sweeps heav'n and hell before it,
 And lays all open to the prince of Egypt;
 Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
 And fling fear, anguish, and remorse behind him.
 I see her midnight-dress, her flowing hair,
 Her slacken'd bosom, her relenting mien,
 All the forbidden forms of day flung off,
 For yielding softness—O I'm all confusion!
 I shiver in each joint! Ah! she was made
 To justify the blackest crimes, and gild
 Ruin and death with her destructive charms.

Aul. You'll force her then?

Myr. Thou villain, but to think it.
 No; I'll solicit her with all my power;
 Conquest and crowns shall sparkle in her sight;
 If she consent, thy prince is bless'd indeed,
 Takes wings, and tow'rs above mortality.
 If she resist, I put an end to pain,
 And lay my breathless body at her feet.

MANDANE *passing at a distance to her chamber; MYRON*
meets her.

Man. Is this well done, my lord?

Myr. Condemn me not

Before

Before you hear me : Let this posture tell you,
I'm not so guilty as perhaps your fears,
Your commendable modest fears, suspect :
Nay, do not go ; you know not what you do ;
I would receive a favour, not constrain it ;
Return, or good Nicanor, best of fathers,
Shall charge you with the murder of his friend.

Man. And dare you then pronounce that sacred name,
And yet persist ! Were you his mortal foe,
What could your malice more ?

Myr. O, fair Mandane !
I know my fault ; I know your virtue too ;
But such the violence of my disorder,
That I dare tempt e'en you : Methinks that guilt
Has something lovely which proclaims your pow'r—
But touch me with your hand, I die with bliss.
Why swells your eye ? By heav'n, I'd rather see
All nature mourn, than you let fall a tear.
I own I'm mad ; but I am mad of love :
You can't condemn me more, than I myself ;
In that we are agreed : Agree in all,
Condemn, but pity me ; resent, but yield ;
For, O I burn, I rave, I die, with love !

Man. O Sir ! —

Myr. Nay do not weep so ; it will kill me :
This moment, while I speak, my eyes are darken'd ;
I cannot see thee ; and my trembling limbs
Refuse to bear their weight ; all left of life
Is that I love : if love was in our pow'r,
The fault were mine ; since not, you must comply.
How godlike to bestow more heav'nly joys
Than you can think, and I support, and live !

Man. O, how can you abuse your sacred reason,
That particle of heav'n, that soul of Jove.
To varnish o'er, and paint, so black a crime !
O prince ! —

Myr. What says Mandane ?

Man. Sir, observe me :

My bursting sighs, and ever-streaming tears,
Your noble nature has with pity seen ;
But would they not work deeper in your soul,
Were you convinc'd my sorrows flow for you ?
From you my lord, they flow ; for I am safe

(I know you are surpris'd :) They flow for you ;
 Myron, my father's friend, my prince, my guest —
 Myron, my guardian God, attempts my peace,
 And needeth further reason for these tears ?
 Nature affords no object of concern
 So great, as to behold a gen'rous mind
 Driv'n by a sudden gust, and dash'd on guilt —
 'Tis base ; you ought not : 'Tis impracticable ;
 You cannot — Make necessity your choice ;
 Nor let one moment of defeated guilt,
 Offruitless baseness, overthrow the glory
 Your whole illustrious life has dearly bought,
 In toilsome marches, and in fields of blood.

Enter AULETES, and servants.

Aul. My lord, your life's beset ; the room beneath
 Is throng'd with ruffians, which but wait the signal
 To rush and sheath their daggers in your heart.

Myr. Betray'd ! Curs'd sorceress ; it was a plot,
 Concerted by them all, to take my life,
 And this the bait to tempt me to the toil.
 She dies —

Aul. No ; first enjoy, then murder her —
 Trust to my conduct, and you still are safe.
 They all are mask'd : I have my visor too ;
 But time is short ; for once confide in me.
 You, Sir, for safety, fly to your apartment :

[To the Prince:]

You bear Mandane to her closet — You *[To servants.]*
 Speed to the southern gate, and burst it open,

[As the servant seize Mandane, she gives the signal, she is borne off.]

Enter RAMESES and conspirators, masked.

Ram. The villain fled ? Perdition intercept him !
 Disperse ; fly several ways ; let each man bear
 A steady point, well levell'd at his heart ;
 If he escapes us now, success attend him ;
 May he for ever triumph !

*[As they pass the stage in confusion, AULETES enters mask-
 ed among them.]*

Aul. Ha ! Why halt you !
 Pursue, pursue ; ev'n now I saw the monster,

The

The villain Myron, with these eyes I saw him,
Bearing his prize swift to the western gate:
There, there, it bursts. *[A noise without.]*

All. Away, pursue,

Aul. *[Without.]* 'Tis done;
Advance the massy bar; and all is safe:
Stand here, and with your lives defend the pass.

Enter MYRON.

Myr. I shall at least have time for vengeance on her,
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their swords are pointed at my life! 'Tis well!
But I will give them an excuse for murder;
Such, such a cause—Off love, and soft compassion;
Harden each sinew of my heart to steel:
I'll do, what done will shock myself, and those
Whom time sets farther, from this dreadful hour.

Enter MANDANE, forced in by AULETES.

Man. By all the pow'rs that can revenge a falsehood,
I'm innocent from any thoughts of blood.

Myr. Why then your champions here in arms? 'Tis
false.

Man. Ah! let my life suffice you for the wrong
You charge upon me! O my royal master!
My safety from all ill! my great defender!
Or did my father but insult my tears,
And give me to your care to suffer wrong?
Kill me, but not your friend; but not my father;
He loves us both, and my severe distress
Will scarce more deeply wound him than your guilt.

[Myron walks passionately at a distance.]

Myr. Slaves, are you sworn against me? Stop her
voice.

And bear her to my chamber.

Man. O Sir! O Myron!

Behold my tears—Here will I fix for ever—
I'll clasp your feet—and grow into the earth—
O cut me, hew me—give to ev'ry limb
A separate death—but spare my spotless virtue;—
But spare my fame—You wound to distant ages—
And through all time my memory will bleed.

Myr. *[As servants force in Mandane.]*

Distraction! All the pains of hell are on me!

Man. [She is borne off.]

Memnon! O my lord—my life! where art thou?

[Myron expresses sudden passion and surprise: Stands a while fixed in astonishment; then speaks.]

Myr. As many accidents concur to work
My passions up to this unheard of crime,
As if the gods design'd it—be it then
Their fault not mine—Memnon! Said she not Memnon?
My heart began to stagger; but 'tis over—
Heav'n blast me, if I thought it possible,
I could be still more curst—That hated dog,
Her lord, her life!—I thank her for my cure
Of all remorse and pity; this has left me
Without a check, and thrown the loosen'd reins
On my wild passion to run headlong on,
And in her ruin, quench a double fire:
The blended rage of vengeance and of love.

Destruction full of transport! Lo, I come,
Swift on the wing, to meet my certain doom:
I know the danger, and I know the shame!
But, like our Phoenix in so rich a flame
I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
And doat on death in that luxurious bed.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Enter MYRON in the utmost disorder, bare-headed, without light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.

MYRON.

HENCEFORTH let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.
How far am I plung'd down beyond all thought
Which I this evening fram'd!—Be it so:
Consummate horror! guilt beyond a name:
Dare not, my soul, repent; in thee repentance
Were second guilt, and thou blasphem'st just heav'n,
By hoping mercy. Ah! my pain will cease
When gods want pow'r to punish—Ha! the dawn—
Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail;
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,

And

And hide me from Nicanor and myself!
Who's there?

Enter AULETES.

Aul. My lord?

Myr. Auletes?

Aul. Guard your life.

The house is rous'd; the servants all alarm'd;
The gilded tapers dart from room to room;
Solemn confusion, and a trembling haste,
Mixt with pale horror, glazes on ev'ry face;
The strengthen'd foe has rush'd upon our guard
And cut their passage through them to the gate;
Implacable Rameſes leads them on,
Breathing revenge, and panting for your blood.

Myr. Why, let them come; let in the raging torrent.
I wish the world would rise in arms against me;
For I mus' die; and I would die in state.

The doors are burst open. Servants pass the stage in tumult: RAMESES, &c. pursue MIRON's guards over the stage; then RAMESES and SYPHOCES enter meeting.

Ram. Where is the prince?

Syph. The monster stands at bay:
We can no more than shut him from escape,
Till farther force arrive.

Ram. O my Syphoces!

Syph. This a grief; but not for words.
Does she still live?

Ram. She lives?—but O how bless'd!
Are they which are no more! By stealth I saw her;
Cast on the ground in mourning weeds she lies;
Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round;
Through which her face, all pale, as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly moon; too great her grief
For words or tears! but ever and anon,
After a dreadful, still, insidious calm,
Collecting all her breath, long, long suppress'd,
She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So sad, it breaks the heart of all that hear,
And sends her maids in agonies away.

Syph. O tale, too mournful to be thought on!

Ram. Hold——

No, let her virgins weep; forbear Syphoces;

Tear

Tear out an eye, but damp not our revenge;
Dispatch your letters; I'll go comfort her.

[*A servant speaks aside to Rameses. Exit. Syphoces.*
And has she then commanded none approach her?
I'm sorry for it; but I cannot blame her.
Such is the dreadful ill, that it converts
All offer'd cure into a new disease:
It shuns our love, and comfort gives her pain.

Re-enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. Your father is return'd; redundant Nile,
Broke from its channel, overswells the pass,
And sends him back to wait the waters fall.

Ram. And is he then return'd—I tremble for him.—
I see his white head rolling in the dust;
But haste; it is our duty to receive him. [*Exits*

Enter MYRON.

Myr. I feel a pain of which I am not worthy;
A pain, an anguish, which the honest man
Alone deserves.—Is it not wondrous strange,
That I, who stabb'd the very heart of nature,
Should have surviving aught of man about me!
And yet, I know not how, of gratitude
And friendship still the stubborn sparks survive;
And poor Nicanor's torments pierce my soul.
Confusion! he's return'd—— [*starting.*

Enter NICANOR.

Nic. [*Advancing to embrace Myron.*] My prince—

Myr. [*Turning aside and biding his face.*] My friend—

Nic. I interrupt you, Sir——

Myr. [*Smiting his breast.*] I had thee there:
Before thou cam'st, my thoughts were bent upon thee.

Nic. O Sir, you are too kind!

Myr. [*Aisde.* Death! tortures! hell!

Nic. What says my prince?

Myr. A sudden pain,
To which I'm subject, struck across my heart:
'Tis past, I'm well again.

Nic. Heav'n guard your health!

Myr. Dost thou then wish it?

Nic. Am I then distrusted?

Then

Then, when I sav'd your life, I did the least
I e'er wou'd do to serve you.

Myr. Barbarous man!

Nic. What have I done, my prince! which way offend-
ed?

Has not my life, my soul, been yours;

Myr. Oh! ——— oh! ———

Nic. [*Takes him by the hand.*]

By heav'n, I'm wrong'd! speak, and I'll clear myself.

Myr. I'm poison and destruction; curse thy gods,
I'll kill thee in compassion.——O my brain!

Away, away, away! [*Shoves him from him, going.*]

Nic. Do, kill me, prince——

You shall not go; I do demand the cause,

Which has put forth thy hand against thy father!

For, thus provok'd, I'll do myself the justice,

To tell thee, youth, that I deserve that name;

Nor have thy parents lov'd thee more than I.

Myr. I hear them; they are on me—— Loose thy hold,
Or I will plant my dagger in thy breast.

Nic. Your dagger's needless! O ungrateful boy!

Myr. [*Embrace.*] Forgive me, father! O my soul
bleeds for thee!

[*As he is going out, Auletes meets him, and speaks to him.*
aside.]

What no escape? on ev'ry side enclos'd?

Then I resolve to perish by his hand;

'Tis just I shou'd; and meaner death I scorn;

But how to work him to my fate, to sting

His passion up so high, will be a task

To me severe; as difficult as strange.

Support me, cruel heart; it must be done.

[*Aside.*]

Nic. Now, from my very soul, I cannot tell—

But 'tis enchantment all; for things so strange

Have happen'd, I might well distrust my sense;

But, if mine eyes are true, I plainly read

A heart in anguish; and, I must confess,

Your grief is just—It was inhuman in you—

But tell the cause; unravel, from the bottom,

The mystery that has embroil'd our loves

(For still, my prince, I love, since you repent:)

What accident depriv'd me of my friend,

And lost you in yourself?

Myr.

Myr. A traitor's sight!

Nic. Beneath my roof?

Myr. Beneath thy very helmet:
Thou art a traitor. Guard thyself.

[Draws.

Nic. Distraction!

Traitor!—For standing by your father's throne;
And stemming the wild stream, that rears against it,
Of rebel subjects, and of foreign foes?
For training thee to glory and to war?
For taking thee from out thy mother's arms,
A mortal child, and kindling in thy soul
The noble ardours of a future god?
Farewel; I dare not trust my temper more.

Myr. Gray-headed, venerable, traitor!

Enter RAMESES.

Ram. Ha!

Turn, turn, blasphemer, and repress thy taunts;
All provocation's needless, but thy sight.

[He assaults the prince: Nicanor hinders him.

Nic. Forbear, my son.

Ram. Forbear?

Nic. If I am calm,

Your rage should cease.

Ram. No; 'tis my own revenge;

Unless, Sir, you disown me for your son.

Nic. Thy sword against thy prince?

Ram. A villain!

Nic. Hold!

Ram. The worst of villains!

Nic. 'Tis too much.

Ram. O father!

Nic. What would'st thou?

Ram. Sir, your daughter—

Nic. Rightly thought;

She best can comfort me in all my sorrow:

Call, call Mandane: To behold my child

Wou'd cheer me in the agonies of death;

Call her, Rameses—Am I disobey'd?

Ram. Sir!—

Nic. What mean those transports of concern?

Ram. Though I'm an outcast from your love, I weep
To open your black scene of misery.

Nic.

Nic. Where will this end?—O my foreboding heart!

Ram. Should he, to whom, as to a god, at parting,
You gave, with streaming eyes your soul's delight,
While yet your last embrace was warm about him,
Gloomy and dreadful as his stormy night,
Rush on your child, your comfort, your Mandane,
All sweet and lovely as the blushing morn,
Seize her by force, now trembling, breathless, pale,
Prostrate in anguish, tearing up the earth,
Imploring, shrieking, to the gods and you—
O hold my brain!—Look there, and think the rest.

[*The back scene opens. A darken'd chamber, a bed, and
the curtains drawn. Women pass out, weeping &c.*

NICANOR falls back on RAMESES.

Nic. Is't possible—my child! my only daughter!
The growth of my own life! that sweeten'd age
And pain!—O nature bleeds within me.

Man. Weep not, my virgins; cease your useless tears;
Kindness is thrown away upon despair,
And but provokes the sorrow it would ease

Nic. Assist me forwards.

Man. Most unwelcome news!
Is he return'd? The gods support my father.
I now begin to wish he lov'd me less.

Nic. There, there, she pierc'd the very tend'rest nerve;
She pity's me, dear babe; she pities me:
Through all the raging tortures of her soul,
She feels my pain! but hold, my heart, to thank her;
Then burst at once, and let the pangs of death
Put Myron from my thought. [Goes to her.

Man. Severest fate
Has done its worst—I've drawn my father's tears.—

Nic. Forbear to call me by that tender name;
Since I can't help thee, I wou'd fain forget
Thou art a part of me.—It only sharpens
Those pangs, which, if a stranger, I should feel.—
O spare me, my Mandane! To behold thee
In such excess of sorrow, quite destroys me,
And I shall die, and leave thee, unreveng'd.

Man. O Sir, there are misfortunes most severe,
Which yet can bear the light, and, well sustain'd,
Adorn the sufferer.—But this affliction
Has made despair a virtue, and demands

Utter

Utter extinction, and eternal night.

As height of happiness. *[Scene shuts on them.]*

Enter SYPHOCES.

Ram. O my Syphoces!

Syph. And does this move you? does this melt you down,

And pour you out in sorrow? Then fly far,
Ere Memnon comes; he comes with flushing cheek,
And beating heart, to bear a bride away,
And bless his fate: How dreadfully deceiv'd!

Ram. The melancholy scene at length begins.

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. O give me leave to yield to nature,
And indulge my joy——

My friend! my brother! O the ecstasy
That fires my veins, and dances at my heart!

You love me not, if you refuse to join
In all the just extravagance and flight
Of boundless transport on this happy hour,
Where is my soul, my bliss, my lovely bride!
Call, call her forth; O haste; the priest expects us,
And ev'ry moment is a crime to love.

Ram. Speak to him:—Pr'ythee speak *[To Syph.]*

Syph. By heav'n, I cannot.

Mem. What can this mean?

Ram. Syphoces.

Syph. Nay; Rameses.

Mem. By all the gods, they struggle with their sorrows,
And swallow down their tears to hide them from me:
By friendship's sacred name, I charge you, speak.

[They look on him with the utmost concern, and go out on different sides of the stage.]

Was ever man thus left to dreadful thought,
And all the horrors of a black surmise?

What woe is this, too big to be express'd?

O my sad heart! Why bod'st thou so severely?

Mandane's life in danger! There indeed;

Fortune, I fear thee still; her beauties arm thee;

Her virtues make thee dreadful to my thought;

But for my love, how I could laugh at fate!

Enter

Enter a servant, and gives him a paper. He reads.

Enter RAMESES, MEMNON swoons and falls on RAMESES.

Ram. 'Twere happy if his soul would ne'er return:
The gods may still be merciful in this——
His lips begin to rise.—How fares my friend?

Mem. Did Myron feel my pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. Fainting beneath th' oppression of her grief,
This way Mandane seeks the fresher air:
Let us withdraw; 'twill pain her to be seen,
And most of all by you.

Mem. By my own heart.
I judge, and am convinc'd.—I dare not see her:
The sight would strike me dead.——

[*As Memnon is going, Mandane meets him: Both start back: She shrieks. Memnon recovers himself, and falls at her knees, embracing them; She tries to disengage: He not permitting, she raises him: He takes her passionately in his arms: They continue speechless and motionless for some time.*

Ram. Was ever mournful interview like this!
See how they writhe with anguish! hear them groan!
See the large silent dew run trickling down,
As from the weeping marble! passion chokes
Their words, and they're the statues of despair!

Mem. O my Mandane!

At this she violently breaks from him, and exit.
But one moment more.

[*As Memnon is following, Rameses holds him.*

Ram. Brother——

Mem. Forgive me——

Ram. You're to blame——

Mem. Look there.

[*Pointing after her.*

My heart is bursting.

Ram. With revenge?

Mem. And love.

Ram. Revenge!

Mem. One dear embrace; 'twill edge my sword.

Syph. No, Memnon; if our sword now wants an edge,

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They'll

They'll wait for ever; to this spot I charm thee,
 By the dread words, Revenge, and Liberty!
 This is the crisis of our fates; this moment
 The guardian gods of Egypt hover o'er us;
 They watch to see us act like prudent men,
 And out of ills extract our happiness.
 My friends, these dire calamities, like poison,
 May have their wholesome use: This sad occasion,
 If manag'd artfully, revives our hopes;
 It gives Nicanor to our sinking faction,
 And still the tyrant shakes.

Ram. My father comes;
 Or snatch this moment, or despair for ever:
 While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
 Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Enter NICANOR.

Nic. Why have the gods chose out my weakest hours
 To set their errors in array against me?
 This wou'd beat down the vigour of my youth,
 Much more grey hairs, and life worn down so low.
 Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
 And spinning out a thread of misery:
 The longer life, the greater choice of evil;
 The happiest man is but a wretched thing,
 That steals poor comfort from comparisons;
 What then am I? Here will I sit me down,
 Brood o'er my cares, and *think* myself to death.
 Draw near, Rameses; I was rash-erewhile,
 And chid thee without cause——How many years
 Have I been cas'd in steel?

Ram. Full threescore years
 Have chang'd the seasons o'er your crested brow,
 And seen your faulchion dy'd in hostile blood.

Nic. How many triumphs since the king has reign'd?

Ram. They number just your battles, one for one.

Nic. True; I have follow'd the rough trade of war
 With some success, and can, without a blush,
 Review the shaken fort, and sanguine plain.
 I have thought pain a pleasure, thirst and toil
 Blest objects of ambition. I remember
 (Nor do my foes forget that bloody day)
 When the barb'd arrow from my gaping thigh

Was wretch'd with labour, I disdain'd the groan,
Because I suffer'd for Busiris' sake.

Ram. The king is not to blame.

Nic. Is not the prince his son?

Ram. But in himself—

Nic. [*Rising in a passion.*] And has he lost his guilt,
'Cause he has injur'd me; Erewhile thy blood
Was kindled at his name.—Didst thou not tell me
A shameful black design on poor Amelia?
O Memnon! what a glorious race is this,
To make the gods a party in our cause,
And draw down blessings on us!

Mem. He that supports them
In such black crimes, is sharer of their guilt,

Nic. Point out the man, and, with these wither'd hands,
I'd fly upon his throat, though he were lodg'd
Within the circle of Busiris' arms.

Ram. He that prevents it not, when in his power,
Supports them in their course of flaming guilt;
And you are he.

Nic. Thou rav'st.

Syph. The army's yours:
I've sounded ev'ry chief; but wave your finger,
Thousands fall off the tyrant's side, and leave him
Naked of help, and open to destruction:
But sweep his minions, cut a pander's throat,
Orlop a sycophant; the work is done.

Nic. [*Starting.*] What would you have me do?

Mem. Let not your heart
Fly off from your own thought; be truly great:
Resent your country's sufferings as your own:
A generous soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
And feels for every member of the land.
What have we seen for twenty rolling years,
But one long tract of blood! or, what is worse,
Throng'd dungeons pouring forth perpetual groans;
And free-born men oppress'd! Shall half mankind
Be doom'd to curse the moment of their birth?
Shall all the mother's fondness be employ'd
To rear them up to bondage, give them strength
To bear afflictions, and support their chains?

Syph. [*Kneeling.*] To you the valiant youth most humbly bend,

And beg that nature's gifts, the vigorous nerve,
And graceful port design'd to bless the world,
And take your great example in the field,
May not be forc'd by lewdness in high place,
To other toils, to labour for disease,
To wither in a loath'd embrace, and die
At an inglorious distance from the foe.

Ram. [*Kneeling.*] To you Amelia lifts her hands for safety.

Mem. [*Bursting into tears.*] To you——To you——

Nic. By heav'n he cannot speak.——I understand thee:

Rise—Rise—my son: Rise all; your work is done;
They perish all; these creatures of my sword.
Have I not seen whole armies vaulted o'er
With flying jav'lines, which shut out the day,
And fell in rattling storms at my command,
To slay, and bury, proud Busiris' foe?
He lives and reigns; for I have been his friend:
But I'll unmake him, and plough up the ground
Where his proud palace stands. [*Exit.*]

Mem. O my Mandane!

The gods by dreadful means bestow success,
And in their vengeance most severely bless:
From thy bright streaming eyes our triumphs flow,
The tyrant falls, Mandane strikes the blow:
So the fair moon, when seas swell high, and pour
A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore,
Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,
And all the distant ruin is her own. }

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Field.*

Enter BUSIRIS, and AULETES. An alarum at a distance.

BUSIRIS.

WELCOME the voice of war! Though loud the
sound,

it

It faintly speaks the language of my heart:
It whispers what I mean. But say, Auletes,
What urge these forlorn rebels in excuse
For choosing ruin?

Aul. Various their complaints:

But some are loud, that while your heavy hand
Presses whole millions with incessant toil
(Toil fitter far for beasts than human creatures)
In building wonders for the world to gaze at,
Weeds are their food, their cup the muddy Nile.

Bus. Do they not build for me? Let that reward them.
Yes, I will build more wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my cement with their blood.
Whose pains and art reform'd the puzzled year,
Thus drawing down the sun to human use,
And making him their servant? Who push'd off
With mountain-dams the broad redundant Nile,
Descended from the moon, and bid it wander
A stranger stream in unaccustom'd shores?
Who from the Ganges to the Danube reigns?
But virtues are forgot—Away—To arms!
I call to mind my glorious ancestry,
Which, for ten thousand rolling years renew'd,
Shines up into eternity itself,
And ends among the gods.

[An alarm.]

Enter MEMNON.

Aul. The rebel braves us.

Bus. Hold let our weapons thirst one moment longer;
And death stand still till he receives my nod.—
Whom meet I in the midst of my own realm,
With bold defiance on his brow?

Mem. The slave,
Whom dread Busiris lately laid in chains;
An emblem of his country.

Bus. Is it thus
You thank my royal bounty?

Mem. Thus you thank'd
The good Artaxes; thus you thank'd my father.

Bus. What I have done, conclude most right and just;
For I have done it; and the gods alone
Shall ask me why. Thou liv'st although they fell;
And, if they fell unjustly, greater thanks

Are due from thee, whom even justice spar'd.

Mem. Thy kindnesses are wrongs; they mean to sooth
My injur'd soul, and steal it from revenge.

Bus. Turn back thine eye; behold thy troops are thin,
Thy men are rarely sprinkled o'er the field,
And yet thou carriest millions on thy tongue.

Mem. All thy blood-thirsty sword has laid in dust
Are on my side; they come in bloody swarms,
And through my banners: Thy unequall'd crimes
Have made thee weak, and rob my victory—

Bus. Ha!

Mem. Nay, stamp not, tyrant! I can stamp as loud,
And raise as many demons at the sound.

Bus. I wear a diadem.

Mem. And I a sword.

Bus. Yet, yet submit, I give thee life.

Mem. Secure your own:

No more, Busiris; bid the sun farewell.

Bus. Eusiris and the sun shall set together:
If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
Know then, I fall like some vast pyramid;
I bury thousands in my great destruction,
And thou the first—Slave! in the front of battle;
There thou shalt find me.

Mem. Thou shalt find me there,
And have well paid that gratitude I owe. [Exeunt.

A continual alarum.

Enter MYRON and NICANOR, meeting.

Nic. Does not mine eye strike terror through thy soul,
And shake the weapon from thy trembling arm?
Base boy! the foulness of thy guilt secures thee
From my reproach; I dare not name thy crime.

Myr. Old man, didst thou stand up in thy own cause,
I then should be afraid of fourscore years,
And tremble at gray hairs; but since thy frenzy
Has lent those venerable locks to cast
A gloss of virtue on the blackest crime,
Accurs'd rebellion! this gives back my heart,
With all its rage, and I'm a man again.

Nic. Come on, and use that force of arms I taught thee;
I'll now resume the life I gave so late.

Myr.

Myr. I grieve thou hast but half a life to lose,
And dost thou defraud my vengeance—At my touch,
Thou moulder'st into dust, and art forgotten:

[Preparing to fight, Myron stops short.]

Ah, no, I cannot fight with thee; begone,
And shake elsewhere; thou can'st not want a death
In such a field, though I refuse it to thee:
Rameses, Memnon, give them to my sword,
Sustain'd by thousands; but to fly from thee,
From thee, most injur'd man, shall be my praise,
And rise above the conquest of my foes,

Nic. 'Tis not old age, th' avenging gods pursue thee!
[He retires before Nicanor off the stage. A loud alarm.]

Enter BUSIRIS and AULETES, in pursuit.

Bus. 'Tis well; I like this madness of the field:
Let heighten'd horrors and a waste of death,
Inform the world, Busiris is in arms:
But then I grudge the glory of my sword
To slaves and rebels; while they die by me,
They cheat my vengeance, and survive in fame.

Aul. I panted after in the paths of death,
And could not but from far behold your plume
O'ershadow slaughter'd heaps, while your bright helm
Struck a distinguish'd terror through the field,
The distant legions trembling as it blaz'd.

Bus. Think not a crown alone lights up my name;
My hand is deep in fight. Forbid it, Isis!
That while Busiris treads the sanguine field,
The foremost spirit of his host should conquer
But by example, and beneath the shade,
Of this high-brandish'd arm. Didst thou e'er fear?
Sure tis an art; I know not how to fear;
'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy master is immortal, O Auletes! —
But while I speak, they live!

Where fall the sounding cataracts of Nile,
The mountains tremble, and the waters boil;
Like them, I'll rush; like them my fury pour;
And give the future world one wonder more.

[Exeunt.]
Enter

Enter MYRON, engaged with a party: His plume is smitten off: He drives the foe, and returns.

Myr. When death's so near, but dares not venture on us:
'Tis heaven's regard, a kind of salutation,
Which to ourselves our own importance shows:
Faint as I am; and almost sick of blood,
There is one cordial would revive me still;
The sight of Memnon; place that fiend before me.—
[Exit.]

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. Where, where's the prince? O give him to my sword!

His tall white plume, which like a high-wrought foam,
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
Show'd where he swept the field; I follow'd swift;
But my approach has turn'd him into air——

Enter MYRON.

The fight but now begins!

Myr. Why, who art thou?

Mem. Prince, I am——

Myr. [Disdainfully.] Memnon!

Mem. No——I'm Mandane.

Myr. Ha!

Mem. [Striking his own head and breast.]

She's here, she's here, she's all: Her wrongs and virtues!
Virtues and wrongs! Thou worse than murderer;

Myr. I charge thee name her not; forbear the croak
With that ill-omen'd note.

Mem. Mandane!

Myr. Be it so.

When I reflect on her mean love for thee,
And plot against my life, my pain is less. [ses;

Mem. 'Tis false; she meant, she knew it not; Rame.
He, only he, was conscious of the thought.

Myr. Then I'm a wretch indeed!

Mem. As such I'll use thee;
I'll crush thee like so much poison on the earth,
Then haste and cleanse me in the blood of men.

Myr. I thank thee, for this spirit which exalts thee
Into a foe, I need not blush to meet:

Now,

Now, from my soul, it joys me thou art found;
 And found alive: By heav'n, so much I hate thee,
 I fear'd that thou wast dead, and had'st escap'd me;
 I'll drench my sword in thy detested blood,
 Or soon make thee immortal by my own.
 Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

[*They fight.*]

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane!

Myr. [*Falls.*] Just the blow, and juster still,
 Because embitter'd to me by that hand
 I most detest; which gives my soul an earnest
 Of vast unfathomable woes to come;
 That dreadful dowry for my dreadful love:
 I leave the world my misery's example;
 If us'd aright, no trivial legacy. [*Dies.*]

Enter SYPHOCES.

Syph. My lord, I bring you most unwelcome news:
 As poor Mandane wander'd near the field,
 In hope to see her injuries reveng'd,
 Thoughtless of any sufferings but the past,
 A party of the foe saw, seiz'd, and bore her off.

Mem. Vengeance and conquest now are trivial things;
 Love made their prize. 'Tis impious in my soul
 To entertain a thought but of her rescue:
 Now, now, I plunge into the thickest war,
 As some bold diver, from a precipice
 Into mid ocean, to regain a gem
 Whose loss impoverish'd kings; to bring it back,
 Or see the day no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MANDANE, prisoner.

Man. A gen'rous foe will hear his captive speak:
 A benefit, thus, kneeling, I implore;
 Let one of all those swords that glitter round me,
 Vouchsafe to hide its point within my breast.

Enter MEMNON.

Mem. Ah villains! cursed Atheists! Can you bear
 That posture from that form! What, what are numbers,
 When

When I behold those eyes ! Not mine the glory,
 That singly thus I quell a host of foes.
 Inhuman robbers ! O bring back my soul !
 [*They force her off. He rushes in upon them, and is taken.*
 Poor comfort to mankind, that they can lose
 Their lives but once—But, Oh ! a thousand times
 Be torn from what they love.

Enter RAMESES.

Ram. Far have I waded in the bloody field,
 Laborious through the stubborn ranks of war,
 And trac'd thee in a labyrinth of death ;
 But thus to find thee !—Better find thee dead !
 Those slaves will use thee ill.

Mem. Of that no more :

Myron is dead, and by this arm.

Ram. I thank thee :

All my few spirits left exult with joy ;
 I'll chase and scourge him through the lower world.

Mem. Alas, thou bleed'st !

Ram. Curse on the tyrant's sword ;
 I bleed to death : But could not leave the world
 Without a last embrace. Just now I met
 The poor Mandane.

Mem. Quickly speak. What said she ?

Ram. Nothing of comfort ; cease to ask me farther :
 If you meet more, your meeting will be sad.—
 Your arm ! I faint—Ah ! what is human life ?
 How, like the dials tardy moving shade,
 Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd !
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
 Too sublte is the movement to be seen ;
 Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.
 Farewel : I pity thee. [Dies.]

Mem. Farewel, brave friend !

Would I could bear thee company to rest ;
 But life in all its terrors stands before me,
 And shuts the gates of peace against my wishes.—
 Do I not hear a peal of distant thunder ?
 And see, a sudden darkness shuts the day,
 And quite blots out the sun !—But what to me
 The colour of the sky ? A death-cold dew
 Hangs on my brow, and all my slacken'd joints

Are.

Are shook without a cause—A groan! From whence!
Again! and no one near me? Vain delusion!—
I fear not vain! I fear some ill is tow'rd me,
More dreadful sure than all that's past.—Mandane?
I hop'd she was at peace, and past the reach
Of this ill news; but such my wayward fate,
I cannot ask a curse, but 'tis deny'd me:
And could I wish I ne'er could see her more?

Enter MANDANE, guarded.

Man. This is my brother: A short privacy
Is a small favour you may grant a foe.

Guard. Let it be short; we may not wait your leisure.

Mem. 'Tis wond'rous strange; there's something
holds me from her,

And keeps this foot fast rooted to the ground.

This is the last time I shall ever pray. *[Kneeling.*

To me, ye gods, confine your threaten'd vengeance,
And I will bless your mercies while I suffer!

*[Memnon and Mandane advance slowly to the front of
the stage.*

Man. What didst thou pray for?

Mem. For thy peace.

Man. 'Twas kind.

But oh! those hands in bonds deny the blessing,
For which they earnestly were rais'd to heav'n—

Mem. I fear so too: What we have yet to do
Must be soon done: this meeting is our last.
How shall we use it?

Man. How? consult thy chains,
And my calamities.

Mem. Sad counsellors,
And cruel their advice—Are there no other?

Man. I look around—and find no glimpse of hope;
A perfect night of horror and despair.

Mem. Of horror and despair indeed, Mandane:
Canst thou believe me? Nay, can I believe *[false!*
Myself! The last thing that I wish'd for was—'Tis
The weight of my misfortunes hurts my mind.

Man. Was what?

Mem. I dare not think; to think is to look down
A precipice ten thousand fathoms deep,
That turns my brain!—Oh! Oh!

Man

Man. Memnon, no more:

That silence, and those tears, need no explaining;
And is it kind, with such severe reluctance,
To think upon my death—though necessary.

Mem. Ah hold! You plant a thousand daggers here:
Talk not of dying—disown the thought;
Right is not right, and reason is not reason;
All is distraction, when I look on thee.
O all ye pitying gods! dash out from nature
Your stars, your sun, but let Mandane live.

Man. No; death long since was my confirm'd resolve.

Mem. Myron is dead.

Man. What joy a heart like mine
Can feel, it feels—Had he been never born,
I might have liv'd—'tis now—impossible.

Mem. This even to my miseries I owe,
That it discovers greater virtues still,
In her my soul adores—O my Mandane!
O glorious maid! then thou wilt be at peace—

[Memnon walks thoughtfully; then returns.]
Must I survive, and change thy tenderness
For a stern master, and perpetual chains?
Long I may groan on earth to sate their malice,
Then through slow torments linger into death,
No steel to stab, no wall to dash my brain!

Man. Ha!

Mem. Why thus fix'd in thought? What might y birth
Is lab'ring in your soul? Your eyes speak wonders—

Man. Will not the blood-hounds be content with life?

Mem. Alas, Mandane! No; they study nature,
To find out all her secret seats of pain,
And carry killing to a dreadful art:
A simple death in Egypt is for friends.

Man. O then it must be so—and yet it cannot!

Mem. What means this sudden paleness?

Man. *[feeling in her bosom, she swoons.]*
Heav'n assist me!

Mem. My love! Mandane! hear me, my espous'd!
My dearest heart! the infant of my bosom!
Whom I would foster with my vital blood.

Man. *[Shews a dagger,]* 'Tis well; and in return, I
give thee—This.

Mem. Millions of thanks, thou refuge in despair.

Man.

Man. Terrible kindness! Horrid mercy! Oh!
I cannot give it thee.

Mem. Full well I know
Thy tender soul, and I must force it from thee.

[As he is struggling with her for the dagger, she speaks.]

Man. My lord! my soul! myself! you tear my heart:
Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins;
Mingle with life, and form my very soul!

Mem. Now, monsters, I defy you: Fate forbids
A long farewell: My guard may interpose,
And make your favour vain—Thus, only thus.

[Embrace.]

And now———*[Going to stab himself.]*

Man. *[Holds his arm.]* Ah no! Since last I saw thee,
thrice I rais'd

My trembling arm, and thrice I let it fall.———

If you refuse compassion to my sex,
Memnon betrays me, and is Myron's friend.———

As I a poinard, you supply an arm,
And I shall still be happy in your love.

[After a pause of astonishment, he sinks gently on the earth.]

Mem. From dreadful to more dreadful I am plung'd,
And find in deepest anguish deeper still;
I can't complain in common with mankind——

But am a wretched species all alone:
Must I not only lose thee, but be curs'd
To sprinkle my own hands with thy life blood?

Man. It cannot be avoided.

Mem. Nor perform'd.

Lift up my hand against thee as a foe!

I who should save thee from thy very father,

And teach thy dearest friends to use thee well,

Make kindness kind, and soften all their smiles?

O, my Mandane! think how I have lov'd!

O, my Mandane! think upon thy pow'r!

How often hast thou seen me pale with joy,

And trembling at a smile? And shall I———

Man. Myron!———

[At that Memnon starts up suddenly.]

Mem. Ah hold! I charge thee hold! One glance that
way

Awakes my hell, and blows up all its flames:——

The world turns round; my heart is sick to death!

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Q

O my

O my distraction ! perfect loss of thought !

Man. Why stand you like a statue ? Are you dead ?
What do you fold so fast within your arms ?
Why, with fix'd eye-balls, do you pierce the ground ?
Why shift your place, as if you trod on fire ?
Why know your lip, and groan so dreadfully ?
My lord, if I have spent whole live-long nights
In tears, and sigh'd away the day in private,
Only oppress'd with an excess of love,
O turn, and speak to me.

Mem. And these, no doubt,
Are arguments that I should draw thy blood. —
No child was ever lull'd upon the breast
With half that tenderness has melted from thee,
And fell like balm upon my wounded soul !
And shall I murder thee ? Yes, thus — thus — thus. —

[Embracing some time.]

Man. Alas ! my lord forgets we are to die.

[Memnon gazes with wonder on the dagger.]

Mem. By heav'n, I had ; my soul had took her flight,
In bliss — Why, is not this our bridal-day ?

Man. That way distraction lies.

Mem. Indeed it does,

Botb. Oh ! Oh !

Man. Thy sighs and groans are sharper than thy steel.
The guard is on us.

Mem. Then it must be done.

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning.
Though blood start out for tears, 'tis done — But one,
Onelast embrace. *[As he embraces her, she bursts into tears.]*
Let me not see a tear — I could as soon
Stab at the face of heav'n, as kill thee weeping.

Man. 'Tis past ; I am compos'd.

Mem. And now — and now.

Man. Be not so fearful ; 'tis the second blow
Will pain my heart — indeed this will not hurt me,

Mem. O thou hast stung my soul quite through and
through,

With those kind words : I had just steel'd my breast,

[Dashing down the dagger.]

And thou undo'st it all — I could not bear
To raze thy skin to save the world from ruin.

Man. *[Stabs herself.]* If you're a woman, I'll be
something more. —

I shall

I shall not taste of heaven till you arrive.

[Dies.

Mem. Struck home—and in her heart—She's dead already;

And now with me all nature is expir'd—

My lovely bride, nor we again are happy,

[Stabs himself.

And better worlds prepare our nuptial bow'r.—

Now every splendid object of ambition,

Which lately, with their various glosses, play'd

Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,

Are taken from me by a little mist

And all the world is vanish'd.

[Dies.

A march sounded, Enter NICANOR, and SYPHOCES, victorious. The guards, which are advancing to the bodies, fly.

Nic. The day's our own; the Persian's angry pow'r
Have well repaid this morning insolence.

And turn'd the desperate fortune of the field,

By sure, though late, relief.

Syph. Nicanor, friend,

I from the city bring you welcome news:

My guilty letter from the amorous queen

I spread amongst the multitude; while yet

Their blood was warm with reading the black scroll,

Myris, to view the fortune of the fight,

Leaving her palace for the western tow'r,

Was seiz'd, torn, scatter'd, on the guilty spot,

Where her great brother fell.

Nic. The gods are just.

Syph. See where Busiris comes; your royal captive,
In his misfortune great; an awful ruin!

And dreadful to the conqueror!

Nic. [Advancing, sees the bodies.] Sad sight!

A sight that teaches triumph how to mourn,

And more than justifies these streaming tears,

Even on the moment that my country's sav'd

From sore oppression, and inglorious chains.

[He falls on his attendants.

A great shout. Enter BUSIRIS, wounded.

Bus. Conquer'd? 'Tis false; I am your master still;
Your master, though in bonds: You stand aghast

At your good fate, and trembling, can't enjoy,

Now, from my soul, I hug these welcome chains

Which show you all Busiris, and declare

Crowns and success superfluous to my fame. —
 You think this streaming blood will low'r my thought;
 No, ye mistaken men, I smile at death;
 For living here, is living all alone;
 To me a real solitude, amid
 A throng of little beings grovelling round me;
 Which yet usurp one common shape and name.
 I thank these wounds, these raging pains, which promise
 An interview with equals soon elsewhere.

[He sees Memnon.

Ha! dead? 'Tis well: He rose not to my sword;
 I only wish'd his fate, and there he lies.
 Some, when they die, die all: their mould'ring clay
 Is but an emblem of their memories;
 The space quite closes up through which they pass'd:
 That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
 Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
 And give it whole to late posterity:
 My name is writ in mighty characters,
 Triumphant columns, and eternal domes,
 Whose splendour heighten our Egyptian day,
 Whose strength shall laugh at time, till their great basis,
 Old earth itself, shall fail: In after-ages,
 Who war or build, shall build or war from me;
 Grow great in each as my example fires:
 'Tis I of art the future wonders raise;
 I fight the future battles of the world. —
 Great Jove, I come! Egypt, thou art forsaken; [Sinks.
 Asia's impoverish'd by my sinking glories;
 And the world lessens, when Busiris falls. [Dies

Syb. Bear the dead monarch to his pyramid;
 And for what use so'er it was design'd
 By that high-minded but mistaken man,
 There let him lie magnificent in death;
 Great was his life, great be his monument;
 And on Busiris' nephew, young Arsaces,
 Of gentler spirit, let the crown devolve.

From this day's vengeance, let the nations know,
 Jove lays the pride of haughtiest monarchs low
 And they, who kindled with ambitious fire,
 In arts and arms with most success aspire,
 If void of virtue, but provoke their doom,
 Grasp at their fate, and build themselves a tomb.

THE

THE REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don Alonzo, the Spanish
General, Mr Booth.

Don Carlos, his friend, Mr.
Wilks.

Don Alvarez, a Courtier,
Mr Thurmond.

Don Manuel, Attendant of

Don Carlos, Mr Williams.

Zanga, a Captive Moor, Mr
Mills.

WOMEN.

Leonora, Alvarez's Daugh-
ter, Mrs Porter.

Isabella, the Moor's Mis-
tress, Mrs Horton.

SCENE, SPAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA.

ZANGA.

WHETHER first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me:
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds; burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

Enter ISABELLA.

Who's there? My love!

Isa. Why have you left my bed?

Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

Zan. The dead alone, in such a night can rest;

And I indulge my meditation here.

Woman, away: I choose to be alone.

Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it: by our loves, I will.
To you I sacrific'd my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?

Zan. In tears? thou fool! Then hear me, and be
plung'd
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!
I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend;
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Here then: 'Tis twice three years since that great
man.

(Great let me call him; for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight:
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge:
I then was young; he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me: (while I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him;
For that were poor revenge—E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story:
To see your strong emotions, startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with a temper that befits it,
Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame:
I from that day have blest the coming night,

Which

Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd for ever in my dream:
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance: None is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition;
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprize
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd, an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,

O Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debt's, and wisdom to convert
Other's self-love into our own protection!
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us,
I'll seek Don Carlos, and inquire my fate. [Exit.

Enter MANUEL and DON CARLOS.

Man. My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

Car. Alonzo's glory and the Moors defeat.

The field is strow'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. O how I long t' embrace
The first of heroes and the best of friends! —

I lov'd fair Leonora long before

The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,

From whom so late Alonzo set me free;

And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed

This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,

To be my gentle advocate in love,

Do stir her heart, and fan its fires, for me.

Man. And what success?

Car. Alas! the cruel maid —

Indeed her father, who, though high at court.

And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart,

To heal his devastations from the Moors;

Knowing

Knowing I'm richly freighted from the East,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed!

Man. Her aged father, see! leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant youth
Brought forward by the hand of hoary time—
You to the port with speed; 'tis possible
Some vessel is arriv'd; Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings, which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter ALVAREZ and LEONORA.

Alv. Carlos, I am labouring in your favour,
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

Car. Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;
Look into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise;
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
Which brought another language into use.
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood;
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold:
His keels are freighted with that sacred pow'r
By which e'en kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes; and I hope [To Carlos.
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [Exit Alv.

Car. O Leonora! why art thou in tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was!
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.
Will you for ever help me to new pains,
And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
To let them loose on every dawn of joy?

Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint—

Car.

Car. Ah my torn heart!

Leon. Regard not me, my lord;
I shall obey my father.

Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly; than come thus
With absent eyes, and alienated mien,
Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.
O let me be undone the common way,
And have the common comfort to be pity'd,
And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,
And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life;
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
All these possess are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. Alas! my lord, we are too dilicate;
And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,
We call on wit to argue it away:

A plainer man would not feel half your pains;
But some have too much wisdom to be happy.

Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then solicited your father
To add to my distress; as you behave,
Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
Give me your hand—Nay, give it Leonora:
You give it not;—nay, yet you give it not.—
I ravish it,——

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Ah! why so sad? You know each sigh does
shake me;

Sighs there, are tempests here.——
I've heard, bad men would be unblest in heaven:
What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?
Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?
Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy sight?
Have I not seen thee where thou has not been?
And mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
And doated upon nothing?

Leon. Court me not,

Good

Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,
 And telling how ungrateful I have been :
 Alas ! my lord, if talking would prevail,
 I could suggest much better arguments,
 Than those regards you threw away on me ;
 Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all :
 But did physicians talk our veins to temper,
 And with an argument new set a pulse ;
 Then think, my lord, of reasoning in to love.

Car. Must I then despair ? Do not shake me thus ;
 My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death :
 Ah ! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
 Heav'n's ! what a proof I gave but two nights past,
 Of matchless love ! To fling me at thy feet,
 I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame ;
 Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle :
 But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
 The promis'd fight ; I left Alonzo too,
 To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*]

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go ?

Leon. Why should you wish my stay ?
 Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
 My presence none ; it pains you and myself :
 For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw.

[*Exit Leonora.*]

Car. Sure, there's no peril, but in love. O how
 My foes would boast to see me look so pale.

Enter ALONZO.

Car. Alonzo !

Alon. Carlos !—I am whole again :
 Clasp'd in thy arms it makes my heart entire. [*Africk*]

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace ? The conqueror of

Alon. Yes, much more ; Don Carlos' friend :
 The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
 Should it beget one thought of distance in thee ;
 I rise in virtues to come nearer thee ;
 I conquer with Don Carlos in my eye ;
 And thus I claim my victory's reward. [*Embracing him.*]

Car. A victory indeed ! Your godlike arm
 Has made one spot the grave of Africa,
 Such numbers fell ; and the survivors fled

As frighte dpassengers from off the strand.
When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas Carlos conquer'd; 'twas his cruel chains
Inflam'd me to a rage unknow'n before
And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora; how I love her!
But still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul for thee:
Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
Like music; pure the joy without allay;
Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On business, both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private?—Ha—Alonzo, I'll return;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit Carlos.*]

Zan. My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders,

Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

Zan. She will, my lord; and soon.

Alon. Come near me, Zanga;

For I dare open all my heart to thee.

Never was such a day of triumph known!

There's not a wounded captive in my train.

That slowly follow'd my proud chariot-wheels,

With half a life, and beggary, and chains,

But is a god to me: I am most wretched.

In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,

My friend (and never was a friend more dear,)
Deputed me his advocate in love,

To talk to Leonora's heart, and make

What did I do? I lov'd myself. Indeed,

One thing there is might lessen my offence,

(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)

I thought him dead; (for by what fate I know not)

His letters never reach'd me.

Zan. [*Aside.*] Thanks to Zanga,

Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd,

Alon. Yes, curs'd of heav'n! I lov'd myself; and now,

In

In a late action rescued from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

Alon. It did—with more than the expence of mine;
For, O! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.—
But see, she comes—I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. [*Aside.*] Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death
would please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome;
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd——
Would nature were—I will not fall alone;
But others groans shall tell the world my death.

Enter LEONORA.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid the light adieu.

Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. O cruel insult! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?
Africk I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a world; and you are——Leonora.

Leon. That passion which you boast of, is your guilt;
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love. [*blame;*

Alon. You, Madam, ought to thank those crimes you
'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the censure both of earth and heav'n——
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.
Farewel for ever.—This severe behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die. [*heav'n!*

Leon. [*Aside.*] Farewel for ever!—Sweet to die! O
Alonzo, stay; you must not thus escape me;
But hear your guilt at large.

Alon. O Leonora!
What could I do? In duty to my friend,
I saw you; and to see, is to admire:
For Carlos did I plead and most sincerely;
Witness the thousand agonies it cost me:
You know I did; I sought but your esteem:

If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty;
I often sigh'd; nay, wept; but could not help it;
And sure it is no crime to be in pain!

But grant my crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd.
What would you more? Am I not most undone?

This usage is like stamping on the murder'd,
When life is fled; most barbarous and unjust. [self,

Leon. *[Going.]* If from your guilt none suffer'd but your-
It might be so—Farewel,

Alon. Who suffers with me?

Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

Alon. Alas! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your hate? Your actions
Have long since told me that.

Leon. They flatter'd you.

Alon. How? Flatter'd me!

Leon. O search in fate no further!

I hate thee, O Alonzo! How I hate thee!

Alon. Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too?

O what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!—

I hope it most—and yet I dread it more

Should it be so; should her tears flow from thence;

How would my soul blaze up in ecstasy!

Ah, no! How sink into the depth of horrors!

Leon. Why would you force my stay?

Alon. What mean these tears? [ing.—

Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a mean-

But, O! when I first saw Alonzo's tears,

I knew their meaning well.

[Alonzo falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.]

Alon. Heavens, what is this? That excellence for which

Desire was planted in the heart of man;

Virtue's supreme reward on this side heav'n;

The cordial of my soul! and this destroys me—

Indeed I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury

Of loving you: I struggled with my passion,

And struggled long; let that be some excuse.

Alon. Unkind! You know I think your love a blessing

Beyond all human blessings; 'tis the price

Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying:

But O the curse of curses! O my friend!

Leon. Alas!

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Alon.

Alon. What says my love?—Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

Leon. Indeed, my father once had thought that way;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

Alon. O agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?
This is refining on calamity.

Leon. What! do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

Alon. What's in my power?—O yes, to stab my friend!

Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him—and murder me—I own, Alonzo,
You may well wonder at such words as these;
I start at them myself! they fright my nature:
Great is my fault; but blame not me alone:
Give him a little blame, who took such pains
To make me guilty.

Alon. Torment! [After a pause, Leonora speaks.

Leon. O my shame!

I sue, and sue in vain; it is most just:
When women sue, they sue to be deny'd.
You hate me, you despise me: You do well:
For what I've done, I hate and scorn myself.
O night fall on me! I shall blush to death.

Alon. First perish all.

Leon. Say; what have you resolv'd?

My father comes; what answer will you give him?

Alon. What answer? Let me look upon that face,
And read it there—Devote thee to another!
Not to be borne! A second look undoes me.

Leon. And why undo you? Is it then, my lord,
So terrible to yield to your own wishes,

Because

Because they happen to concur with mine?
Cruel! to take such pains to win a heart,
Which you was conscious you must break with parting.

Alon. [*Runs and embraces her.*] No, Leonora; I am
thine for ever,

In spite of Carlos—Ha! Who's that? My friend!

[*Starts wide from her.*]

Alas! I see him pale; I hear his groans;
He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds;
(I know him by myself) he dies distracted.

Leon. How dreadful to be cut from what we love!

Alon. Ah! speak no more.

Leon. And ty'd to what we hate.

Alon. Oh!

Leon. Is it possible?

Alon. Death!

Leon. Can you?

Alon. Oh—

Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.

Alas! my soul, this moment I die for thee.

[*Breaks away.*]

Leon. And are you perjur'd then for virtue's sake?
How often have you sworn? But go for ever.—

[*Swoons.*]

Alon. Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!
Where art thou?—O, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more;
For whatsoever crimes I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.

Leon. Hold, Alonzo;

And hear a maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd:
I love thy virtue, as I love thy person;
And I adore thee for the pain it gave me:
But as I felt the pain, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and show the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.
Be it enough, that I have once been guilty;
In sight of such a pattern, to persist,
Ill suits a person honour'd with your love.
My other titles to that bliss are weak;
I must deserve it by refusing it:
Thus then I tear thee from my hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?

No, though the life-blood gushes from my heart.
 You shall not be asham'd of Leonora,
 Or, that late time may put our names together.
 Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
 You lately lent: O take it while you may;
 While I can give it you, and be immortal.

[Exit.

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;
 But pine in absence, and till death adore,
 When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
 And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue
 Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,
 And Love, with Fate, divide my dying groan.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter MANUEL and ZANGA.

ZANGA.

IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain
 For wretched Carlos: 'tis but human in you.
 But when arriv'd your dismal news?

Man. This hour.*Zan.* What, not a vessel sav'd?*Man.* All, all, the storm

Devour'd; and now, o'er his late envy'd fortune,
 The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
 Triumphant in his ruin.

Zan. Is Alvarez

Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?

That treasure was on shore; must that too join
 The common wreck?

Man. Alvarez pleads indeed,
 That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,
 And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
 When he concurr'd: The tempest broke the match,
 And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold:
 The love of gold is double in the heart;
 The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?

Man. Like a man,
 Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
 And reasons best a human head can reason,

Zan.

Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?

Man. Never to see his Leonora more;
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.

Zan. Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstasy
By Don Alonzo?

Man. Yes, at first; but soon

A damp came o'er him; it would kill his friend.

Zan. Not if his friend consented; and since now
He can't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet to ask it

Has something shocking to a generous mind;

At least Alonzo's spirit startles at it.

Wide is the distance between our despair,

And giving up a mistress to another.

But I must leave you. Carlos wants support

In his severe affliction.

[Exit Manuel.

Zan. Ha! it dawns——

It rises to me like a new-found world

To mariners long time distress'd at sea,

Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent;—

Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,

Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg'd off:

But I shall finish it—Ho! Isabella!

[Enter Isabella.

I thought of dying; better things come forward;

Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,

With all her snakes erect upon her crest,

She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.

When, Isabel, arriv'd Don Carlos here?

Isa. Two nights ago.

Zan. That was the very night

Before the battle—Memory, set down that;

Is has the essence of a crocodile,

Though yet but in the shell—I'll give it birth—

What time did he return?

Isa. At midnight.

Zan. So——

Say, did he see, that night, his Leonora?

Isa. No, my good lord.

Zan. No matter——Tell me, woman,
Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious;

Honest than subtle ; above fraud himself ;
Slow therefore to suspect it in another ?

Isa. You best can judge ; but so the world thinks of him.

Zan. Why that is well——Go fetch my tablets hither.
[*Exit Isabella.*]

Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me :
He smil'd, a joy then little understood——
It must be so——and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

[*Re-enter Isabella with the tablets. Zanga writes, then reads as to himself.*]

Thus it stands——
'The father's fixt——Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave——If he did,
He might not gain——It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, though we must bear them——
Were it not then a master-piece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant——then, from that very grant,
'The strongest proof of friendship man can give
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace ?——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal :
It is the Hydra of calamities :
'The seven fold death : The jealous are the damn'd.
O jealousy, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul !
Thou king of torments ! thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire !

Isa. Alonzo comes this way.

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw——Ye subtle demons, which reside

[*Exit Isabella.*]

In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
'That little engin'ry, more mischievous
'Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
'Teach me to look a lie ; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour,

Enter

Enter ALONZO.

My lord, I give you joy.

Alon. Of what good Zanga?

Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?

Alon. What will become of Carlos?

Zan. He's your friend;

And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.

Alon. Alas! thou little know'st the force of love;
Love reigns a sultan with unrivall'd sway,
Puts all relations, friendship's self, to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials: for myself
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then!

Alon. Not instantly:

Insult his broken heart the very moment!

Zan. I understand you; but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd?

Alon. Am I to blame for that?

Zan. My lord, I love

Your very errors; they are born from virtue:
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead your blindness to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?
'Twas the same cause; the love of wealth: To-morrow
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;
A higher bidder is a better friend:
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend's gone you'll wed; why then the cause
Which gives you Leonora now, will cease.
Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,
Why then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him—
'Tis well: he is disturb'd; it makes him pause. [*Aside,*

Alon. I think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,
His goodness will consent that I should wed her?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it; and for me to ask it of him!

Zan.

Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend :
Who was it gave him liberty and life ?

Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it :
Were I stranger, I could freely speak :
In me, it so resembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.

Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang or not ?
It hurts not me, my lord but as I love you ;
Warmly as you, I wish Don Carlos well ;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend :
There all the difference lies between us two :
In me, my lord, you hear another self,
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors, which though caus'd by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain.——
Don Copex of Castile would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the name ! What sacrifice the fair
To age and illness, because set in gold ?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me :
I have not seen him since his sore affliction ;
But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear :
How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already.

[Exit Alonzo.]

Zan. Half my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speaks with him.

[He gives a message to a servant, then returns.]
Proud, hated Spain ! oft drench'd in Moorish blood :
Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee ?
Shake not thy tow'rs where'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer ?
Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
Look down, O holy prophet ! see me torture
This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law ;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee !
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below ?
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms.——
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter Don CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day, For

For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy, but the very fool,
Or very wise; and I want fool enough,
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last. [Sigs.
Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
Against their conscience! And this we know:
Yet knowing, disbelieve; and try again
What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction:
Each new experience gives the former credit,
And reverend gray Threescore is but a voucher,
That Thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: But are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel:
'Tis fix'd; 'tis past; 'tis absolute despair.

Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender,
By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.

Car. I unders:and you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do:
Yet he has other thoughts.

Car. What canst thou mean?

Zan. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour,
A stranger from a stranger might request;
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him:
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.

Car. I pray be plain; his happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to death; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid,
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask
In perfect tenderness: I urg'd him to it,
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her;
I wrung a promise from him he would try;
And now I come a mutual friend to both,

Without

Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha! If he weds, I am undone indeed:
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas! my lord, you know his heart is steel:
'Tis fix'd! 'tis past! 'Tis absolute despair.

Car. O cruel heav'n! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more?
Say, is it not enough that I must die:
But must I be tormented in the grave?
Ask my consent?—Must I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?
O! Leonora! never, never, never!

Zan. [*Aside.*] A storm of plagues upon him! He refuses.

Car. What! wed her!—and to-day?

Zan. To-day, or never:
To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you;
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.

Car. O torment! whither shall I turn?

Zan. To peace.

Car. Which is the way?

Zan. His happiness is yours:
I dare not disbelieve you.

Car. Kill my friend!
Or worse! Alas! and can there be a worse?
A worse there is! nor can my nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful task,
I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning,
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.——

Car. Thou dost upbraid me,

Zan. No, my good lord; but since you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have dy'd, as now; but not by your decree.

Car. By my decree! Do I decree his death
I do——Shall I then lead her to his arms?

O! which side shall I take? be stabb'd? or stab?
'Tis equal death, a choice of agonies.——

Ah,

Ah, no! all other agonies are ease.
To one——O Leonora!—Never, never!
Go, Zanga, go; defer the dreadful trial,
Though but a day; something perchance may happen
To soften all to friendship and to love:
Go; stop my friend: let me not see him now;
But save us from an interview of death.

Zan. My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you——
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper! [Aside.
Exit Zanga.

Car. What is this world?—Thy school, O misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Though deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain at least from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely—should I live——
Live long—Alas! there is no length in time;
Not in thy time, O man! What's fourscore years?
Nay, what indeed the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
Away then. To a mind resolv'd and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me,
Yet Leonora——She can make time long;
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine;
While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surpris'd to hear that I grew old;
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain.
And ev'ry moment is an age of pain.

As he is going out, enter ZANGA and ALONZO, ZANGA stops
CARLOS.

Zan. Is this Don Carlos? This the boasted friend?
How can you turn your back upon his sadness?
Look on him; and then leave him, if you can.
Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:
This moment he *could* wed without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield, nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [Going to him and taking his hand.
Alon.

Alon. O Carlos!

Car. Pray, forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?

Alonzo! who perhaps in some degree

Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?

I was deputed guardian of thy love;

But, O! I lov'd myself. Pounce down, *Afflictions!*

On this devoted head; make me your mark;

And be the world by my example taught;

How sacred it should hold the name of friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly; well I know
The only cause of my severe affliction.

Alvarez, curs'd Alvarez——So much anguish,

Felt for so small a failure, is one merit

Which faultless virtue wants. The crime was mine,

Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail;

Though well I know that dreadful post of honour

I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear

Those eyes unhurt? The wounds myself have felt,

Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee;

They plead in thy excuse; for I too strove

To shun those fires, and found 'twas not in man.

Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,

And soften all; but think not you deceive me:

I know my guilt; and I implore your pardon,

As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

Car. Pardon for him who, but this morning, threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd

In ceaseless tears, and blushing with her love?

Who, like a rose leaf, wet with morning dew.

Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there?

But 'twas in thee, through fondness to thy friend,

To shut thy bosom against ecstasies;

For which, whilst this pulse beats, it beats to thee;

Whilst this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo;

And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

Zan. [*To Alonzo*] My lord, my lord, this is your time
to speak. [*the worst*]

Alon. *To Zanga.*] Because he's kind? It therefore is
For 'tis his kindness which I fear to hurt;

Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,

And me providing for a flood of joys,

Rich in the plunder of his happiness?

No; I may die; but I can never speak.

[it;

Car. [*Aside.*] Now, now it comes! they are concerting
The first word strikes me dead.—O Leonora!

And shall another taste her fragrant breath?

Who knows what after-time may bring to pass?

Fathers may change, and I may wed her still.

Alon. [*To Zanga.*] Do I not see him quite possess'd
with anguish,

Which, like a demon, writhes him to and fro;

And shall I pour in new? No, fond desire;

No, love! One pang at parting, and farewell:

I have no other love but Carlos now.

Car. Alas, my friend! why, with such eager grasps,
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek?

Alon. If, after death, our forms (as some believe)

Shall be transparent, naked every thought,

And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,

'Thou'lt know, one day, that thou wast held most dear.

Farewel.

Car. Alonzo, stay—He cannot speak— [*Holds him.*

Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?

And lose in glory, as I lose in love?

[*Aside.*

I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,

You think so meanly of me, not to speak,

When, well I know, your heart is near to bursting.

Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?

Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

Alon. There, there it is, my friend; it cuts me there.

How dreadful is it, to a generous mind,

To ask, when sure it cannot be deny'd!

Car. How greatly thought! In all he tow'rs above me.

[*Aside.*

Then you confess you would ask something of me.

Alon. No on my soul.

Zan. [*To Alonzo.*] Then lose her.

Car. Glorious spirit!

Why, what a pang has he run through for this!

By heaven, I envy him his agonies.

Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,

Of starting at one action from below,

And flaming up into consummate greatness?

Ha! Angels strengthen me! It shall be so—

I can't want strength. Great actions, once conceiv'd,

OL. II.

S

Strengthen

Strengthen like wine, and animate the soul;
And call themselves to being. [*Aside.*] My Alonzo!
Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

Alon. What means my Carlos?

Car. Pray observe me well:

Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart;
And, plucking up my love they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too; for they were twin'd together:
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewel my happiness;
But, O my soul! with care provide for hers:
In life, how weak, how helpless, is a woman!
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded, while she plucks the rose;
So properly the object of affliction,
That heav'n is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowery with the fair;
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine;
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms—Do this; and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd:
But have a care; nor think I can be pleas'd
With any thing that lays in pains for thee:
Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.

Car. My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,
And at my eye pleasure looks out in smiles.

Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

Car. I do not part with her; I give her thee.

Alon. O Carlos!

Car. Don't distrust me; I'm sincere;
Nor is it more than simple justice in me:
This morn didst thou resign her for my sake;
I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;
Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.

Alon. Ah! how?—But think not words were ever made
For such occasions: Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence: I'll seek relief
In absence from the pain of so much goodness;

There

There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee. *[Exit.]*

Zan. *[Aside.]* Thus far success has crown'd my boldest
hope:

My next care is to hasten these new nuptials;
And then my master-works begin to play.
Why that was greatly done, without one sigh, *[To Car.]*
To carry such a glory to its period.

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone; and now
I must unsluice my over-burden'd heart,
And let it flow: I would not grieve my friend
With tears, nor interrupt my great design;
Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of,
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress'd,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'erswell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd,
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound;
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA and ISABELLA.

ZANGA.

O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart;
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount—The spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er inform me——
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it whilst thou may'st;
Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-morrow.
My Isabella!

Isa. What commands my Moor?

S 2

Zan.

Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
 'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
 (To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
 And so prevent all future molestation)
 Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
 This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
 Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
 When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
 That letter, which, in glowing terms, conveys,
 From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
 The most profound acknowledgment of heart,
 For wond'rous transports, which he never knew.
 This is a good subservient artifice,
 To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

Isa. I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
 As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky hand;
 For soon Alonzo found it. I observ'd him
 From out my secret stand: He took it up;
 But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
 When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
 Started, and trembling, dropt it on the ground.
 Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
 Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
 Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again:
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
 But, check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus;
 And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.

Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him;
 At least not mortally.

Zan. At first I thought it so:
 But farther thought informs me otherwise,
 And turns this disappointment to account.
 He more shall credit it, because unseen,
 (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's skill.

Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that, found,
 It may rise up a witness of her love,
 Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
 Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence require
 The I do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit Isa.*
Zan.

Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?—
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him!

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—
I injure her: She wears the face of heav'n.

Zan. [*Aside*] He doubts.

Alon. I dare not look on this again:
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all to pieces.
It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*

Zan. [*Aside.*] Hold there, and woe succeed. He has
descry'd me,
And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.

Alon. Hold, Zanga; turn.

Zan. My lord.

Alon. Shut close the door,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.

Zan. My lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frightened:
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions stings.

Zan. If I do love, my lord!

Alon. Come near me; let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend!)
For I am sick at heart.

Zan. Speak, Sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.

Alon. And is there need
Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!

Zan. I feel them too: Heav'n grant my senses fail me!
I rather would lose them, than have this real.

Alon. Go, take a round through all things in thy
thought,
And find that one; for there is only one
Which could extort my tears; find that, and tell

Thyself my mis'ry, and spare me the pain.

Zan. Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.

Alon. Think, think no more:
It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
I'll tell thee then—I cannot—Yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.

Zan. Speak; ease your heart; its throbs will break
your bosom.

Alon. I am most happy; mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst!—My Leonora's false!

Zan. Save me, my lord.

Alon. My Leonora's false! *[Gives him a letter.]*

Zan. Then heav'n has lost its image here on earth.
*[While Zanga reads the letter, he trembles and shows the
utmost concern.]*

Alon. Good-natur'd man! He makes my pains his own.
I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon. Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. *[Tears the letter.]* Thus perish all that gives A-
lonzo pain.

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more:

'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents; or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword and find the secret here:
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it;
But what good-natur'd tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two; not mine the fame
That will be damn'd, tho' all the world should know it.

Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

Zan. What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?

I know

I know not what ; but rage is our distraction,
And all its words are wind—Yet sure, I think,
I nothing own'd—But grant I did confess,
What is a letter ? Letters may be forg'd.
For heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart :
Some foe to your repose——

Alon. So heav'n look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed ! [*Aside.*]——Our innocence is not our
shield :

They take offence, who have not been offended ;
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair ;
And death is often ambush'd in our smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain,
A letter may be forg'd ; and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that *might* be false—
Think ; have you any other cause to doubt her ?
Away ; you can find none : Resume your spirit,
All's well again.

Alon. O that it were !

Zan. It is ;

For who would credit that, which credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood ?
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd ?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain ?

Alon. O Zanga ! It is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance——

Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance ?——You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense ;——
And, truth to tell it, does not much displease me :
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd,
With some degrees of pain.

Alon. What indiscretion ?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villany.

Alon.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him!—Ha! That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king :
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight ?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly ;
So long an absence, and impatient love——

Alon. In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me :
By heav'n, my wounded soul does bleed afresh ;
'Tis clear as day——For Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death :
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports ? O, it must be so——
Inhuman, by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend !

Zan. You wrong him :
He knew not of your love.

Alon. Ha!——

Zan. [*Aside*] That stings home.

Alon. Indeed he knew not of my treacherous love——
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgment on distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture : Love was first my crime ;
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror !)
Confided all in me. O sacred faith !
How dearly I abide thy violation !

Zan. Were then their loves far gone ?

Alon. The father's will
There bore a total sway ; and he as soon
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my lord ! Then you must pardon me
If I presume to mitigate the crime :
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt ;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd
For his espousals——'Twas a strong temptation.

Alon. Temptation !

Zan.

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.

Alon. One night!

Zan. That time could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By heaven, thou dost insult thy lord.

Temptation! One night gain'd! O stings and death!

And am I then undone? Alas, my Zanga!

And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,

And rescue me one moment from distraction.

Zan. My lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish hope,

And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;

It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun,

Devil! this morning, after three years coldness,

To rush at once into a passion for me!

'Twas time to feign; 'twas time to get another,

When her first fool was sated with her beauties.

Zan. What says my lord? Did Leonora then
Never before disclose her passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three years?

Alon. O never! never!—

Why, Zanga, should'st thou strive? 'Tis all in vain;

Though thy soul labours, it can find no reed

For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down

Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.

Zan. Hold, Sir; I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry
fear,

And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,

Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you

With less reluctance.

Alon. Ha! resign her to me!—

Resign her! Who resign'd her?—Double death!

How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke;

First love her to distraction; then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's enough,

Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?

Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more—

Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her.

By heav'n he ask'd, he courted me, to wed:

I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his request? Are you right sure of
that?—

I fear

I fear the letter was not all a tale.

Alon. A tale ! there's proof equivalent to sight.

Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.

Alon. And so should I ! by heav'n, I think I should.

What, Leonora the divine, by whom

We guess'd at angels ? O ! I'm all confusion.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.

Since bliss and horror, life and death, hang on it,

Go to your chamber ; there maturely weigh

Each circumstance ; consider, above all,

That it is jealousy's peculiar nature

To swell small things to great ; nay, out of nought

To conjure much ; and then to lose its reason

Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all

To be deceiv'd : I fear 'tis doomsday with me ;

And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought heav'n

Borrow'd her form for virtue's self to wear,

To gain her lovers with the sons of men. [Exit Alon.]

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives, underneath my hand, in misery :

He's gone to think ; that is, to be distracted.

Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

Zan. There,

There, Isabella, I outdid myself :

For tearing it, I not secure it only

In its first force, but superadd a new :

For who can now the character examine

To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud ?

And, after tearing it, as loth to show

The foul contents, if I should swear it now

A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me ;

Nay, more would disbelieve, the more I swore.

But is the picture happily dispos'd of ?

Isa. It is.

Zan. That's well—Ah ! what is well ? O pang to
think !

O dire necessity ! Is this my province ?

Whither, my soul, ah ! whither art thou sunk

Beneath thy sphere ? Erewhile, far, far above

Such

Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villany itself, which falls
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread :
Does this become a soldier ? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd ?
My martial glory withers at the thought:
But great my end ; and since there are no other,
These means are just ; they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain ;
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature to attain my end :
Late time shall wonder ; that my joys will raise ;
For wonder is involuntary praise.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO and ZANGA.

ALONZO.

O What a pain to think ! when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,
In which herself is taken ! I am lost !
Poor insect that I am, I am involv'd,
And bury'd in the web myself have wrought
One argument is balanc'd by another,
And reason meets in doubtful fight,
And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy ; but find my wife,
And, to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.

Zan. O forbear !

You totter on the very brink of ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean ?

Zan. [*Aside.*] That will discover all,
And kill my hopes : What can I think or do ?

Alon. What dost thou murmur ?

Zan. Force the secret from her !

What's perjury to such a crime as this !

Will

Will she confess it then? O groundless hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

Alon. No more; I care not:
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

Alon. No; it would cure me of my mortal pangs,
By hatred and contempt: I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord——

Alon. What then?

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on
the rack:

I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it;
Though gone too far, heav'n knows—'Tis I am guilty.
I have took pains, as you I know observ'd,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me.

Zan. I confound myself;
And frankly own, though to my shame I own it,
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

Alon. Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread Sir:
First I must be assur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

Alon. O! 'twill, by heav'n.

Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; But I of this
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me; these tears confess it;
And

And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
 And what amends is now within my pow'r,
 But to confess, expose myself to justice,
 And, as a blessing, claim my punishment?
 Know then, Don Carlos——

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on; I'll have it, though it blast mankind:
 I'll have it all; and instantly—Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. My lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
 And quite undo our joy.

Alon. I'll come, my love:
 Be not our friends deserted by us both;
 I'll follow you this moment.

Leon. My good lord,
 I do observe severity of thought
 Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?

Alon. No; my delight.

Leon. What then employ'd your mind? [me,

Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so heav'n befriend
 As other thought can find no entrance here.

Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nation's cares
 Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
 To drop one thought on me!

Alon. [*He shows the utmost impatience.*] Dost thou then
 prize it?

Leon. Do thou then ask it?

Alon. Know then, to thy comfort,
 Thou hast me all; my throbbing heart is full
 With thee alone; I've thought of nothing else;
 Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
 My life, our friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey.

[*Exit Leonora.*

Alon. Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy?
 If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
 And beauty shall no more belong to heav'n——

Don Carlos did return at dead of night—
 Proceed, good Zanga; so thy tale began.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;
 That night, by chance (ill chance for me!) did I

Command the watch that guards the palace gate;
He told me he had letters for the king,
Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain lied.

Zan. My lord,

I pray forbear—Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I inquir'd; but let him pass,
False to my trust; at least imprudent in it.
Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
As is my custom when the night's serene,
And took a moon-light walk; when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me:
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embrac'd: Anon the man
Arose; and, falling back some paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently awhile; then rush'd at once;
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sigh'd; "O night of ecstasy!
When shall we meet again?"—Don Carlos then
Led Leonora forth.

Alon. O! O my heart! [He sinks into a chair.

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul.
'Tis through his heart; his knees smit one another:
'Tis through his brain; his eye-balls roll in anguish.

[Aside.

My lord, my lord, why will you rack my soul?
Speak to me; let me know that you still live.
Do you not know me, Sir? Pray look upon me:
You think too deeply: I'm your own Zanga,
So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—
Where start you in such fury? Nay, my lord,
For heav'n's sake, sheath your sword! What can this mean?
Fool that I was, to trust you with the secret;
And you unkind, to break your word with me.
O passion for a woman! On the ground?
Where is your boasted courage? Where your scorn,
And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
And chase your love-bred agonies away?
Rise, Sir, for honours sake. Why should the Moors,
Why should the vanquish'd triumph?

Alon. Would to heav'n,

That

That I were lower still! O she was all!
 My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
 All stoop'd to her; my blood was her possession:
 Deep in the secret foldings of my heart,
 She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she;
 But—and no more—set nature in a blaze;
 Give her a fit of jealousy—away——
 To think on't is the torment 'f the damn'd;
 And not to think on't is impossible.
 How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul!
 How bright the eye, that sets it on a flame!
 How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace,
 For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
 How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!—
 How deep, how black, the horror and despair!

Zan. You said; you'd bear it like a man.

Alon. I do.

Am I not most distracted?

Zan. Pray be calm.

Alon. As hurricanes: Be thou assur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo?

Alon. Villain, no:

He dy'd in th' arbour: he was murder'd there:
 I am his demon, though—my wife! my wife!—

Zan. Alas! he weeps:

Alon. Go, dig her grave.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. But that her blood's too hot, I would carouse it
 Around my bridal-board.

Zan. [*Aside.*] And I would pledge thee.

Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray let me think,
 And reason mildly.—Wedded and undone
 Before one night descends—O hasty evil!
 What friend to comfort me in this extreme!
 Where's Carlos? Why is Carlos absent from me?
 Does he know what has happen'd?

Zan. My good lord!

Alon. O depth of horrors! He!—my bosom friend:

Zan. Alas! compose yourself my lord.

Alon. To death.

Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently!
 Give them the vultures; tear them all in pieces!

Zan. [*Aside.*] Most excellent!

Alon. Hark! you can keep a secret.
 In yonder arbour bound with jessamin;
 Who's that! What villain's that? Unhand her—Murder!
 Tear them asunder—Murder—how they grind
 My heart betwixt them!—O let go my heart!
 Yet let it go—*Embracing and embrac'd!*
 O pestilence!—Who let him in? A traitor.

[Goes to stab Zanga: he prevents him.]

Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fail me.

Zan. My lord!

Alon. O villain, villain, most accurs'd!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed!

Zan. Hear me, my lord; your anger will abate;

I knew it not; I saw them in the garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in lovers destin'd for each other;

By heav'n, I thought their meeting innocent.

Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,

'Till after proofs conspir'd to blacken it?

Sad proofs, which came too late; which broke not out
 (Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)

Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it.

In duty and compassion to your peace.

Alon. Live now; be damn'd hereafter; for I want
 thee.

O night of ecstasy!—Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this murder—Let me think—

The jess'min bow'r; 'tis secret and remote:

Go, wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[Exit Zanga.]

How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!

[As he is going out, Enter Leonora.]

When shall we meet again? To-night, in hell.

Ha! I'm surpris'd; I stagger at her charms.

O angel devil!—Shall I stab her now?

No, it shall be as I had first determin'd:

To kill her now were half my vengeance lost.

Then I must now dissemble—if I can.

Leon. My lord, excuse me; see, a second time

I come in embassy from our friends,

Whose joys are languish uninspir'd by you.

Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming

To

To thee, and all——But sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.

Leon. Why sighs my lord?

Alon. I sigh'd not, Leonora.

Leon. I thought you did: Your sighs are mine, my
lord,

And I shall feel them all.

Alon. Do'st flatter me?

Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.

Alon. What rite?

Leon. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

Leon. And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness.
As on the health of virtue.

Alon. Virtue!——Damn——

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heav'n's pay on earth for such great souls as yours:
If fair and innocent, I am your due.

Alon. [*Aside,*] Innocent!

Leon. How!—my lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best life; I must not part with thee:
This hand is mine. O! what a hand is here!
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!

Leon. In tears, my lord?

Alon. What less can speak my joy?

I gaze, and I forget my own existence;
'Tis all a vision; my head swims in heav'n.
Wherefore, O! wherefore, this expence of beauty?
And wherefore? O!——

Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes;
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction.——

Leon. How, my lord! What mean you?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
Or cast me out for ever from your love.

Alon. Art thou concern'd for me?

Leon. My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
I am ill us'd, my lord; I must not bear it.
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here;

[Taking his band.

And I will have it. Am I not your wife?
Have I not just authority to know
That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own?
Lay it before me then; it is my due.
Unkind Alonzo, though I might demand it,
Behold, I kneel! See, Leonora kneels,
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
Tell me the secret: I conjure you tell me.
The bird foregoes the homage of her day;
Alvarez's daughter trembles in the dust;
Speak then; I charge you speak, or I expire,
And lead you with my death. My lord—my lord!

Alon. Ha! ha! ha! *[He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the floor.*

Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with? when I gave my heart
I knew not that all happiness went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love? That maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
Where shall I sigh? Where pour out my complaint?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.

Alon. Go to thy chamber;
I soon will follow: That which now disturbs thee.
Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[Exit Leonora.

O, how like innocence she looks! What, stab her,
And rush into her blood?—I never can;
In her, guilt shines, and nature holds my hand.
How then? Why thus—No more; it is determin'd.

Enter Zanga.

Zan.

Zan. [*Aside.*] I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.

Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting out human nature, and effect it?

Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end,
What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year the year:
Our life is but a chain of many deaths.

Can then death's self be fear'd? Our life much rather:

Life is the desert, life the solitude;

Death joins us to the great majority:

'Tis to be born to Platos and to Cæsars;

'Tis to be great for ever;

'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then to die.

Zan. I think, my lord, you talk of death.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give you joy: then Leonora's dead.

Alon. No, Zanga, no; the greatest guilt is mine:

'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight visit;

Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;

Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love;

These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet

(For which the saints absolve my soul!) did wed.

Zan. Where does this tend?

Alon. To shed a woman's blood

Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious:

But just resentment to myself, bears in it.

A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds:

He who, superior to the checks of nature,

Dares make his life the victim of his reason,]

Does in some sort that reason deify,

And take a flight at heav'n.

Zan. Alas! my lord,

'Tis not your reason, but her beauty, finds

Those arguments, and throws you on your sword:

You cannot close an eye that is so bright;

You cannot strike a breast that is so soft;

That has ten thousand ecstacies in store——

For Carlos?——No, my lord; I mean for you.

Alon. O! through my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee
spare me;

Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord:

I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd, with my heart,
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death:
But, O! her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men; we did not make ourselves:
Farewel then, my best lord, since you must die.
O that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness close these eyes
Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. And is it then unknown?
O grief of heart, to think that thou should ask it!
Sure you distrust the ardent love I bear you,
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—
But it will cut my poor heart through and through
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawless loves:
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him sleep so fast, who else would mar their joys.

Alon. Distraction!—But Don Carlos, well thou know'st,
Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on o her thoughts.

Zan. I'll work him to the murder of his friend—[*Aside.*
Yes, till the fever of his blood returns.
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush, like lightning, to her arms!
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee—
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear,
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,
Their throbbing hearts that juggle one another:
Thank heav'n, these torments will be all my own.

Alon. I'll ease thee of the pain: Let Carlos die;
O'ertake him on the road, see it done.
'Tis my command. [Gives his signet.

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah, Sir, think, think again. Are all men buried
In Carlos' grave? You know not womankind:
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the former;
Another,

Another, and another, and another !
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb !
I am convinc'd ; I must not will not die.

Zan. You cannot die ; nor can you murder her.
What then remains ? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh !

Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good ;
If you forget, the world will call you wise ;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you *very, very kind*.

Alon- Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies ;
Though my arm tremble at the stroke, she dies.

Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd ?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wa's ;
Another slew a sister in just rage ;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel ax a darling son :
Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name !
Yet there is one step left above 'em all,
Above their history, above their fable.
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd——Do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

Alon. 'Tis done——again new transports fire my brain ;
I had forgot it ; 'tis my bridal night :
Friend, give me joy ; we must be gay together :
See that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd
And music gives her elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, then my solemn friends invite ;
From the dark realms of everlasting night ;
Call vengeance, call the furies, call despair ;
And death, our chief-invited guest, be there ;
He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO.

ALONZO.

O PITIFUL! O terrible to sight!
 Poor mangled shade, all cover'd o'er with wounds,
 And so disguis'd with blood! Who murder'd thee?
 Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.
 Ha! Carlos?—Horror! Carlos;—O, away!
 Go to thy grave, or let me sink to mine.
 I cannot bear the sight—What sight?—Where am I?
 There's nothing here—If this was fancy's work,
 She draws a picture strongly. —

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Ha!—You're pale.

Alon. Is Carlos murder'd?

Zan. I obey'd your order.

Six ruffians overtook him on the road;
 He fought as he was wont, and four he slew;
 Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death:
 His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd
 His bones might rest near yours.

Alon. O Zanga! Zanga!—

But I'll not think; for I must act; and thinking
 Would ruin me for action. O the medley
 Of right and wrong! the chaos in my brain!
 He should, and should not die—You should obey,
 And not obey—It is a day of darkness,
 Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
 Where's Leonora, then? Quick, answer me;
 I'm deep in horrors; I'll be deeper still.—
 I find my artifice did take effect,
 And she forgives my late deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your childhood you was wont,
 On any great surprise, but chiefly then,
 When cause of sorrow bore it company,
 To have your passion shake the seat of reason;
 A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er;
 Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death
 (Wisely suppressing by what means he fell;)

And

And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfy'd.

Alon. 'Twas well she was. In our late interview,
My passion so far threw me from my guard,
(Methinks 'tis strange!) that, conscious of her guilt,
She saw not, through its thin disguise, my heart.

Zan. But what design you, Sir; and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it: In the jess'mine bow'r,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her; th' appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight;
And then, with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. *[Exit.*

Zan. Why, get thee gone! Horror and night go with
thee!

Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand;
Go dance around the bow'r and close them in;
And tell them, that I sent you to salute them?
Profane the ground; and for th' ambrosial rose,
And breath of jessamin, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air!
For the sweet nightingale, may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;
May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them!

Exit.

SCENE. *The Bower.*

LEONORA sleeping. Enter ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?
Are you not blasted as I enter in?
Yes: see how every flow'r lets fall its head!
How shudders every leaf without a wind!
How every green is as the ivy pale!

Did

Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?
 Have these sweet echoes ever learnt to groan?
 Joy-giving love-inspiring, holy bow'r!
 Know, in thy fragrant bosom, thou receiv'st
 A—murderer: O! I shall stain thy lilies,
 A horror will usurp the seat of bliss.
 So Lucifer broke into Paradise
 And soon damnation follow'd [*He advances.*] Ha! she
 sleeps——

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
 Then take, my longing eyes your last full gaze.
 O, what a sight is here! How dreadful fair!
 Who would not think that being innocent?
 Where shall I strike? Who strikes her, strikes himself,
 My own life-blood will issue at her wound.
 O my distracted heart!——O cruel heaven!
 To give such charms as those, and then call man,
 Mere man, to be your executioner.
 Was it because it was too hard for you?
 But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more!
 It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.

[*Going, he starts back.*
 Ha! smile again! She dreams of him she loves:
 Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all.

[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*
Leon. My lord, your stay was long; and yonder lull
 Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
 Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

Alon. Ye pow'rs with what an eye she mends the day!
 While they were clos'd, I should have giv'n the blow.

[*Aside.*

O for a last embrace! and then for justice:
 Thus heav'n and I shall both be satisfy'd.

Leon. What says my lord?

Alon. Why this Alonzo says:

If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that
 Does counter-balance travel, danger, pain——
 'Tis heav'n's expedient to make mortals bear
 The light and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

Leon. Alas! my lord, why talk you of the grave?
 Your friend is dead; in friendship you sustain
 A mighty loss; repair it with my love.

Alon.

Alon. Thy love! Thou piece of witchcraft——
wou'd say,

Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadst thou this? Enchantress, tell me where?
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain!
Ev'n now thou swimm'st before me: I shall lose thee:
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,
And shut perfection in so small a ring?
Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
On which the dazzled sight can find no rest;
But drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
For ever, and for ever finds new charms?
But, O those eyes! those murderers! O whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? From heav'n?
Thou did'st; and 'tis religion to adore them.

Leon. My best Alonzo, moderate your thought;
Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! It hurried me away;
But I come home again—and now for justice—
And now for death——It is impossible——
Sure such were made by heav'n guiltless to sin,
Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment [Aside,
I leave her to just heav'n.

[Drops the dagger, and goes off.

Leon. Ha! a dagger!
What dost thou say, thou minister of death?
What dreadful tale dost tell me? Let me think.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. [Aside.] Death to my tow'ring hope! O fall from
high!
My close long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted.
That dagger found will cause her to inquire;
Inquiry will discover all; my hopes
Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost——
Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?—
Where can I fix?—That's something still—'twill breed
Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
Which may perchance grow up to greater evil;
If not, 'tis all I can——It shall be so——

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Leon.

Leon. O Zanga! I am sinking in my fears!
 Alonzo dropt this dagger as he left me;
 And left me in a strange disorder too.
 What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

Zan. Yours, Madam; yours.

Leon. What Zanga, dost thou say?

Zan. Carry your goodness then to such extremes,
 So blinded to the faults of him you love,
 That you perceive not he is jealous?

Leon. Heav'ns!

And yet a thousand things recur that swear it,
 What villain could inspire him with that thought?
 It is not of the growth of his own nature.

Zan. Some villain; who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
 And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours
 Do itself justice, and assert its honour,
 And make him conscious of his stab to virtue.

Leon. Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
 Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
 Why? wherefore? On what shadow of occasion?
 'Tis fascination; 'tis the wrath of heav'n
 For the collected crimes of all his race.
 O how the great man lessens to my thought!
 How could so mean a vice as jealousy,
 Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
 Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
 Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
 I scorn and hate——yet love him, and adore:
 I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
 Till from himself I know it.

[*Exit.*

Zan. This succeeds
 Just to my wish. Now she with violence
 Upbraids him; he, not doubting she is guilty,
 Rages no less; and if on either side
 The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.

Enter ALONZO.

My lord——

Alon. O Zanga! hold thy peace; I am no coward;
 But heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it;
 By the well-being of my soul, I did;
 I'll think of vengeance at another season.

Zan. My lord her guilt——

Alon.

Alon. Perdition on thee, Moor,
 For that one word! Ah! do not rouse that thought;
 I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:
 Away then; let us talk of other things:
 I tell thee, Moor, I love her to distraction:
 If 'tis my shame; why be it so——I love her;
 Nor can I help it: impos'd upon me
 By some superior and resistless pow'r:
 I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
 It shocks my nature like a stroke at heav'n,
 Angels defend her, as if innocent!
 But see, my Leonora comes;—Be gone [Exit Zan.]
[Enter Leonora.]

O seen for ever! yet for ever new!
 The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
 Inflicting wound on wound.

Leon. Alas, my lord!

What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I not cause?

Alon. If love is thy concern,

Thou hast no cause: none ever lov'd like me.

But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,

Which loses so much blood for every tear?

Leon. Is it so tender?

Alon. Is it not? O heav'n!

Doubt of my love? Why I am nothing else;

It quite absorbs my every other passion.

O that this one embrace would last for ever!

Leon. Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?

Could this man e'er design upon my life?

Impossible! I throw away the thought.

[Aside.]

These tears declare how much I taste the joy

Of being folded in your arms and heart;

My universe does lie within that space.

This dagger bore false witness.

[Showing it.]

Alon. Ha! my dagger?

It rouses horrid images: Away,

Away with it, and let us talk of love,

Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion,

And hide us there from every other thought.

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of love,

Leon. Of death.

Alon. As thou lov'st happiness——

Leon. Of murder,

Alon. Rash,

Rash, woman, yet forbear.

Leon. Approve my wrongs?

Alon. Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me:
Stab me, then think it much to hear me groan!

Alon. Heav'ns strike me deaf!

Leon. It well may sting you home.

Alon. Alas! thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain.
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

Leon. Who has most cause? You, or myself? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
What could inspire the thought? We oft'nest judge
From our own hearts: and is yours then so frail;
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true.

Alon. O sex, sex, sex!

[Holding bim.

[Turning on her.

The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!
Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulf
Of agonies, I had block'd up from thought?
I know the cause; thou saw'st me impotent
Erewhile to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me:
But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy woe:
For, since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,
I will be satisfied.

Leon. Be satisfied!

Alon. Yes; thy own mouth shall witness it against thee;
I will be satisfied.

Leon. Of what?

Alon. Of what!

How dar'st thou ask that question? Woman, woman,
Weak, and assur'd at once; thus 'tis for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?
Who told thee I design'd upon thy life?
You found the dagger, but that could not speak;
Nor did I tell thee: Who did tell thee then?

Guilt,

Guilt, conscious guilt.

Leon. This to my face? O heav'n!

Alon. This to thy very soul.

Leon. Thou'rt not in earnest?

Alon. Serious as death.

Leon. Then heav'n have mercy on thee.

Till now, I struggled not to think it true;

I sought conviction, and would not believe it:

And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne:

Thou shalt repent this insult.

[Going.]

Alon. Madam, stay:

Your passion's wise; 'tis a disguise for guilt:

'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;

You and your thousand arts, shall not escape me.

Leon. Arts?

Alon. Arts! Confess; for death is in my hand.

Leon. 'Tis in your words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess;

Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

Leon. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man!

Alon. Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.

Where did I find this picture?

Leon. Ha! Don Carlos?

By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,

That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face?

Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This blow then to thy heart——

[She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.]

Alon. Ho! Zanga! Isabella! Ho! She bleeds!

Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!

Leon. This is the holy way that I would wound thee,
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help: The world to save her!

Leon. Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble

But fix thy terror and amazement right;
 Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
 What hast thou done? Whom censur'd?—Leonora.
 When thou hadst censur'd, thou would'st save her life;
 O inconsistent! Should I live in shame,
 Or stoop to any other means but this,
 'T' assert my virtue! No; she who disputes,
 Admits it possible she might be guilty:
 While aught but truth could be my inducement to it.
 While it might look like an excuse to thee,
 I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence;
 But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound
 Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.

[*Isabella leads out Leonora.*]

Alon. Ha! Was this woman guilty!—and if not—
 How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind heav'n
 'That she prove guilty, or give being end.
 Is that my hope then!—Sure, the sacred dust
 Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.

Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
 When hope itself is blacken'd to despair?
 When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
 In hell a refuge from severer pain. [*Exit Alonzo.*]

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and ven-
 geance?
 Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much;
 And I will not abate a single groan—
 Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too—
 Why be it so—Revenge so truly great
 Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
 Come death, come hell, then; 'tis resolv'd; 'tis done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. 'Ah! Zanga, see me tremble: Has not yet
 Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora—

Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breathe:
 What then? We all must die.

Isa. Alonzo raves;
 And in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
 Attempted on his life: At length, disarm'd,
 He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,

And

And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause,
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga;
For Zanga rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn that truth, which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Be gone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all.
(Exit Isabella.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. O Zanga!

Zan. Do not tremble so: but speak.

Alon. I dare not.

[Falls on him.

Zan. You will drown me with your tears.

Alon. Have I not cause?

Zan. As yet, you have no cause.

Alon. Dost thou too rave?

Zan. Your anguish is to come;
You have been much abus'd.

Alon. Abus'd! By whom?

Zan. To know were little comfort.

Alon. O! t'were much.

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By heav'n. O give him to my fury!

Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you:
Know then, 'twas—I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. For ever.

Thy wife is guiltless; that's one transport to me;
And I, I let thee know it; that's another:
I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;
I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;
I hated; I despis'd; and I destroy.

Alon. Oh!

[Swoons.

Zan. Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow.
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me, with laurels,
Ye spirits, which delight in just revenge:
Let Europe, and her pallid sons, go weep;
Let Africk, and her hundred thrones, rejoice.
O my dear countrymen! look down, and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings:
But this is mercy; this is my indulgence
'Tis peace; 'tis refuge, from my indignation:

I must

must awake him into horrors. Ho!
Alonzo, ho! the Moor is at the gate;
Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
Thou who dost all subdue.

Alon. Inhuman slave!

Zan. Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st
The Moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:
(Eternal wces to him that made me so!)
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
Shines here, to give an awe of one above thee?
When the great Moorish king, Abdalla fell,
Fell by thy hand accus'd, I fought fast by him;
His son, though, through his fondness, in disguise,
Less to expose me to th' ambitious foe.
Ha! Does it wake thee? O'er my father's corse
I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant—But O! What,
What were my wages? Hear not heav'n, nor earth!
My wages were a *blow*;—by heav'n, a *blow*;
Aid from a mortal hand.

Alon. O villain! villain!

Zan. [*Showing a dagger.*] All strife is vain.

Alon. Is thus my love return'd?

Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!
Lay not your young, O mothers! on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nourishment with death.
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying;
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me:
That heav'nly maid, which should have liv'd for ever,
At least have gently slept her soul away;
Whose life should have shut up as ev'ning flow'rs
At the departing sun—was murder'd! murder'd!
O shame! O guilt! O horror! O remorse!
O punishment! Had Satan never fell;
Hell had been made for me—O Leonora!

Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.
Proud from fortunes lofty summit fell;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourn'd;

Heroe

Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows
Cæsars have wept; and I have had—my *blow*:
But 'tis reveng'd; and now my work is done:
Yet, e'er I fall, be it one part of vengeance,
To make ev'n *thee* confess that I am just;
Thou see'st a prince, whose father thou hast slain;
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood;
Whose sacred person, Oh! thou hast profan'd;
Whose reign extinguish'd: What was left to me
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge;
No treasure, but thy tortures, and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the Moor, and they will not despise thee:
If cold white mortals censure this great dead,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well—
Now, fully satisfy'd, I should take leave:
But one thing grieves me: since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

[*As he is going to stab himself, Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, Enter Alvarez, attended. They disarm and seize Zanga. Alonzo puts the dagger in his bosom.*

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
O father!

Alva. O Alonzo!—Isabella,
Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart, |
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As ever flap its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croack'd despair:
Thy wife is dead.

[*Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.*

Alva. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage,
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.

Were

Were I not thus reduc'd, thou wouldst not know,
 That thus reduc'd I dare defy thee still :
 Torture thou may'st ; but thou shalt ne'er despise me :
 The blood will follow, where the knife is driven ;
 The flesh will quiver, where the pincers tear ;
 And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain :
 But these are foreign to the soul : Not mine
 The groans that issue, or the tears that fall ;
 They disobey me ; on the rack I scorn thee,
 As when my fauchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alva. Peace, villain !

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak ;
 And, well I know, thou dar'st not kill me yet ;
 For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo ?

Alva. No one call'd, my son.

Alon. Again !—'tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.

[Shewing the dagger.]

O how I laugh, at all that this can do !
 The wound that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
 Were given before ; I am already dead :

This only marks my body for the grave. *[Stabs himself.]*
 Afric, thou art reveng'd—O Leonora !— *[Dies.]*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave ; my blood is yours ;
 The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all ;
 Let me but look one moment on the dead,
 And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs,

[He goes to Alonzo's body.]

Is this Alonzo ? Where's the haughty mien ?
 Is that the hand which smote me ? Heav'ns, how pale !
 And art thou dead ? So is my enmity :
 I war not with the dust : The great, the proud,
 The conqueror of Afric, was my foe.

A lion preys not upon carcasses.

This was the only method to subdue me :
 Terror and doubt fall on me ; all thy good
 Now blazes ; all thy guilt is in the grave :
 Never had man such funeral applause :
 If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.
 O vengeance ! I have follow'd thee too far,
 And to receive me hell blows all her fires.

[He is borne off.]

Alva.

Alva. Dreadful effect of jealousy! a rage
In which the wise with caution will engage;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where, sway'd by nature, we ourselves deceive;
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart.

Exeunt.



THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Philip, King of Macedon,
Mr Berry.

Perseus, his elder Son, Mr
Mossop.

Demetrius, his younger Son,
Mr Garrick.

Pericles, the Friend of Per-
seus, Mr Blakes.

Antigonus, a Minister of
State, Mr Burton.

Dymas, the King's Favou-
rite, Mr Simpson.

Roman Ambassadors.

Posthumius, Mr Winstone;
Curtius, Mr Mozeen.

WOMEN.

Erixene, the Thracian Prin-
cess, Mrs Bellamy.

Her attendant, Miss Hippis-
ley.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CURTIUS and POSTHUMIUS.

CURTIUS.

THERE'S something of magnificence about us
I have not seen at Rome. But you can tell me.

[*Gazes round.*]

Post. True: Hither sent on former embassies,
I know this splendid court of Macedon,
And haughty Philip, well.

Curt. His pride presumes
To treat us here like subjects, more than Romans,
More than ambassadors, who in our bosoms,
Beat peace and war, and throw him which we please,
As Jove his storm, or sunshine, on his creatures.

Post. This Philip only, since Rome's glory rose,
Preserves its grandeur to the name of king;
Like a bold star, that shows its fires by day,
The Greek, who won the world, was sent before him,
As the gray dawn before the blaze of noon:

Philip

Philip had ne'er been conquer'd but by Rome ;
And what can fame say more of mortal man,

Curt. I know his public character.

Post. It pains me

To turn my thoughts on his domestic state:
There Philip is no god ; but pours his heart.
In ceaseless groans, o'er his contending sons ;
And pays the secret tax of mighty men
To their mortality.

Curt. But whence the strife
Which thus afflicts him.

Post. From this Philip's bed
Two Alexanders spring.

Curt. And but one world ?
'Twill never do.

Post. They both are bright ; but one
Benignly bright, as stars to mariners ;
And one a comet with malignant blaze,
Denouncing ruin.

Curt. You mean Perseus.

Post. True,

The younger son Demetrius, you well know,
Was bred at Rome, our hostage from his father.
Soon after, he was sent ambassador,
When Philip fear'd the thunder of our arms.
Rome's manners won him, and his manners Rome ;
Who granted peace, declaring she forgave,
To his high worth, the conduct of his father.
This gave him all the hearts of Macedon ;
Which join'd to his high patronage from Rome,
Inflames his jealous brother.

Curt. Glows there not
A second brand of enmity

Post. O yes ;
The fair Erixene.

Curt. I've partly heard
Her smother'd story.

Post. Smother'd by the king ;
And wisely too. But thou shalt hear it all.
Not seals of adamant, not mountain's whelm'd
On guilty secrets, can exclude the day,
Long burn'd a fix'd hereditary hate
Between the crowns of Macedon and Thrace ;

The sword by both too much indulg'd in blood.
 Philip, at length, prevail'd : he took, by night,
 The town and palace of his deadly foe ;
 Rush'd through the flames, which he had kindled round
 And slew him, bold in vain : Nor rested there ;
 But, with unkingly cruelty, destroy'd
 Two little sons within their mothers arms ;
 Thus meaning to tread out those sparks of war,
 Which might one day flame up to great revenge.
 The queen, through grief, on her dead sons expir'd.
 One child alone surviv'd : A female infant,
 Amid these horrors, in the cradle smil'd.

Curt. What of that infant ?

Post. Stung with sharp remorse,
 The victor took, and gave her to his queen.
 The child was bred, and honour'd as her own :
 She grew, she bloom'd ; and now her eyes repay
 Her brother's wounds on Philip's rival son's.

Curt. Is then Erixene that Thracian child ?
 How just the gods ! from out that ruin'd house
 He took a brand, to set his own on fire.

Post. To give thee, friend, the whole in miniature ;
 This is the picture of great Philip's court :
 The proud, but melancholy king, on high,
 Majestic sits, like Jove enthron'd in darkness ;
 His sons are as the thunder in his hand ;
 And the fair Thracian princess is a star,
 That sparkles by, and gilds the solemn scene.

[*Shouts heard.*]

'Tis their great day, supreme of all the year,
 The fam'd lustration of their martial powers ;
 Thence for our audience, chosen by the king.
 If he provokes a war, his empire shakes,
 And all her lofty glories nod to ruin.

Curt. Who comes ?

Post. O, that's the jealous elder brother ;
 Irregular in manners, as in form.

Observe the fire, high birth, and empire, kindle !

Curt. He holds his conference with much emotion.

Post. The brothers both can talk ; and, in their turns
 Have borne away the prize of eloquence
 At Athens. Shun his walk : Our own debate
 Is now at hand. We'll seek his lion sire,

Who

Who dares to frown on us his conquerors;
And carries so much monarch on his brow,
As if he'd fright us with the wounds we gave him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PERSEUS and PERICLES.

Pers. 'Tis empire! empire! empire! let that word
Make sacred all I do, or can attempt!
Had I been born a slave, I should affect it:
My nature's fiery, and, of course, aspires.
Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
All end of giving; and procures contempt
Instead of gratitude. An empire lost,
Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.

Peric. But are you sure Demetrius will attempt?

Pers. Why does Rome court him? For his virtues?

No:

To fire him to dominion; to blow up
A civil war; then to support him in it:
He gains the name of king, and Rome the power.

Peric. This is indeed the common art of Rome.

Pers. That source of justice through the wond'ring
world!

His youth and valour second Rome's designs:
The first impels him to presumptuous hope;
The last supports him in it. Then his person!
Thy hand, O nature, has made bold with mine.
Yet more; what words distil from his red lip,
To cull the multitude! and they make kings.
Ten thousand fools, knaves, cowards, lump'd together,
Become all-wise, all-righteous, and all-mighty.
Nor is this all: The foolish Thracian maid
Prefers the boy to me.

Peric. And does that pain you?

Pers. O pericles, to death. It is most true,
Through hate to him, and not through love for her,
I paid my first addresses; but became
The fool I feign'd: My sighs are now sincere.
It smarts; it burns: O that 'twere fiction still!
By heaven, she seems more beauteous than dominion.

Peric. Dominion, and the princess, both are lost,
Unless you gain the king.

Pers. But how to gain him?

Old men love novelties ; the last arriv'd
Still pleases best ; the youngest steals their smiles.

Peric. Dymas alone can work him to his pleasure ;
First in esteem, and keeper of his heart.

Pers. To Dymas thou ; and win him to thy will.
In the mean time I'll seek my double rival ;
Curb his presumption, and erect myself,
In all the dignity of birth, before him.
Whate'er can stir the blood, or sway the mind,
Is now at stake ; and double is the loss,
When an inferior bears away the prize.

Peric. Your brother, dress'd for the solemnity.

Pers. To Dymas fly ! gain him, and think on this :
A prince indebted, is a fortune made. [*Exit Pericles.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How, brother ! unattir'd ! Have you forgot
What pomps are due to this illustrious day ?

Pers. I am no gewgaw, for the throng to gaze at :
Some are design'd by nature but for show ;
The tinsel and the feather of mankind.

Demet. Brother, of that no more : For shame, gird on
Your glitt'ring arms, and look like any Roman.

Pers. No, brother ; let the Romans look like me,
If they're ambitious.—But, I pr'ythee, stand ;
Let me gaze on thee :—No inglorious figure !
More Romano, as it ought to be.

But what is this that dazzles my weak sight ?
There's sunshine in thy beaver.

Demet. 'Tis that helmet
Which Alexander wore at Granicus.

Pers. When he subdu'd the world ? Ha ! is't not so ?
What world hast thou subdu'd ? O, yes ; the fair.
Think'st thou there could in Macedon be found
No brow might suit that golden blaze, but thine !

Demet. I wore it but to grace this sacred day ;
Jar not for trifles.

Pers. Nothing is a trifle
That argues the presumption of the soul.

Demet. 'Tis they presume, who know not to deserve.

Pers. Or who, deserving, scorn superior merit.

Demet. Who combats with a brother, wounds himself :
Wave private wrath, and rush upon the foes

Of

Of Macedonia.

Pers. No; I would not wound
Demetrius' friends!

Demet. Demetrius' friends!

Pers. The Romans.

You copy Hannibal, our great ally.

Say, at what altar was you sworn their foe?

Peace-making brother! Wherefore bring you peace,

But to prevent my glory from the field?

The peace you bring, was meant as war to me.

Demet. Perseus, be bold when danger's all your own:
War now, were war with Philip more than Rome.

Pers. Come, you love peace; that fair cheek hates a
scar;

You that admire the Romans, break the bridge

With Cocles, or with Curtius leap the gulph;

And league not with the vices of our foes.

Demet. What vices?

Pers. With their women, and their wits.

Your idol Lælius; Lælius the polite.

I hear, Sir, you take wing, and mount in metre.

Terence has own'd your aid, your comrade Terence.

Godlike ambition! Terence there, the slave?

Demet. At Athens bred, and to the arts a foe?

Pers. At Athens bred, and borrow arts from Rome?

Demet. Brother, I've done: Let our contention cease:

Our mother shudders at it in her grave:

And how has Philip mourn'd? A dreadful foe,

And awful king; but, O! the tend'rest parent

That ever wept in fondness o'er a child!

Pers. Why, ay; go tell your father; fond'y throw

Your arms around him; stroke him to your purpose,

As you are wont: I boast not so much worth;

I am no picture, by the doating eye

To be survey'd, and hung about his neck.

I fight his battles; that's all I can do.

But if you boast a piety sincere,

One way you may secure your father's peace;

And one alone——Resign Erixene.

Demet. You flatter me, to think her in my power.

We run our fates together; you deserve,

And she can judge; proceed we then like friends,

And he who gains her heart, and gains it fairly,

Let him enjoy his gen'rous rival's too.

Pers. Smooth-speaking, insincere, insulting boy!
Is then my crown usurp'd but half thy crime?
Desist, or, by the gods that smile on blood,
Not thy fine form, nor yet thy boasted peace,
Nor patronizing Rome, nor Philip's tears,
Nor Alexander's helmet, no, nor more,
His radiant form, should it alight in thunder,
And spread its new divinity between us,
Should save a brother from a brother's fury. [*Exit Pers.*

Demet. How's this? The wave ne'er ran thus high before.

Resign thee! yes, Erixene, with life!
Thou in whose eye, so modest and so bright,
Love ever wakes, and keeps a vestal fire,
Ne'er shall I wean my fond, fond heart from thee.
But Perseus warns me to rouse all my pow'rs.
As yet I float in dark uncertainty;
For, though she smiles, I found not her designs.
I'll fly, fall, tremble, weep upon her feet,
And learn (O all ye gods) my final doom!
My father! Ha! and on his brow deep thought,
And pale concern! Kind Heav'n, assuage his sorrows,
Which strike a damp through all my flames of love.

[*Exit.*

Enter KING and ANTIGONUS.

King. Kings of their envy cheat a foolish world;
Fate gives us all in spite, that we alone
Might have the pain of knowing all is nothing;
The seeming means of bliss but heighten woe,
When impotent, to make their promise good:
Hence Kings, at least, bid fairest to be wretched.

Antig. True, Sir; 'tis empty or tormenting all:
The days of life are sisters; all alike;
None just the same; which serve to fool us on
Through blasted hopes, with change of fallacy;
While joy is, like to-morrow, still to come:
Nor ends the fruitless chase, but in the grave.

King. Ay, there Antigonus, this pain will cease,
Which meets me at the banquet; haunts my pillow;
Nor, by the din of arms, is frighted from me.

Conscience, what art thou? Thou tremendous power,
Who

Who dost inhabit us without our leave ;
And art, within ourselves, another self :
A master-self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds ?
Make the past, present ; and the future, frown ?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life ?

Antig. You think too much.

King. I do not think at all :

The gods impose, the gods inflict my thoughts ;
And paint my dreams with images of dead.
Last night, in sleep, I saw the Thracian queen,
And her two murder'd sons. She frown'd upon me,
And pointed at their wounds. How throb'd my heart !
How shook my couch ! And, when the morning came,
The formidable picture still subsisted,
And slowly vanish'd from my waking eye.
I fear some heavy vengeance hangs in air,
And conscious deities infuse these thoughts,
To warn my soul of her approaching doom.
The gods are rigid, when they weigh such deeds
As speak a ruthless heart ; they measure blood
By drops, and bate not one in the repay,
Could infants hurt me ? 'Twas not like a king.

Antig. My lord, I do confess the gods are with us
Stand at our side in ev'ry act of life ;
And on our pillow watch each secret thought ;
Nay, see it in its embryo, yet unborn.
But their wrath ceases, on remorse for guilt ;
And well I know your sorrows touch your sons ;
Nor is it possible but time must quench
Their flaming spirits in a father's tears.

King. Vain comfort ! I this moment overheard
My jarring sons with fury shake my walls.
Ah ! why my curse from those that ought to bless me ?
The queen of Thrace can answer that sad question :
She had two sons ; and so have I.
Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world ; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,

Where

Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

Antig. I own, I think it time your sons receive
A father's awful counsel; or, while here,
Now weary nature calls for kind repose,
Your curtains will be shaken with their broils;
And, when you die, son's blood may stain your tomb.
But other cares demand you now; The Romans.

King. O change of pain! The Romans! Perish Rome!
Thrice happy they, who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storms ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy;
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.
Where are these strangers? First I'll hear their tale;
Then talk in private with my sons.

Antig. But how
Intends my lord to make his peace with Rome?

King. Rome calls me fiery: Let her find me so!

Antig. O Sir, forbear! too late you felt Rome's power,

King. Yes, and that reason stings me more than ever,
To curse, and hate, and hazard all against her.

Antig. Hate her too much to give her battle now;
Nor to your godlike valour owe your ruin.
Greece, Thessaly, Illyrium, Rome has seiz'd;
Your treasures wasted, and your phalanx thinn'd:
Should she proceed, and strike at Macedon,
What would be left of empire?

King. Philip: All.
I'll take my throne. Send in these foreigners.
SCENE *draws, and discovers a magnificent throne, PERSEUS, DEMETRIUS, courtiers, &c. attending. POSTHUMIUS and CURTIUS, the Roman ambassadors, enter. Trumpets sound. The KING ascends the throne.*

Post. Philip of Macedon; so these complaints
Our friends groan out, and you have heard at large,
Rome now expects an answer. She sits judge,
And will have right on earth.

King. *Expects* an answer!
I so shall answer, as becomes a king.

Post. Or more, Sir; as becomes a friend of Rome.

King. Alexander's heir, to rise still higher.
But to the purpose. Thus a king to those
That would make kings, and puff them out at pleasure:

Has

Has Philip done amiss? 'Twas you provok'd him.
 My cities, which deserted in my wars,
 I thought it meet to punish: You deny'd me.
 When I had shook the walls of Marena,
 You pluck'd me thence, and took the taken town:
 Then you sent word I should retire from Greece,
 A conquest at my door, by nature mine;
 And said, Here end thy realm, as ye were gods:
 And gods ye shall be, ere Rome humbles me.
 All this is done; yet Philip is your friend!
 If this buys friendship, where can you find foes?
 In what regard will stern Rome look upon me?
 If as a friend, too precious let her hold
 Her own esteem, to cast a stain on mine.
 If as an enemy, let her proceed,
 And do as she has done; she need no more.

Post. The Romans do no wrong, yet still are men:
 And if to-day an error thwarts their purpose,
 To-morrow sets it right:

Dominion, and the pride that waits on kings,
 (Of which, perhaps, his words too strongly favour)
 Humility to Rome will lead him to it:

She can give more than common kings can govern.

King. Than common kings? Ambassador! remember
 Cannæ—Where first my sword was flash'd with blood.

Demet. [*Aside to the King.*] My lord, forbear.

K. g. And Hannibal still lives.

Post. Because he fled at Capua.

King. There indeed,
 I was not with him.

Post. Therefore he fled alone——

Since thus you treat us,—hear another charge.
 Why here detain you, prisoner of your power,
 His daughter, who was once Rome's good ally,
 The King of Thrace? why is she not restor'd?
 For our next meeting you'll provide an answer.
 What now has pass'd, for his sake we forgive.

[*Pointing to Demetrius.*

But mark this well: There lies some little distance,
 Philip, between a Roman and a king. [*Exeunt Romans.*

King. How say'st, unscathed boaster! This to me!
 With Hannibal I cleft Alpine rocks;
 With Hannibal chok'd Thrasymenè with slaughter:

But

But, O the night of Cannæ's raging field!
 When half the Roman senate lay in blood
 Without our tent, and groan'd as we carous'd!
 Immortal gods! For such another hour!
 Then throw my carcase to the dogs of Rome.

Antig. Sir, you forget your sons.

King. Let all withdraw.

[Exeunt all but the King and his sons.]

Two passions take up all my soul;
 Hatred to Rome, and tenderness for them,
 Draw near, my sons, and listen to my age.
 By what has pass'd, you see the state of things;
 Foreign alliance must a king secure;
 And insolence sustain to serve his power:
 And if alliances with Rome are needful,
 Much more among ourselves. If I must bear
 Unmov'd, an insult from a stranger's brow,
 Shall not a brother bear a brother's look
 Without impatience? Whither all this tends,
 I'm sorry that your conscious hearts can tell you,
 Is it not most severe? Two sons alone
 Have crown'd my bed; and they two are not brothers.
 Look here; and, from my kind regards to you,
 Copy such looks as you should bear each other.
 Why do I sigh? Do you not know, my sons?
 And if you do——O let me sigh no more!
 Let these white hairs put on a claim to peace!

Pers. Henceforth, my sole contention with my brother
 Is this; which best obeys our father's will.

Demet. Father, if simple nature ever speaks
 In her own language, scorning useless words,
 You see her now; she swells into my eyes.
 I take it to my heart; I fold thee in it.

[Embracing Persus.]

Our father bids; and that we drank one milk,
 Is now the smallest motive of my love.

King. Antigonus, the joy their mother felt,
 When they were born, was faint to what I feel.

Demet. See, brother, if he does not weep! His love
 Runs o'er in venerable tears. I'm rude;
 But nature will prevail——My king! my father!

[Embracing.]

Pers. *[Aside.]* Now cannot I let fall a single tear.

King.

King. See ! the good man has caught it too.

Antig. Such tears,
And such alone, be shed in Macedonia !

King. Be not thou, Perseus, jealous of thy brother,
Nor thou, Demetrius, prone to give him cause ;
Nor either think of empire till I'm dead.
You need not ; you reign now ; my heart is yours
Sheath your resentments in your father's peace ;
Come to my bosom both, and swear it there.

[*Embracing his sons.*]

Antig. Look down, ye gods, and change me, if you can,
This sight for one more lovely. What so sweet,
So beautiful, on earth, and, ah ! so rare,
As kindred love, and family repose !
This, this alliance, Rome, will quite undo thee.
See this proud eastern monarchs ! and look pale !
Armies are routed, realms o'er-run by this.

King. Or if leagu'd worlds superior forces bring,
I'd rather die a father, than a king.

Fathers alone, a father's heart can know ;
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love ! But if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war : but 'tis the *father* bleeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Enter PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

WHY loiters my ambassador to Dymas ?
His greatness will not sure presume to scorn
A friendship offer'd from an heir of empire.
But Pericles returns.

Enter PERICLES.

Is Dymas ours ?

Peric. He's cautious, Sir ; he's subtle ; he's a courtier ;
Dymas is now for you, now for your brother ;
For both, and neither : He's a summer insect,
And loves the sunshine : On his gilded wings,
While the scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you ;
And sing his flatteries to both alike :

The

The scales once fix'd, he'll settle on the winner,
And swear his pray'rs drew down the victory——
But what success had you, Sir, with your brother?

Pers. All, all my hopes are at the point of death!
The boy triumphant keeps his hold in love:
He's ever warbling nonsense in her ear,
With all th' intoxication of success.
Darkness encloses me; nor see I light
From any quarter dawn, but from his death.

Peric. Why start at *his* death, who resolves on *yours*?

Pers. Resolves on mine!

Peric. Have you not mark'd the princess?
You have: With what a beam of majesty
Her eye strikes sacred awe it speaks her mind
Exalted, as it is. Whom loves she then?
Demetrius? no: Rome's darling; who, no doubt,
Dares court her with your empire. And shall Perseus
Survive that loss?——Thus he resolves your death.

Pers. Most true. What crime than to strike first? But
how?

Or when? or where? O Pericles! assist me.

Peric. 'Tis dangerous.

Pers. The fitter than for me.

Peric. Wait an occasion that befriends your wishes.

Pers. Go, fool, and teach a cataract to creep!
Can thirst of empire, vengeance, beauty, wait?

Peric. In the mean time, accept a stratagem
That must secure your empire, or your love.
Your brother's Roman friendships galls no less
The king than you: He dreads their consequence.
Dymas hates Rome; and Dymas has a daughter.
How can the king so powerfully fix
Demetrius' faith, as by his marriage there?
For Dymas, thus (Rome's sworn, eternal foe)
Becomes a spy upon his private life,
And surety for his conduct.

Pers. True——But thus
Our art defeats itself. My brother gains
The favourite, and so strengthens in his treason.

Peric. Think you he'll wed her? No; the princess's
eye.

Makes no such short-liv'd conquest. He'll refuse,
And thus effect what I have strove in vain:

Yes

Yes he'll refuse; and Dymas, in his wrath,
Will list for us and vengeance——Then the king
Will, doubtless, much resent his son's refusal;
And thus we kindle the whole court against him.

Pers. My precious friend, I thank thee. I take wing
On ardent hope: I think it cannot fail.
Go, make thy court to Dymas, with this scheme:
Begone—Erixene!—I'll feed her pride [*Looking out.*
Once more; but not expend my breath in vain.
This meeting stamps unalterable fate;
I will wed her, or vengeance.

Enter ERIXENE and DELIA.

O Erixene!

O princess! colder than your Thracian snows?
See Perseus, who ne'er stoop'd but to the gods,
Prostrate before you. Fame and empire sue.
Why have I conquer'd?—Because you are fair.
What's empire?—But a title to adore you.
Why do I number in my lineage high
Heroes and gods?—That you, scarce less divine,
Without a blush may listen to my vows.
My ancestor subdu'd the world. I dare
Beyond his pride, and grasp at more, in you.
Obdurate maid! Or turn, or I expire.

Erix. If love, my lord, is choice, who loves in vain,
Should blame himself alone; and if 'tis fate.
'Tis fate in all: Why then your blame on me?
My crown's precarious, through the chance of war;
But sure my heart's my own. Each villager
Is queen of her affections, and can vent
Her arbitrary sighs where'er she pleases.
Shall then the daughter of a race of kings——

Pers. Madam, you justly blame the chance of war:
The gods have been unkind: I am not so.
No! Perseus comes to counterbalance fate,
Thrace ne'er was conquer'd——If you smile on me——
Silent! obdurate still! as cold as death!
But 'tis Demetrius——

Erix. Prince, I take your meaning.
But, if you truly think his worth prevails,
How strange is your request!

Pers. No, Madam. no;

VOL. II.

Y

Though

Though love has hurt my mind, I still can judge
 What springs the passions of the great controul.
 Ambition is first minister of state;
 Love's but a second in the cabinet;
 Nor can he feather there his unfledg'd shaft
 But from ambition's wing: But you conceive
 More sanguine hopes, from him whom Rome supports,
 Than me. You view Demetrius on my throne;
 And thence he shines indeed. He charms from thence
 Transpierce your soul, enamour'd of *dominion*.

Erix. Why now you show me your profound esteem!
 Demetrius' guilt alone has charms for me:

'Tis not the prince, but traitor, wins my love.——
 Such insults are not brook'd by royal minds,
 Howe'er their fortunes ebb; and though I mourn,
 An orphan and a captive gods there are——
 Fear then an orphan's and a captive's wrong.

Pers. Your cruel treatment of my passion——
 But I'll not talk.—— This Madam; only this——
 Think not the cause, the cursed cause of all,
 Shall laugh secure, and triumph in my pangs?
 No; by the torments of an heart on fire,
 She gluts my vengeance who defrauds my love!

[*Exit.*

Erix. What have I done? In what a whirlwind rage
 Has snatch'd him hence on ill? I frown on Perseus,
 And kill Demetrius.

Delia. Madam, see! the prince.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Erix. Ah, prince! the tempest, which so long has
 lowr'd
 Is now full ripe, and bursting o'er your head.
 This moment Perseus' malice flam'd before me;
 Victorious rage, broke through his wonted guard.
 And menac'd loud your ruin. Fly! O fly
 This instant.

Dem. To what refuge?

Erix. Rome extends
 Her longing arms to clasp you for her own,

Dem. Madam, 'tis prudent; I confess it is:
 But is it loving as true lovers ought,
 To be so very prudent in our love?

I boast

I boast not so much wisdom : I prefer
Death at your feet, before the world without you.

Erix. In danger thus extreme——

Dem. Oh ! most lov'd !

Lov'd you like me, like me would you discern,
That I but execute my brother's purpose
By such a flight. At this his clamour, rage,
And menace aim, to chase a rival hence,
And keep the field alone. Oh ! shall I leave him
To gaze whole days ; to learn to read your eye ;
To study your delights ; to chide the wind's
Too rude approach : to bid the ground be smooth ;
To follow, like your shadow, where you go :
Tread in your steps ; perhaps—to touch your hand.
O death to minister in little things ;
From half a glance to prophecy your will,
And do it, ere well form'd in your own mind ?
Gods ! gods ! while worlds divide me from my princess.
That, should she call, Demetrius might grow old,
Ere he could reach her feet.

Erix. If Perseus' love

Pains you, it pains me more. Is your heart griev'd ?
Mine is tormented : But since Philip's self
Is love's great advocate, a flat refusal
But blows their rage, and hastens your destruction.
Had I not *that* to fear ? were *you* secure !
I'd ease my bosom of its full disdain,
And dash this bold presumer on his birth.
But, see ! the grand procession.

Dem. We must join it.

Enter the KING, PERSEUS, ROMANS, ANTIGONUS, &c.

King. Let the procession halt ! and here be paid,
Before you flaming-altar, thanks to heav'n,
That brings us safe to this auspicious day !
The great lustration of our martial powers,
Which, from its distant birth to present time,
Unfolds the glories of this ancient empire,
And throngs the pride of ages in an hour.

Post. [*Pointing.*] What figure's that, O Philip ! which
precedes ?

King. The founder of our empire, furious son
Of great Alcides. We're ally'd to heav'n ;

Y

And

And you, I think, call Romulus a god ———
 That, Philip, second of our name; and *here*,
 O bend with awe to him, whose red right hand
 Hurl'd proud Darius like a star from heav'n,
 With lesser lights around him, flaming down,
 And bid the laurell'd sons of Macedonia
 Drink their own Ganges.

Pers. [*Aside to Demetrius.*] Give him his helmet, brother.

King. [*To his sons.*] You lead the troops that join in mock encounter;

And in no other may you ever meet!
 But march one way, and drive the world before you.
 The victor as our ancient rites decree,
 Must hold a feast, and triumph in the bowl.

Demet. I long, my lord, to see the charge begin;
 The brandish'd faulchion, on the clashing helm,
 'T' hough but in sport; it is a sport to men.
 Raw Alexander thus began his fame,
 And overthrew Darius, first, at home.
 We'll practice o'er the plans of future conquests,
 While neighbouring nations tremble at our play;
 And own the fault in fortune, not in us,
 That we but want a foe to be immortal.

Pers. You have supply'd my wants: I thank you brother.

King. [*Rising and coming forwards. Music.*]
 How vain all outward effort to supply
 The soul with joy! The noon-tide sun is dark,
 And music discord, when the heart is low.
 Avert its omen! What a damp hangs on me!
 The sprightly tuneful airs but skim along
 The surface of my soul, not enter there;
 She does not dance to this enchanting sound.
 How, like a broken instrument, beneath
 The skilful touch, my joyless heart lies dead!
 Nor answers to the master's hand divine!

Antig. When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
 Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
 At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
 Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
 In the chill blasts of winter they expire.

This

This is the common lot. Have comfort then :
Your grief will damp the triumph.

King. It is over.

Hear too ; the trumpet calls us to the field,
And now this phantom of a fight begins.
Fair princess, you and I will go together.
As Priam and bright Helen did of old,
To view the war. Your eyes will make them bolder,
And raise the price of victory itself.

[All go out but Perseus, who has observed Demetrius and Erixene all this time conversing, and stays behind thoughtful and disturbed.]

Pers. Before my face she feeds him with her smiles ;
The king looks on, nor disapproves the crime ;
And the boy takes them as not due to me,
Without remorse, as happy as she'll make him.
Perish all three ! I'll seek allies elsewhere ;
Father and brother, nay, a mistress too.
Destruction rise ! Though thou art black as night
Thy mother, and as hideous as *despair* ;
I'll clasp thee thus, nor think of woman more.
How the boy doats, and drinks in at his eyes
Her poison ! O to stab him in her arms !
And yet do less than they have done to me.

Enter PERICLES.

Peric. Where is my prince ? The nation's on the wing !
No bosom but exults ; no hand but bears
A garland or a trophy : And shall Perseus——

Pers. Vengeance !

[Shouts within.]

Peric. Hear how with shouts they rend the skies !

Pers. Give me my vengeance !

Peric. Forty thousand men.

In polish'd armour, shine against the sun.

Pers. Dare but another word, and not of vengeance,
And I will use thee, as I wou'd—my brother.

Peric. Vengeance ! on whom !

Pers. On him.

Peric. What vengeance ?

Pers. Blood.

Peric. 'Tis yours.

Pers. What god will give it me ?

Peric. Your own right hand.

Pers. I dare not—for my father.

Peric. You shall dare.

Pers. Shalt thou dare give encouragement to Perseus?
Unfold the purpose: I'll outshoot the mark.

Peric. Where are you going?

Pers. To the mock encounter.

Peric. What more like mock encounter than the true?

Pers. Enough—He's dead! 'Twas accident; 'twas error:

No matter what. Ten thousand share the blame.

Peric. Hold, Sir! I had forgot!

The troops are search'd; and foils alone are worn,
Instead of swords.

Pers. An osier were enough.

Who pains my heart, plants thunder in my hand.

Peric. But should this fail——

Pers. Impossible!

Peric. But, should it,

The banquet follows.

Pers. Poison in his wine.

I thank the gods! my spirits are reviv'd!

I draw immortal vigour from that bowl!

Peric. Nay, should both fail, the field and banquet too,
All fails not; fairer hopes to fair succeed:

For know, my lord, the king receiv'd with joy

The marriage scheme, and sent for Dymas' daughter.

Pers. Then there's a second bowl of poison for him.

Peric. Yet more: This ev'ning those ambassadors,
Which Philip sent to Rome, beneath the name
Of public business, but, in truth, to learn
Your brother's conduct, are expected home.

Pers. Those whom I swore, before they parted hence,
In dreadful sacraments of wine and blood,
To bring back such reports as shou'd destroy him:
And what if to complete our secret plan,
We feign a letter from his friend the counsul,
To strengthen our ambassadors' report?

Peric. That care, my lord, be mine: I know a knave,
Grown fat on forgery; he'll counterfeit
Old Quintius' hand and seal, by former letters
Sent to the king; which you can gain with ease.

Pers. Observe—This morning, at their interview,

The

The Romans, in effect, inform'd the king,
That Thrace was theirs, and order'd him restore
The princess. This will give him much air of truth,
If our forg'd letters say the Romans crown
Demetrius king of Thrace, and promise more.

Peric. My lord it shall be done.

Pers. All cannot fail.

[*Trumpets.*

Peric. The trumpets sound ; the troops are mounted.

Pers. Vengeance !

Sweet vengeance calls : Nor ever call'd a god
Such swift obedience : Like the rapid wheel,
I kindle in the course ; I'm there already ;
Snatch the bright weapon : bound into my seat ;
Strike ; triumph ; see him gasping on the ground,
And life, love, empire, springing from his wound.
When godlike ends by means unjust succeed,
The great result adorns the daring deed.
Virtue's a shackle under fair disguise,
To fetter fools, while we bear off the prize. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PERSEUS.

PERSEUS.

COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated. To strike home,
In both, is prudence : Guilt, begun, must fly
To guilt consummate, to be safe.

Enter PERICLES.

Peric. My lord——

Pers. Disturb not my devotions ; they decline
The beaten tract, the path common of pray'r——
Ye pow'rs of darkness ! that rejoice in ill ;
All sworn by Styx, with pestilential blasts
To wither every virtue in the bud ;
To keep the door of dark conspiracy,
And snuff the grateful fumes of human blood !
From sulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
Or your black ebon thrones, auspicious rise ;
And bursting through the barriers of this world,

Stand

Stand in dread contract to the golden sun ;
 'Fright day-light hence with your infernal smiles,
 And howl aloud your formidable joy,
 While I transport you with the fair record
 Of what your faithful minister has done,
 Beyond your inspiration, self-impell'd,
 To spread your empire, and secure his own.
 Hear, and applaud.———Now, Pericles ! proceed :
 Speak ; is the letter forg'd ?

Peric. This moment ; and might cheat
 The cunning eye of jealousy itself.

Pers. 'Tis well : Art thou apprisd of what hath past
 Since last we parted ?

Peric. No, my lord.

Pers. Then rouse

'Thy whole attention : Here we are in private :
 Know then, my Pericles, the mock encounter
 I turn'd, as taught by thee, to real rage.
 But blasted be the cowards which I led !
 They trembled at a boy.

Peric. Ha !

Pers. Mark me well :

The villains fled : but soon my prudence turn'd
 To good account that momentary shame.
 Thus———I pretended 'twas voluntary flight
 To save a brother's blood ; accusing him
 As author of that conflict I declin'd,
 And he pursu'd with ardour and success.

Peric. That's artful. What ensu'd ?

Pers. The banquet follow'd,
 Held by the victor, as our rites require :
 To which his easy nature, soon appeas'd,
 Invited me. I went not ; but sent spies
 To learn what pass'd ; which spies, by chance detected,
 (Observe me) were ill-us'd.

Peric. By whom ? your brother ?

Pers. No ; by his sons of riot. He soon after,
 Not knowing that my servants were abus'd,
 Kind, and gay-hearted, came to visit me.
 They, who misus'd my spies, for self defence,
 Conceal'd their arms beneath the robes of peace.
 Of this inform'd, again my genius serv'd me———

Peric.

Peric. You took occasion, from these few in arms
To charge a murderous assault on all.

Pers. True, Pericles: but mark my whole address;
Against my brother swift I bar my gates;
Fly to my father; and, with artful tears,
Accuse Demetrius; *first* of turning sports,
And guiltless exercise, to mortal rage;
Then, of inviting me (still blacker guilt!)
To smiling death in an envenom'd bowl;
And, *last*, that both these failing, mad with rage,
He threw his schemes of baffled art aside,
And with arm'd men avow'dly sought my life.

Peric. Three startling articles, and well concerted,
Following each other in an easy train,
With fair similitude of truth! But, Sir,
How bore your father?

Pers. Oh! he shook! he fell!
Nor was his fleeting soul recall'd with ease.

Peric. What said he when recover'd?

Pers. His resolve
I know not yet; but, see, his minion comes;
And comes perhaps to tell me—But I'll go;
Sustain my part, and echo loud my wrongs.
Nought so like innocence, as perfect guilt.
If he brings aught of moment, you'll inform me.

[*As Perseus goes off, he is seiz'd by officers.*]

Enter DYMAS.

Peric. How fares the king?

Dym. Ev'n as an aged oak
Push'd to and fro, the labour of the storm;
Whose largest branches are struck off by thunder;
Yet still he lives, and on the mountain groans;
Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
And more rever'd in ruin, than in glory.

Peric. I hear prince Perseus has accus'd his brother.

Dym. True: and the king's commands are now gone
forth
To throw them both in chains; for farther thought
Makes Philip doubt the truth of Perseus' charge.

Peric. What then is his design?

Dym. They both this hour
Must plead their cause before him: Nay, already,

His

His nobles, judges, counsellors, are met;
 And public justice wears her sternest form:
 A more momentous trial ne'er was known;
 Whether the pleaders you survey as brothers,
 Or princes known in arts, or fam'd for arms;
 Whether you ponder, in their awful judge,
 The tender parent, or the mighty king.
 Greece, Athens hears the cause: The great result
 Is life, or death; is infamy or fame. [Trumpets.

Peric. What trumpets these?

Dym. They summon to the court. [Exeunt.

SCENE draws; the Court, King, &c.

Enter DYMAS, and takes his place by the King.

King. Bring forth the prisoners.
 Strange trial this! here sit I to debate,
 Which vital limb to lop, nor that to save,
 But render wretched life more wretched still.
 What see I, but heav'n's vengeance in my sons?
 Their guilt a scourge for mine. 'Tis thus heav'n writes
 Its awful meaning, plain in human deeds,
 And language leaves to man.

Enter PERSEUS and DEMETRIUS, in chains, from different sides of the stage; Perseus followed by Pericles, and Demetrius by Antigonus.

Dym. Dread Sir, your sons.

King. I have no sons; and that I ever had,
 Is now my heaviest curse: And yet what care,
 What pains, I took to curb their rising rage!
 How often have I rang'd through history
 To find examples for their private use?
 The Theban brothers did I set before them——
 What blood! what desolation! but in vain!
 For thee, Demetrius, did I go to Rome,
 And bring the patterns thence of brother's love;
 The Quintii, and the Scipio's: but in vain!
 If I'm a monarch, where is your obedience?
 If I'm a father, where's your duty to me?
 If old, your veneration due to years?
 But I have wept, and you have sworn in vain!

I had

I bad your ear, and enmity your heart.
How was this morning's counsel thrown away!
How happy is your mother in the grave!
She, when she bore you, suffer'd less: Her pangs,
Her pungent pangs, throb through the father's heart.

Demet. You can't condemn me, Sir, to worse than this.

King. Than what, thou young deceiver? While I live,
You both with impious wishes grasp my sceptre:
Nothing is sacred, nothing dear, but empire:
Brother, nor father, can you bear; fierce lust
Of empire burns, extinguish'd all beside.
Why pant you for it? To give others awe?
Be therefore aw'd yourselves; and tremble at it,
While in a father's hand.

Dym. My lord, your warmth
Defers the business.

King. Am I then too warm?
They that should shelter me from ev'ry blast,
To be themselves the storm! O! how Rome Triumphs!
Oh! how they bring this hoary head to shame!
Conquest and fame, the labour of my life,
Now turn against me; and call in the world
To gaze at what *was* Philip, but who now
Wants ev'n the wretch's privilege—a wish.
What can I wish? Demetrius may be guiltless,
What then is Perseus? Judgement hangs as yet
Doubtful o'er them; but I am condemn'd already;
For both are mine; and one—is foul as hell.
Should these two hands wage war, (these hands less dear!)
What boots it which prevails? In both I bleed.
But I have done. Speak, Perseus, and at large;
You'll have no second hearing. Thou forbear.

[*To Demetrius.*]

Pers. Speak!—'Twas with utmost struggle I forbore.
These chains were scarce design'd to reach my tongue;
Their trespass is sufficient stopping here.

[*Showing his arm.*]

These chains! for what? Are chains for innocence;
Not so; for see Demetrius wears them too.
Fool that I was, to tremble at vain laws;
Nor learn from him defiance of their frown:
Since innocence and guilt are us'd alike;
Blood-thirsty stabbers, and their destin'd prey;

Perseus,

Perseus, and he—I will not call him brother:

[*Pointing at Demetrius.*]

He wants not that enhancement of his guilt.

King. But closer to the point, and lay before us

Your whole deportment this ill-fated day.

Pers. Scarce was he cool from that embrace this morning

Which you enjoin'd, and I sincerely gave;

Nor thought he plann'd my death within my arms;

When, holding vile oaths, honour, duty, love,

He fir'd our friendly sports to martial rage.

If war, why not *fair* war? But *that* has danger.

From hostile conflict, as from brothers play,

He blush'd not to invite me to his banquet.

I went not; and in that was I to blame?

Think you, there nothing had been found but peace,

From whence soon after sallied armed men?

Think you I nothing had to fear from swords,

When from their *foils* I scarce escap'd with life!

Or poison might *his* valours suit as well;—

This pass'd, as suits *his* wisdom, Macedonians!

Who volts o'er elder brothers to a throne.

With an arm'd rout he came to visit me

Did I refuse to go, a bidden guest?

And should I welcome him, a threat'ning foe?

Resenting my refusal; boiling for revenge!

Demet. 'Tis false.

Antig. Forbear.—The king!

Pers. Had I received them,

You now had mourn'd my death, not heard my cause.—

Dares he deny he brought an armed throng?

Call those I name; who dare this deed, dare all;

Yet will not dare deny, that this is true.

My death alone could yield a stronger proof;

Will not less proof than *that* content a father?

Peric. Perseus, you see, has art, as well as fire:

Nor have the wars worn Athens from his tongue.

Pers. Let him, who seeks to bathe in brothers blood,

Not find well-pleas'd the fountain whence it flow'd:

Let him, who shudders at a brothers knife,

Find refuge in the bosom of a father:

For where else can I fly? whom else implore?

I have no Romans, with their eagle wings,

To shelter me; Demetrius borrows those,

To

To mount full rebel-high : I have their hatred :
And, thanks to heav'n ! *deserve* it : Good Demetrius
Can see your towns and kingdoms torn away
By these *protectors* ; and ne'er lose his temper.
My weakness ! I confess, it makes me rave ;
It makes me weep——and my tears rarely flow.

Peric. Was ever stronger proof of filial love ?

Pers. Vain are Rome's hopes, while you and I survive ;
But should the sword take me, and age my father,
(Heav'n grant they *leave* him to the stroke of age !)
The kingdom, and the king, are both their own ;
A duteous loyal king, a sceptred slave,
A willing Macedonian slave to Rome.

King. First let an earthquake swallow Macedonia.

Pers. How, at such news, would Hannibal rejoice !
How the great shade of Alexander smile !
The thought quite chokes me up : I can no more.

King. Proceed !

Pers. No, Sir—Why have I spoke at all ?
'Twas needless : Philip justifies my charge ;
Philip's the single witness which I call,
To prove Demetrius guilty.

King. What dost mean ?

Pers. What mean I, Sir ! what mean I !—To run mad ;
For who, unshaken both in heart and brain,
Can recollect it ?

King. What ?

Pers. This morning's insult.

This morning they proclaim'd him Philip's king ;
This morning they forgave you for his sake,
O pardon, pardon !—I could strike him dead.

King. More temper.

Pers. Not more truth ; that cannot be !
And that it cannot, one proof can't escape you ;
For what but truth could make me, Sir, so bold ?
Rome puts forth all her strength to crown her minion.
Demetrius' vices, thriving of themselves,
Her fulsome flatt'ries dung to ranker growth.
Demetrius is the burden of her song ;
Each river, hill, and dale, has learnt his name ;
While elder Perseus in a whisper dies.
Demetrius treats ; Demetrius gives us peace ;
Demetrius is our god, and *would* be so——

My sight is short : Look on him, you that can :
 What sage experience sits upon his brow,
 What awful marks of wisdom, who vouchsafes
 To patronize a father, and a king ?
 Such patronage is treason.

King. Treason ! Death !

Pers. Nor let the ties of blood bind up the hands
 Of justice ; nature's ties are broke already :
 For who contend before you ?—Your two sons ?
 No ; read aright ; 'tis Macedon and Rome.
 A well-mask'd foreigner, and your——*only* son,
 Guard of your life, and——exile of your love.
 Now bear me to my dungeon : What so fit
 As darkness, chains and death, for such a traitor ?

King. Speak Demetrius.

Antig. My lord, he cannot speak ; except his tears—
 Instead of words,

Pers. His tears are false as they——
 Now, with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
 More graceful action, and a smoother tone,
 That orator of fable, and fair face,
 Will steel on your brib'd hearts, and, as you listen,
 Plain truth, and I, plain Perseus, are forgot.

Demet. My father ! king ! and judge ! thrice awful
 Your son, your subject, and your prisoner, hear : [power !
 Thrice humble state ! If I have grace of speech,
 (Which gives, it seems, offence) be that no crime
 Which oft has serv'd my country, and my king :
 Nor in my brother let it pass for virtue,
 That, as he is, ungracious he would seem :
 For, oh ! he wants not art, though grace may fail him :
 The wonted aids of those that are accus'd,
 Has my accuser seiz'd. He shed false tears,
 That my true sorrows might suspected flow ;
 He seeks *my* life, and calls *me* Murderer ;
 And vows no refuge can *be* find on earth,
 'T hat *I* may want it in a father's arms ;
 Those arms, to which e'en strangers fly for safety.

King. Speak to your charge.

Demet. He charges me with treason :
 If I'm a traitor, if I league with Rome,
 Why did his zeal forbear me till this hour ?
 Was treason then no crime, till (as he feigns)

I sought

I sought his life? Dares Perseus hold so much,
His fathers welfare cheaper than his own?
Less cause have I, a brother, to complain.
He says, I wade for empire through his blood:
He says, I place my confidence in Rome:
Why murder him, if Rome will crown my brow?
Will then a sceptre dipp'd in brothers blood,
Conciliate love, and make my reign secure?
False are both charges; and he proves them false,
By placing them together.

Antig. That's well urg'd.

Demet. Mark Sir, how Perseus, unawares, absolves me
From guilt in all, by loading all with guilt.
Did I design him poison at my feast?
Why then did I provoke him in the field?
That, as he did, he might refuse to come?
When angry he refus'd, I should have sooth'd
His rous'd resentment and defer'd the blow;
Not destin'd him that moment to my sword,
Which I before instructed him to shun.
Through fear of death, did he decline my banquet?
Could I expect admittance then at his?
These numerous pleas at variance, overthrow
Each other, and are advocates for me.

Pers. No, Sir: Posthumius is his advocate.

King. Art thou afraid that I should hear him out?

Demet. Quit then this picture; this well-painted fear,
And come to that, which touches him indeed.
Why is Demetrius not despis'd of all,
His second in endowment, as in birth?
How dare I draw the thoughts of Macedon?
How dare I gain esteem with foreign powers?
Esteem, when gain'd, how dare I to preserve?
These are his secret thoughts; these burn within;
'These sting up accusations in his soul;
Turn friendly visits to foul fraud and murder;
And pour in poison to the bowl of love.

Merit is treason in a younger brother,

King. But clear your conduct with regard to Rome.

Demet. Alas! dread Sir, I grieve to find set down
Among my crimes, what ought to be my praise.
That I went hostage, or ambassador,
Was Philip's high command, not my request:

Indeed, when there, in both those characters,
 I bore in mind to whom I owe my birth:
 Rome's favour follow'd. If it is a crime
 To be regarded, spare a crime you caus'd;
 Caus'd by your orders, and examples too.
 True, I'm Rome's friend, while Rome is your ally:
 When not, this hostage, this ambassador,
 So dear, stands forth the fiercest of her foes;
 At your command, flies swift on wings of fire,
 The native thunder of a father's arm.

Antig. There spoke, at once, the hero, and the son.

Demet. To close———To thee, I grant, some thanks
 are due: *[Speaking to Persens.]*

Not for thy kindness, but malignity:
 Thy character's my friend, though thou my foe:
 For, say, whose temper promises most guilt?
 Perseus, importunate, demands my death:
 I do not ask for his: Ah! no; I feel
 Too pow'rful nature pleading for him *here*:
 But were there no fraternal tie to bind me,
 A son of Philip must be dear to me.
 If you, my father, had been angry with me,
 An elder brother, a less awful *parent*,
 He should assuage you, he should intercede,
 Soften my failings, and indulge my youth:
 But my asylum drops its character;
 I find not there my rescue, but my ruin.

Pers. His bold assurance———

King. Do not interrupt him;
 But let thy brother finish his defence.

Demet. O Perseus! how I tremble as I speak!
 Where is a brother's voice; a brother's eye?
 Where is the melting of a brother's heart?
 Where is our awful father's dread command?
 Where a dear, dying mother's last request?
 Forgot, scorn'd, hated, trodden under foot!
 Thy heart, how dead to ev'ry call of nature!
 Unson'd! brother'd! nay, unhumaniz'd!
 Far from affection, as thou'rt near in blood!
 O Perseus, Perseus!—But my heart's too full.

[Falls on Antigonus.]

King. Support him:

Pers. Vengeance overtake his crimes.

King.

King. No more !

Antig. See, from his hoary brow, he wipes the dew,
Which agony wrings from him.

King. Oh ! my friend,
These boys at strife, like *Ætna's* struggling flames,
Convulsions cause, and make a mountain shake ;
Shake Philip's firmness, and convulse his heart ;
And, with a fiery flood of civil war,
Threaten to deluge my divided land.

I've heard them both ; by neither am convinc'd :
And yet *Demetrius'* words went through my heart.
A double crime, *Demetrius*, is your charge ;
Fondness for Rome and hatred to your brother.
If you can clear your innocence in one,
'Twill give us cause to think you wrong'd in both.

Demet. How shall I clear it, Sir ?

King. This honest man
Detests the Romans : If you wed his daughter,
Rome's foe becomes the guardian of your faith.

Demet. I told you, Sir, when I return'd from Rome—

King. How—Dost thou want an absolute command ?
Your brother, father, country, all expect it.

Antig. [*Aside to Demetrius.*]
See yonder guards at hand, if you refuse.
Nay, more ; a father, so distress'd,
A son's compassion, to becalm his heart.
Oh ! Sir, comply.

Demet. [*Aside to Antigonus.*] There ! there, indeed,
you touch me !

Besides ; if I'm confin'd, and *Perseus* free,
I never, never, shall behold *her* more —
Pardon, ye gods ! an artifice for'd on me.
Dread Sir, your son complies.

[*To the King.*]

Dym. Astonishment !

King. Strike off his chains. Nay, *Perseus*-too is free :
They wear no bonds, but those of duty, now.
Dymas, go thank the prince : He weds your daughter ;
And highest honours pay your high desert.

[*Exeunt all but Dymas and Demetrius.*]

Dym. O, Sir, without presumption, may I dare
To lift my ravish'd thought ? —

Demet. In what I've done
I paid a duty to my father's will :

And set you an example, where 'tis due,
Of not withholding yours.

Dym. My duty, Sir,
To you, can never fail.

Demet. Then, Dymas, I request thee,
Go seek the king, and save me from a marriage
My brother has contriv'd in artful malice,
To make me lose my father or my love.
Go, charge the just refusal on thyself.

Dym. What Philip authorises me to wish,
You, Sir, may disappoint: But, to take on me
The load of the refusal——

Demet. Is no more
Than Dymas owes his honour, if he'd shun
The natural surmise, that he concurr'd
In brewing this foul treason.

Dym. Sir, the king
Knows what he does; and if he seeks my glory——

Demet. In a degree destructive of his own,
'Tis yours to disappoint him, or renounce
Your duty to your king.

Dym. You'll better tell——

Demet. Yes, better tell the king, he wounds his honour,
By lifting up a *minion* from the dust,
And mating him with princes. Use your power
Against yourself: Yes, use it, like a man,
In serving him who gave it. Thus you'll make
Indulgence justice, and absolve your master.
Though kings delight in raising what they love,
Less owe they to themselves, than to the throne:
Nor must they prostitute its majesty,
To swell a subjects's pride, howe'er deserving.

Dym. What the king grants me——

Demet. Talk not of a grant:
What a king *ought not*, that he *cannot* give;
And what is more than meet from princes bounty,
Is plunder, not a grant. Think you, his honour
A perquisite belonging to your place,
A favourite *paramount*? Preserve the king
From doing wrong, though wrong is done for you;
And show 'tis not in favour to corrupt thee,

Dym. I sought not, Sir, this honour.

Demet. But would take it.

True majesty's the very soul of kings ;
And rectitudes the soul of majesty :
If minions sap that rectitude,
The king may live, but majesty expires :
And he that lessens majesty, impairs
That just obedience public good requires ;
Doubly a traitor to the crown and state.

Dym. Must I refuse what Philip's pleas'd to give ?

Demet. Can a king give thee more than is his *own* ?
Know, a king's dignity is *public* wealth ;
On that subsists the nation's fame, and power.
Shall fawning syocphants, to plump themselves,
Eat up their master, and dethrone his glory ?
What are such wretches ? What, but vapours foul,
From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,
That radiance intercepting, which should cheer
The land at large ? Hence subjects hearts grow cold,
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow :
But, then 'tis slipp'ry standing for the *minion* ;
Stains on his ermin, to their royal master
Such miscreants are ; not jewels in his crown.
If you persist, Sir—— But, of words, no more !
To me, to threat is harder than to do !

Dym. Let me embrace this genuine son of empire,
When the debates divide the doubtful land,
Should I not know the prince most fit to reign ?
I've tried you, as an eagle tries her young,
And find, your dauntless eye is fix'd on glory.
I'll to the king and your commands obey.——

We must give young men opiates in a fever.

[*Aside.*

Yes, boy, I will obey thee, to thy ruin.

Erixene shall strike thee dead for this.

[*Exit Dymas.*

Demet. These statesmen nothing woo, but gold and
power.

I'm a bold advocate for *other* love ;
Though, at *their* bar, indicted for a fool.
When, reason like the skilful charioteer
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant track of glory ; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,

Enjoys

Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
 Their formidable flame, for high renown.
 Take then my soul, fair maid! 'tis wholly thine;
 And thence I feel an energy divine.
 When objects, worthy praise, our hearts approve.
 Each virtue grows on consecrated love:
 And, sure, soft passion, *claims* to be forgiv'n,
 When love of beauty is the love of heav'n.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ERIXENE and DELIA.

ERIXENE.

IS plain! 'tis plain! this marriage gains her father:
 He join'd to Rome the Crown. Thy words were
 true;

He woos the diadem; that diadem which I
 Despisd for him. O, how unlike our loves!
 But it is well; he gives me my revenge.
 Wed Dymas' daughter! What a fall is there?
 Not the world's empire could repair his glory.

Delia. Madam, you can't be mov'd too much! —

But why

More now than at the first?

Erix. At first I doubted:

For who, that lov'd like me, could have believ'd?
 I disbeliev'd what Pericles reported;
 And thought it Perseus' art to wound our loves.
 But when the good Antigonus, sworn friend
 To false Demetrius, when *his* word confirm'd it,
 Then passion took me, as the northern blast
 An autumn leaf. O gods! the dreadful whirl!
 But, while I speak, he's with her: Laughs and plays:
 Mingles his dalliance with insulting mirth;
 To this new goddess offers up my tears;
 Yes, with my shame and torture, woes her love.
 I see, hear, feel it! O these raging fires!

Can then the thing we scorn give so much pain?

Delia. Madam, these transports give him cause to
 triumph!

Erix. I vent my grief to thee; he ne'er shall know it.
 If

If I can't conquer, I'll conceal my passion ;
And stifle all its pangs beneath disdain.

Delia. The greatest minds are most relenting too ;
If then Demetrius should repent his crime——

Erix. If still my passion burns, it shall burn inward :
On the fierce rack in silence I'll expire,
Before one sigh escape me——*He* repent !
What wild extravagance of thought is thine ?
But did he ? Who repents has once been false :
In love, repentance but declares our guilt ;
And injur'd honour——shall exact its due.
In vain *his* love, nay, *mine* should groan in vain !
Both are devoted. Vengeance, vengeance reigns !
Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang
A human heart can feel.

Delia. The king approaches.

Enter the KING, &c.

King. Madam, at length we seek the dawn of peace,
And hope an end of our domestic jars.
The jealous Perseus can no longer fear
Demetrius is a Roman ; since this day
Makes him the son of Dymas, Rome's worst foe.

Erix. Already, Sir, I've heard, and heard with joy,
Th' important news.

King. To make our bliss run o'er,
You, Madam, will complete what heav'n begins ;
And save the love-sick Perseus from despair :
That marriage would leave Rome without pretence
To touch our conquest ; and for ever join
To these dominions long-disputed Thrace.

Enter DYMAS.

Erix. Though Thrace by conquest stoops to Macedon,
I know my rank, and would preserve its due.
With meditated coldness have I heard
Prince Perseus' vows ; unwilling to consent,
Before restor'd to my forefathers' throne,
Lest that consent should merit little thanks,
As flowing less from choice than your command :
But since the Roman pride will find account
In my persisting still : and Philip suffer ;

I quit

I quit the lofty thought on which I stood,
And yield to your request.

King. Indulgent gods!

Blest moment! How will this with transport fill
The doubtful Perseus, after years of pain!

Dym. My lord, I've heard what past, and give you joy
Of Perseus' nuptials, which your state requires:

But for Demetrius'—think of those no more

Far from accepting such a load of glory,

I bring, I bring my load, this forfeit head,

Due to my bold refusal.

King. Dares the boy

Fall from his promise: and impose on thee

Forc'd disobedience to my royal pleasure?

[crime:

Dym. No, my most honour'd lord, there, there's my

Fond of the maid, with ardour he press'd on:

But should I dare pollute his blood with mine?

But you, Sir, authorise it—still more base

To wrong a master so profusely kind,

King. That man is noble on whom Philip smiles.

Come, come, there's something more in this—explain.

Dym. Why am I forc'd on this ungrateful office?

Yet can't I tell you more than fame has told;

Which says Demetrius is in league with Rome.

Why weds ambition then a humble maid,

But to gain' me to treason? What then follows?

They'll say the subtle statesman plann'd this marriage,

To raise his blood into his master's throne.

No Sir, preserve my fame, let life suffice.

Enter PERICLES.

Peric. Sir, your ambassador's arriv'd from Rome—

[Presents a letter.

King. Ha! I must read it;—this will tell me more.

[After reading it.

O princess! Now our our only comfort flows

From your indulgence to my better son.

This dreadful news precipitates my wish.

To keep rapacious Rome from seizing *Thrace*,

You cannot wed too soon: My fair-ally

What if you bless me and my son to-morrow?

Erix. Since you request, and your affairs demand it,

Without a blush I think I may comply.

King.

King. O daughter! but no more——The gods will thank you!

I go to bless my *Perseus* with the news.

Dym. Thus the boy's dead in empire and in love.

Exeunt King, and Dymas, &c.

Erix. I triumph! I'm reveng'd! I reign! I reign!
Nor thank *Demetrius'* treason for a crown.

Love is our own cause, honour is the gods.

I can be glorious without happiness;

But without glory never can be bless'd.——

Delia. 'Tis well; but can you wed the man you scorn?

Erix. Wed any thing for vengeance on the perjurd.

I'll now insult him from an higher sphere:

This unexpected turn may gall his pride,

Whate'er has pangs for him, has charms for me.

Delia. A rooted love is scarce so soon remov'd.

Erix. If not, the greater virtue to controul it,
And strike at his heart, though 'tis through my own.

Delia. I can't but praise this triumph; yet I dread
The combat still. And see the foe draws near.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Demet. *Erixene!*

Erix. My lord!

Demet. My pale cheek speaks,
My trembling limbs prevent my faltering tongue,
And ask you——

Erix. What, my lord?

Demet. My lord?

Confirm it true: and yet, without a crime,
I can't believe it. O *Erixene!*

Erix. I guess your meaning, Sir, but am surpriz'd
That *Dymas'* son should think of aught I do.

Demet. False are my senses! false both ear and eye!
All, all be rather false than her I love!

Erix. She pass'd not, Sir, this way.

Demet. Is then my pain
Your sport? and can *Erixene* pretend
Herself deceiv'd, by what deceiv'd the king?
An artifice made use of for your sake;
A proof not violation of my love.

Erix. I thought not of your love, nor artifice:
Both were forgot, or rather never known,

But

But without artifice I tell you this;
Your brother lays his sceptre at my feet,
And whose example bids my heart resist
The charms of empire?

Demet. This is woman's skill.

You cease to love, and from my conduct strive
To labour an excuse. For if, indeed,
You thought me false, had you been thus serene,
Calm and unruffled? No: my heart says no.
Passions, if great, tho' turn'd to their reverse,
Keep their degree, and are great passions still.
And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
Retains her temper, never lost her heart.

Erix. That I'm serene says not I never lov'd.
Indeed the vulgar float as passion drives,
But noble minds have reason for their queen:
While you deserv'd, my passion was sincere:
You change, my passion dies. But pardon, Sir,
If my vain mind thinks anger is too much,
Take my neglect; I can afford no more.

Demet. No, rage! flame! thunder give a thousand
deaths!

Oh! rescue me from this more dreadful calm!
This curs'd indifference! which, like a frost
In northern seas, outdoes the fiercest storm.
Commanded by my father to comply,
I feign'd obedience;—Had I then refus'd——

Erix. I grant the consequence had been] most dreadful!
I grant that *Dymas'* daughter had been angry.

Demet. Ask *Dymas* with what rage——

Erix. You well might rage,
To be refus'd.

Demet. Refus'd!

Erix. He told your secret;
The King and I, and all the court, can witness.

Demet. Refus'd! false villain! O the perjur'd slave!
Hell-born impostor! Madam, 'tis most false!
Warm from my heart, is ev'ry word I speak!
The villain lies! believe the pangs that rend me!
Believe the witness streaming from my eyes,
And let me speak no more.

Erix. I do believe
Your grief sincere. I've heard the maid is fair.

Demet.

Demet. Proceed; and thus *indeed* commit that crime
You falsely charge on me. The crown has charm'd you.
How warm this morning did you press my flight?
The cause is plain: an outrag'd lover's groan,
And dying agony molest your ear,
And hurt the music of a nuptial song.

Erix. Since your *inconstancy* persists to charge
Its crime on my *ambition*, I'll be kind,
And leave you in possession of an error
Of which you seem so fond.

Demet. Ah, stay one moment!

Enter PERSEUS and PERICLES.

Pers. *Erixene!*

Demet. Distraction!

[*Starting.*

Erix. 'Tis well tim'd.

My lord, your brother doubts if I'm sincere,
And thinks (an error natural to him)
I'll break my vow to you,—you'll clear my fame,
And labour to convince him, that to-morrow
Erixene's at once a bride and queen. [Exit *Erixene.*

Pers. When I have work'd him up to violence,
Bring thou the king, and pity my distress.

[*To Pericles, who goes out.*

Demet. On what extremes distress impels me!
In things impossible I put my trust;
I, in my only brother, find a foe;
Yet in my rival, hope the greatest friend.
When all our hopes are lodg'd in such expedients,
'Tis as if poison were our only food;
And death was call'd on as the guard of life.

Pers. Why dost thou droop?

Demet. Because I'm dead: quite dead
To hope; and yet rebellious to despair;
Like ghosts unblest, that burst the bars of death.
Strange is my conduct?—Stranger my distress;
Beyond example both! Who e'er before me
Press'd his worst foe, to prove his truest friend?
But though thou'rt *not* my brother, thou'rt a *man*;
And, if a man, compassionate the worst
That man can feel; though found that worst in me.

Pers. What would'st?

Unclinch thy talons from thy prey;

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A a

Let

Let the dove fly to *this* her nest again.

[*Striking his breast.*]

For oh! the maid's unalienably mine,
Though now through rage run mad, and turn'd to thee.
How often have I languish'd at her feet?
Bask'd in her eye, and revell'd in her smile?
How often, as she listen'd to my vows,
Trembling and pale with agonies of joy,
Have I left earth, and mounted to the stars?

Pers. There Dymas' daughter shone above the rest
Illustrious in thy sight.

Demet. Thy taunt, how false! —

I no less press your int'rest than my own.
Think you 'tis possible her heart, so long
Inclin'd to me, the price of all my vows,
Purchas'd by tears and groans, and paid me down
In tenderest returns of love divine,
Can in one day be yours? — Impossible!

Pers. If I'm deceiv'd, I'm pleas'd with the deceit.
How my heart dances in the golden dream!
In pity do not wake me till to-morrow.

Demet. Then thou'lt wake distracted, — Trust me brother,

She gives her hand alone.

Pers. Nor need I more;
That hand's enough that brings a sceptre in it.
I scorn a prince who weds with meaner views.
Her duty's mine, and I conceive small pain
From your sweet error, that her love is yours
I'm pleas'd such cordial thoughts of your own merit
Support you in distress.

Demet. Inhuman Pvrseus!

If pity dwells within the heart of man,
If due that pity to the last distress,
Pity a lover exquisitely pain'd.
A lover exquisitely pain'd by you.
Oh! in the name of all the gods, relent!
Give me my princess! give her to my throes!
Amidst a thousand *you* may choose a love;
The spacious earth contains but one for *me*. —
But oh! I rave: Art thou not he, the man
Who drinks my groans like music at his ear?
And would as wine, as nectar, drink my blood?

Are

Are all my hopes of mercy lodg'd in thee?
 O rigid god! and shall I then fall down?
 Embrace thy feet, and bathe them with my tears.
 Yes, I will drown thee with my tears, my blood,
 So thou afford a human ear to pangs,
 A brother's pangs, a brothers broken heart.

Pers. Pardon, Demetrius, but the princess calls,
 And I am bound to go.

Demet. O stay.

[*Laying hold of him.*]

Pers. You tremble.

Demet. The princess calls, and you are bound to go.

Pers. E'en so.

Demet. What princess?

Pers. Mine.

Demet. 'Tis false.

Pers. Unhand me.

Demet. What, see, talk, touch, nay taste her; like a
 bee

Draw honey from her wounded lip, while I
 Am stung to death!

Pers. The triumph once was your's.

Demet. Rip up my breast, or you shall never stir.
 My heart may visit her! O take it with you.
 Have I not seen her, where she has not been?
 Have I not clasp'd her shadow? Trod her steps?
 Transported trod! as if they led to heaven!
 Each morn my life I lighted at her eye,
 And ev'ry evening, at its close, expir'd.—

[*Bursting into tears.*]

Pers. Fie! thou'rt a Roman; can a Roman weep?
 Sure Alexander's helmet can sustain
 Far heavier strokes than these. For shame, Demetrius.
 E'en snatch up the next Sabine in thy way,
 'Twill do as well.

[*Going.*]

Demet. By heaven, you shall not stir.
 Long as I live, a I stand a world between, you,
 And keep you distant as the poles asunder.
 Who takes my love, in mercy takes my life;
 Thy bloody pass cleave through thy brother's breast.
 I beg, I challenge, I provoke my death.

[*His hand upon his sword.*]

A a 2

Enter

Enter KING and DYMAS.

Pers. You will not murder me?

Demet. Yes you and all.

King. How like a tiger foaming o'er his prey!—

Pers. Now, Sir, believe your eye, believe your ear,
And still believe me perjur'd, as this morning.

King. Heav'n's wrath's exhausted, there's no more to
fear.

My darling son found criminal in all.

Demet. That villain there to blast me! Yes, I'll speak;
For what have I to fear, who feel the worst?

'Tis time the truth were known. That villain, Sir,
Has cleft my heart, and laughs to see it bleed;
But his confession shall redeem my fame,
And re-enthroned me in my princess' smile;
Or I'll return that false embrace he gave me,
And stab him in your sight.

King. Hold, insolence!
Where's your respect to me?

Demet. O, royal Sir!

That has undone me. Through respect I gave
A feign'd consent, which his black artifice
Has turn'd to my destruction. I refus'd
That slave's, that cursed slave's, that statesman's daughter,
And he pretend she was refus'd by him.
Hence, hence this desolation. Nought I fear,
Though nature groan her last. And shall *be* then
Escape and triumph?

King. Guards there! seize the prince!
The man you menace you shall learn to fear.

He is seized.

Dym. Hold, Sir! not this for me! It is your son;
What is my life, though pour'd upon your feet?

King. Is *this* a son?

Demet. No, Sir; my crime's too great,
Which dares to vindicate a father's honour,
To catch the glories of a falling crown,
And save it from pollution. But I've done.
I die, unless my princess is restor'd;

Pointing to Dymas.

And If I die, by heav'n and earth, and hell!
His sordid blood shall mingle with the dust!

And

And see if thence 'twill mount into the throne.

O Sir! think of it! I'll expect my fate. *[Exit Demet.]*

King. And thou shalt have it.

Dym. How, my lord; in tears!

King. As if the gods came down in evidence?

How many sudden rays of proof concur

To my conviction? Was ever equal boldness?

But 'tis no wonder from a brother king;

[Produces the forged letter.]

This king of Thrace—To-morrow he'll be king

Of Macedon—He therefore dies to-night.

Pers. *[Aside to Dymas.]*

And yet I doubt it; for I know his fondness.

Thou practise well the lesson I have taught thee,

While I put on a solemn face of woe

Afflicted for a brother's early fall—

Heaven knows with what regret.—But, Sir, your safety.—

[Presenting the mandate for Demetrius' death.]

King. What giv'st thou here?

Dym. Your passport to renown.

You sign your apotheosis in that.

What scales the skies, but zeal for public good?

Pers. How godlike mercy?

Dym. Mercy to mankind,

By treason aw'd.

King. *[To Perseus.]* Must then thy brother bleed?

[Dymas seeming at a loss, Perseus whispers him, and gives a letter.]

Dym. *[Looking on the letter.]* No, Sir; the king of Thrace.

King. Why that is true—

Yet who, if not a father, should forgive?

Dym. Who, Sir, if not a Philip, should be just?

King. *[To Dymas.]* Is't not my son?

Dym. If not, far less his guilt.

King. *[To Perseus.]* Is not my other Perseus?

Pers. Sir, I thank you;

That seeks your crown, and life.

King. And life?

Dym. No Sir;

He'll only take your crown; you still may live.

King. Heav'n blast thee for that thought!

Pers. Why shakes my father?

King. It stabs, it gnaws, it harrows up my soul.
Is he not young? Was he not much indulg'd?
Gall'd by his brother? Doubted by his father?
Tempted by Rome? A nation to a boy?

Dym. O a mere infant—that deposes kings.

King. No: once he sav'd my crown.

Dym. And now would wear it.

King. How my head swims!

Pers. Nor strange; the task is hard.

Dym. Yet scarce for him. Brutus was but a Roman:

[*Speaking as if he would not let the king hear.*
Yet like a Philip dar'd; and is immortal.

King. I hear thee, Dymas; give me then the mandate.

[*Going to sign, he stops short.*

Dym. No wonder if his mother thus had paus'd.

Pers. [*Aside.*] Rank cankers on thy tongue; why mention her?

King. O gods! I see her now; what am I doing?

[*Throws away the style.*

I see her dying eye let fall a tear
In favour of Demetrius.—Shall I stab
Her lovely image stamp'd on every feature?

Dym. His soul escap'd it, Sir.

King. Thou ly'st; begone.

[*Perseus and Dymas in great confusion: Perseus whispers Dymas.*

Dym. [*Aside to Perseus.*] True; that or nought, will touch him.

If, Sir, your mercy—

To the King.

Pers. O speak on of mercy;

Mercy, the darling attribute of heav'n.

Dym. If you should spare him—

King. Why if I should spare him?

Dym. I dare not say—Your wrath again might rise.

King. Yes, if thou'rt silent—What if I should spare him?

Dym. What if you should—proud Rome would thank you for it.

King. Rome!—Her applause more shocks me than his death.

O thou, death's orator! dread advocate

For boweless severity! assist

My trembling hand, as thou hast steel'd my heart;

And

And if it is guilt in me, share the guilt.
He's dead. [*Signs.*] And if I blot it with one tear,
Perseus, though less affected, will forgive me.

Pers. Forgive! Sir, I applaud, and wish my sorrow
Was mild enough to weep.

[*The King going out, meets Demetreus in mourning, introduced by Antigonus. The King starts back, and drops on Dymas. Recovering, speaks.*

King. This, Fate, is thy tenth wave, and quite o'er-
whelms me;

It less had shock'd me, had I met his ghost.

This is a plot to sentence *me* to death.—

What hast thou done, my mortal foe! thrown bars

[*To Antigonus.*

Athwart my glory? but thy scheme shall fail.

As rushing torrents sweep th' obstructed mound,

So Philip meets this mountain in his way,

Yet keeps his purpose still.

[*Perseus and Pericles whisper aside.*

Peric. I can't but fear it.

Pers. I grant the danger great; yet don't despair:
Jove is against thee, Perseus on thy side.

Antig. The prince, dread Sir, low on his bended knee—

King. This way, Antigonus.—Dost mark his bloom,
Grace in his aspect, grandeur in his mein?

Antig. I do.

King. 'Tis false; take a king's word.—He's dead.—
That darling of my soul would stab me sleeping.

How dar'st *thou* start? Art thou the traitor's father?

If thou art pale, what is enough for me?—

How his grave yawns: Oh! that it was my own.

Antig. Mourn not the guilty.

King. No; he's innocent;

Death pays his debt to justice; and that done,

I grant him still my son; as such I love him:

Yes, and will clasp him to my breast, while yet

His clay is warm, nor moulders at my touch.

Pers. [*Aside.*] A curse on that embrace.

Dym. Nay, worse; he weeps.

King. Poor boy, be not deceiv'd by my compassion;
My tears are cruel, and I groan thy death.

Demet. And am I then to die? If death's decreed,

Stab

Stab me yourself, nor give me to the knife
Of midnight ruffians, that have forg'd my crimes,
For you I beg, for you I pour my tears;
You are deceiv'd, dishonour'd; I am only slain.
Oh! Father——

King. Father?——There's no father here;
Forbear to wound me with that tender name;
Nor raise all nature up in arms against me.

Demet. My father! guardian! friend! nay deity!
What less than gods give being, life, and death!
My dying mother——

King. Hold thy peace, I charge thee.

Demet. Pressing your hand, and bathing it with tears,
Bequeathed your tenderness for her to me;
And, low on earth, my legacy I claim,
Clasping your knee, though banish'd from your breast.

King. My knees!——Would that were all; he grasps my heart.

Perseus, canst thou stand by and see me ruin'd?

[Reaching his hand to Perseus.]

Pers. Loose, loose thy hold——It is my father too.

King. Yes, Macedon, and thine, and I'll preserve thee.

Demet. Who once before preserv'd it from the Thracian:
And who, at Thrasymene turn'd the lifted bolt
From Philip's hoary brow?

King. I'll hear no more.

O Perseus! Dyms! Pericles! assist me,
Unbind me, disenchant me, break this charm
Of nature, that accomplice with my foes;
Rend me, O rend me, from the friend of Rome.

Pers. Nay, then how'er reluctant, aid I must.
The friend of Rome!——*That* severs you for ever:
Though most incorporate and strongly knit;
As lightning rends the knotted oak asunder.

Demet. In spite of lightning, I renew the tie;
And stubborn is the grasp of dying men.
Who's he that shall divide me from myself?

[Demetrius is forced from the king's knees, on which, starting up, he flings his arms round his father.]

Still of a piece with him from whom I grew,
I'll bleed on my asylum, dart my soul
In this embrace, and thus my treason crown.

King. Who love yourselves, or Macedon, or me,

From

From the curs'd * eagle's talons wrench my crown;
And this barb'd arrow from my breast—'Tis done;

(forced asunder.)

And the blood gushes after it.—I faint.

Dym. Support the king.

Pers. While treason licks the dust.

[Pointing at Demetrius, fallen in the struggle.]

Dym. A field well fought.

Pers. And justice has prevail'd.

King. O that the traitor could conceal the son!

Farewel, once best belov'd! still most deplor'd!

He, he who dooms thee, bleeds upon thy tomb.

[Exit King.]

Demet. Prostrate on thee, my mother earth, be thou
Kinder than brother, or than father; open
And save me in thy bosom from my—*Friends*;
Friends, sworn to wash their hands in guiltless tears,
And quench infernal thirst in kindred blood;
As if relation sever'd human hearts,
Or that destruction was the child of love.

Pers. Farewel, young traitor; if they ask below,
Who sent thee beardless down, say, honest Perseus;
Whom reason sways, not instinct; who can strike
At horrid parricide and flagrant treason,
Though through a bosom dearer than his own.
Think'st thou my tender heart can hate a brother?
The gods and Perseus war with nought but guilt.
But I must go. What, Sir, your last commands
To your Erixene? She chides my stay. *[Exit Pers.]*

Demet. Without the token of a brother's love,
He could not part; my death was not enough—
I came for mercy, and I find it here:—
And death is mercy, since my love is lost.
Alas! my father too; my heart aches for him:
And Perseus,—fain would I forgive ev'n thee:
But Philip's sufferings cry too loud against it.
Blind author and sure mourner of my death!

Father most dear! what pangs hast thou to come
Like that poor wretch is thy unhappy doom,
Who, like in sleep his fever'd fancy glows,
Draws his keen sword, and sheaths it in his foes:

* The Roman ensign.

But, waking, starts upright, in wild surprise,
 To feel warm blood glide round him as he lies:
 To see his reeking hands in crimson dy'd,
 And a pale corse extended by his side:
 He views with horror what mad dreams have done,
 And sinks, heart-broken, on a murder'd son.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

KING, POSTHUMIUS, *meeting.*

POSTHUMIUS.

WE in behalf of our allies, O king!
 Call'd on thee yesterday, to clear thy glory;
 Nor wonder now that Philip is unjust
 To strangers, who has murder'd his own son.

King. 'Tis false.

Post. No thanks to Philip that he fled.

King. A traitor is no son.

Post. Heav'n's vengeance on me,
 If he refus'd not yesterday thy crown,
 Though life and love both brib'd him to comply.

King. See there [*Gives the letter.*]

Post. 'Tis not the consul's hand, or seal.

King. You're his accomplices.

Post. We're his avengers.

'Tis war.

King. Eternal war.

Post. Next time we meet——

King. Is in the capitol.——Haste, fly my kingdom.

Post. No longer *thine*.

King. Yes, and proud Rome a province,

[*Exit Posthumius, &c.*]

They brave, they make, they tyrannize o'er kings.
 The name of king the prostrate world ador'd,
 Ere Romulus had call'd his *thieves* together.——
 But let me pause.——Not Quintius' hand, or seal!——
 Doubt and impatience, like thick smoke and fire,
 Cloud and torment my reason.

Antig. Sir, recal,
 And re-examine those you sent to Rome:
 You took their evidence in haste and anger.
 Torture, if they refuse, will tell the truth:

King:

King. Go, stop the nuptials till you hear from me.

[Exit King and Antigonus.]

Enter ERIXENE and DELIA, meeting.

Delia. Madam, the prince, who fled from threaten'd
Attempting his escape to foreign realms, [death,
Was lately taken at the city gates,
So strongly guarded by his father's pow'rs;
And now confin'd, expects his final doom.

Erix. Imprison'd and to die! And let him die.
Bid Dymas' daughter weep—I half forgot
His perjur'd insolence—I'll go and glut
My vengeance. O how just a traitors death!
And blacker still, a traitor to my love.

[Exeunt Erixene and Delia.]

Scene draws, and shows Demetrius in prison.

Demet. Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
Thou home of horror! hideous nest of crimes!
Guilt's first sad stage in her dark road to hell!
Ye thick barr'd sunless passages for air,
To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
Ye low-brow'd arches, through whose sullen gloom,
Resound the ceaseless groans of pale despair!
Ye dreadful shambles, cak'd with human blood!
Receive a guest, from far, far other scenes,
From pompous courts, from shouting victories,
Carousing festivals, harmonious bow'rs,
And the soft ebains of heart-dissolving love,
Oh! how unlike to these? heart-breaking load
Of shame eternal, ne'er to be knock'd off,
O welcome death, no, never but by thee——
Nor has a foe done this.—A friend! a father!—
O that I could have dy'd without their guilt!——

[Enter Erixene. Demetrius gazing at her.]
So look'd in chaos the first beam of light;
How drives the strong enchantment of her eye
All horror hence!—How die the thoughts of death!

Erix. I knew not my own heart. I cannot bear it.
Shame chides me back: for to insult his woes
Is too severe: and to condole too kind. [Going.]

Demet. Thus I arrest you in the name of mercy,
And

And dare compel your stay: Is then one look,
 One word, one moment, a last moment too,
 When I stand tottering on the brink of death,
 A cruel ignominious death, too much
 For one that loves like me? A length of years
 You may devote to my blest rival's arms,
 I ask but one short moment. O permit,
 Permit the dying to lay claim to thee,
 To thee, thou dear equivalent for life——
 Cruel, relentless, marble-hearted maid!

Erix. Demetrius, you persist to do me wrong;
 For, know, though I behold thee as thou art,
 Doubly a traitor to the state and me;
 Thy sorrow, thy distress, have touch'd my bosom;
 I own it is a fault; I pity thee.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. My lord your time is short, and death waits for you.

Erix. Death?—I forgive thee from my inmost soul.

Demet. Forgive me? O! thou need'st not to forgive;
 If imposition had not struck thee blind.

Truth lies in ambush yet, but will stir up,
 And seize thy trembling soul, when mind is fled.
 O I've a thousand, thousand things to say.

Erix. And I am come a secret to disclose,
 That might awake thee, wert thou dead already.

Off. My Lord, your final moment is expir'd.

Demet. and Erix. One, one short moment more.

Demet. No; death lets fall
 The curtain, and divides our loves for ever.

Is forced out.

Erix. Oh I've darker dungeon in my soul,
 Nor want an executioner to kill me.

What revolutions in the human heart

Will pity cause! What horrid deeds, revenge! [*Exit.*

Scene shuts. Enter ANTIGONUS with attendants.

Antig. How distant virtue dwells from mortal man!
 Was't not that each man calls for others' virtue,
 Her very name on earth would be forgot,
 And leave the tongue, as it hath left the heart,
 Was ever such a plan of guilt?
 Take the king's mandate, to the prison fly,

Throw

Throw wide the gates, and let Demetrius know
The full detail.

Enter ERIXENE.

The princess! ha! be gone; [To the attendant.
While I stir up an equal transport here.
Princess, I see your griefs, and judge the cause:
But I bring news might raise you from your grave;
Or call you down from heaven to hear with joy.
Just gods! the virtuous will at last prevail.
On motives here too tedious to relate,
I begg'd the king to re-examine those,
Who came from Rome. The king approv'd my counsel.
Surpris'd, and conscious, in their charge they faulter'd,
And threaten'd tortures soon discover'd all:
That Perseus brib'd them to their perjuries;
That Quintius' letter was a forgery;
That prince Demetrius' intercourse with Rome
Was innocent of treason to the state.

Erix. O my swoln heart! What will the gods do with me?

And to confirm this most surprising news,
Dymas, who striving to suppress a tumult
The rumour of Demetrius' flight had rais'd,
Was wounded sore, with his last breath confess'd
The prince refus'd his daughter; which affront
Inflam'd the statesman to his prince's ruin.

Erix. Did he refuse her?

(Swoons.

Antig. Quite o'ercome with joy!

Transported out of life!——The gods restore!

Erix. Ah! Why recal me? This is a new kind
Of murder; most severe! that dooms to life.

Antig. Fair princess, you confound me.

Erix. Am I fair?

Am I a princess? Love and empire mine?
Gay, gorgeous visions dancing in my sight?
No, here I stand a naked shipwreck'd wretch,
Cold, trembling, pale, spent, helpless, hopeless, maid;
Cast on a shore as cruel as the waves,
O'erhung with rugged rocks, too steep to climb;
The mountain-bil'ows loud, come foaming in
Tremendous; and confound ere they devour.

Antig. Madam, the king absolves you from your vow.

Erix. For me, it matters not; but oh! the prince—

When he had shot the gulf of this despair;
Emerging into all the light of heav'n,
His heart, high-beating with well grounded hope;
Then to make shipwreck of his happiness,
Like a poor wretch that has escap'd the storm,
And swam to what he deems an happy isle,
When, lo! the savage natives drink his blood.
Ah! why is vengeance sweet to woman's pride,
As rapture to her love? It has undone me.

Delia. Madam, he comes.

Erix. Leave us, *Antigonus*.

Antig. What dreadful secret this?—But I'll obey,
Invoke the gods, and leave the rest to fate. [*Ex. Ant.*]

Erix. How terrible triumphant comes the wretch!
He comes, like flowers ambrosial early born,
To meet the blast, and perish in the storm.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Demet. After an age of absence in one hour,
Have I then found thee, thou celestial maid!
Like a fair Venus in a stormy sea;
Or a bright goddess, through the shades of night,
Dropt from the stars, to these blest arms again?
How exquisite is pleasure after pain!
Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong.
Pain'd at thy presence through redundant joy,
Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store?

Erix. Demetrius, joy and sorrow dwell too near.

Demet. Talk not of sorrow, lest the gods resent,
As under-pris'd so loud a call to joy.
I live, I love, am lov'd, I have her here!
Rapture, in present, and in prospect, more!
No rival, no destroyer, no despair;
For jealousies, for partings, groans, and death.
A train of joys, the gods alone can name!
When heav'n descends in blessings so profuse,
So sudden, so surpassing hope's extreme,
Like the sun bursting from the midnight gloom,
'Tis impious to be niggards in delight;
Joy becomes duty; heav'n calls for some excess,
And transport flames as incense to the skies.

Erix. Transport how dreadful!

Demet. Turns Erixene?

Can

Can she not bear the sunshine of our fate?
 Meridian happiness is pour'd around us;
 'The laughing loves descend in swarms upon us,
 And where we tread is an eternal spring.
 By heav'n, I almost pity guilty Perseus
 For such a loss.

Erix. That stabs me through and through!

Demet. What stabs thee?—Speak—Have I then
 lost thy love?

Erix. To my confusion, be it spoke.—'Tis thine.

Demet. To thy confusion! Is it then a crime?
 You heard how dying Dymas clear'd my fame.

Erix. I heard, and trembled; heard, and ran distracted.

Demet. Astonishment!

Erix. I've nothing else to give thee.

[*He steps back in astonishment; she in agony; and both are
 silent for some time.*]

He is struck dumb.—Nor can I speak.—Yet must I.

I tremble on the brink; yet must plunge in—

Know, my Demetrius! joys are for the gods;

Man's common course of nature is distress:

His joys are prodigies; and like them too,

Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts,

And trembles at the *perils* of a bliss.

To hope, how bold! How daring to be fond,

When what our fondness grasps is not immortal.—

I will presume on thy known steady virtue.

And treat thee like a man; I will, Demetrius!

Nor longer in my bosom hide a brand,

That burns unseen, and drinks my vital blood.

Demet. What mystery? [*Here a second pause in both.*]

Erix. The blackest.

Demet. How every terror doubles in the dark!

Why muffled up in silence stands my fate?

This horrid spectre let me see at once,

And show if I'm a man.

Erix. It calls for more.

Demet. It calls for *me* then; love has made me *more*.

Erix. O fortify thy soul with more than love;

To hear, what heard, thou'lt curse the tongue that tells thee.

Demet. Curse whom? Curse thee!

Erix. Yes, from thy inmost soul.

Why dost thou lift thy eyes and hands to heav'n?

The pow'rs most conscious of this deed, reside
 In darkness, howl below in raging fires,
 Where pangs like mine corrode them.—Thence arise,
 Black gods of execration and despair!
 Though dreadful earthquakes cleave your upward way,
 While nature shakes, and vapours blot the sun;
 Then through those horrors in loud groans proclaim,
 That I am——

Demet. What?—I'll have it, though it blast me.

Erix. Thus then in thunder—I am Perseus' wife.

Demetrius falls against the scene. After a pause.

Demet. In thunder?—No; *that* had not struck so deep,
 What tempest e'er discharg'd so fierce a fire?—
 Calm and deliberate anguish feeds upon me;
 Each thought sent out for help, brings in new woe.
 Where shall I turn? where fly? to whom but thee?

[*Kneeling.*

Tremendous Jove! whom mortals will not know
 From blessings, but *compel* to be severe,
 I feel thy vengeance, and adore thy power;
 I see my failings, and absolve thy rage.
 But, oh! I must perceive the load that's on me;
 I can't but tremble underneath the stroke.
 Aid me to bear!—But since it can't be borne,
 Oh let thy mercy burst in flames upon me!
 Thy triple bolt is healing balm to this;
 This pain unfelt, unfancy'd by the wretch,
 The groaning wretch that on the wheel expires.

Erix. Why did I tell thee?

Demet. Why commit a deed
 Too shocking to be told? What fumes of hell
 Flow to thy brain? What fiend the crime inspir'd?

Erix. Perseus, last night, as soon as thou wast fled,
 At that dead hour, when good men are at rest,
 When every crime and horror is abroad,
 Graves yawn, fiends yell, wolves howl, and ravens scream;
 Than ravens, wolves, or fiends, more fatal far,
 To me he came, and threw him at my feet,
 And wept, and swore, unless I gave consent
 To call a priest that moment, all was ruin'd.
 That the next day Demetrius and his powers
 Might conquer, he lose me, and I my crown,
 Confer'd by Philip but on Perseus' wife.

I started,

I started, trembled, fainted; he invades
 My half-recover'd strength, brib'd priests conspire,
 All urge my vow, all sieze my ravish'd hand,
 Invoke the gods, run o'er the hasty rite;
 While each ill omen of the sky flew o'er us,
 And furies howl'd our nuptial song below.——
 Can'st thou forgive?

Demet. By all the flames of love,
 And torments of despair, I never can.
 The furies toss their torches from thy hand,
 And all their adders hiss around thy head!
 I'll see thy face no more!

(*Going.*

Erix. Thy rage is just.

Yet stay and hear me.

[*She kneels, and holds him.*

Demet. I have heard too much.

Erix. Till thou hast heard the whole, O do not curse me?

Demet. Where can I find a curse to reach thy crime!

Erix. Mercy!

[*Weeping.*

Demet. [*Aside.*] Her tears like drops of molten lead,
 With torment burn their passage to my heart.
 And yet such violation of her vows.——

Erix. Mercy!

Demet. Perseus——

[*Stamping.*

Erix. Stamp till the centre shakes,
 So black a demon shalt thou never raise.
 Perseus! Canst thou abhor him more than I?
 Hell has its furies, Perseus has his love,
 And, oh! Demetrius his eternal hate.

Demet. Eternal! Yes eternal and eternal:
 As deep and everlasting as my pain.

Erix. Some God descend, and sooth his soul to peace!

Demet. Talk'st *thou* of peace! What peace hast thou
 bestow'd?

A brain distracted, and a broken heart.
 Talk'st *thou* of peace? Hark, hark, thy husband calls,
 His father's rebel! brother's murderer!
 Nature's abhorrence, and—thy lawful lord!
 Fly, my kind patroness, and in his bosom
 Consult my peace.

Erix. I never shall be there.
 My lord! My life!

Demet. How say'st? Is Perseus here?——

B b 3

Fly.

Fly, fly ! away, away ! 'tis death 'tis incest !

[*Starting wide, and looking round him. As he is going, she lays hold of his robe.*]

Dar'st thou to touch Demetrius ? Dar'st thou touch him
Ev'n with thine eye ?

Erix. I dare——and more, dare seize,
And fix him here : No doubt to thy surprise. ——
I'm blemish'd, not abandon'd ; honour still
Is sacred in my sight. Thou call'st it incest
'Tis innocence, 'tis virtue : if there's virtue
In fix'd, inviolable strength of love.

For, know, the moment the dark deed was done,
The moment madness made me Perseus' wife,
I seiz'd *this* friend, and lodg'd him in my bosom,

[*Showing a dagger.*]

Firmly resolv'd I never would be more.
And now I fling me at thy feet, imploring
Thy steadier hand to guide him to my heart.
Who wed in vengeance, wed not but to die.

Demet. Has Perseus then an hymeneal claim ?
And no divorce but death ? ——and death from me,
Who should defend thee from the world in arms ?
O thou still excellent ! still most belov'd !

Erix. Life is the foe that parts us ; death, a friend
All knots dissolving, joins us ; and for ever.
Why so disorder'd ? Wherefore shakes thy frame ?
Look on me ; do I tremble ? Am I pale ?
When I let loose a sigh, I'll pardon thine.
Take my example, and be bravely wretched ;
True grandeur rises from surmounted ills ;
The wretched only can be truly great.
If not in kindness, yet in vengeance strike :
'Tis not in Erixene, 'tis Perseus' wife ——
Thou'lt not resign me ?

Demet. Not to Jove.

Erix. Then strike.

Demet. [Gazing on her with astonishment.
How can I strike ? —— Yet how can I forbear ?
I feel a thousand deaths debating one.
A deity stands guard on every charm,
And strikes at me.

Erix. As will thy brother soon :
He's now in arms, and may be here this hour.

Nothing

Nothing so cruel as too soft a soul;
This is strange tenderness, that breaks my heart;
Strange tenderness, that dooms to *double* death——
To Peiseus.

Demet. True.—But *how* to shun that horror?
By wounding thee whom savage pards would spare?
My hearts inhabitant! my soul's ambition!
By wounding thee, and bathing in thy blood;
That blood illustrious, through a radiant race
Of kings, and heroes, rolling down from gods?

Erix. Heroes and kings, and gods themselves, must
yield
To dire necessity.

Demet. Since that absolves me,
Stand firm and fair.

Erix. My bosom meets the point,
Than Perseus far more welcome to my breast.

Demet. Necessity, for gods themselves too strong,
Is weaker than thy charms. [*Drops the dagger.*]

Erix. O my Demetrius!

[*Turns, and goes to a farther part of the stage.*]

Demet. O my Erixene! [*Both silent, weep, and tremble.*]

Erix. Farewel.

[*Going.*]

Demet. [*Passionately seizing her.*] Where goes?

Erix. To seek a friend.

Demet. He's here.

Erix. Yes, Perseus' friend.——

Earth, open and receive me,

Demet. Heav'n strike us dead,
And save me from a double suicide,
And one of tenfold death.—O Jove! O Jove!

[*Falling on his knees.*]

But I'm distracted.

[*Suddenly starting up.*]

What can Jove? Why pray?

What can I pray for?

Erix. For a heart.

Demet. Yes, one

That cannot feel. Mine bleeds at every vein.
Who never lov'd, ne'er suffer'd; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone;
And when we feel for others, reason reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless,

Love

Love only feels the *marvellous* of pain ;
 Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
 And wakes the nerve where agonies are born :
 E'en Dymas, Perseus, (hearts of adamant !)
 Might weep these torments of their mortal foe.

Erix. Shall I be less compassionate than they ?

[*Takes up the dagger.*

What love deny'd, thine agonies have done ;

[*Stabs herself.*

Demetrius' sigh outstings the dart of death.

Enter the KING, &c.

King. Give me Demetrius to my arms ; I call him
 To life from death, to transport from despair.

Demet. See Perseus' wife ! [Pointing at *Erixene*.

Let Delia tell the rest,

King. My grief accusom'd heart can guess too well.

Demet. That sight turns all to guilt, but tears and
 death.

King. Death !—Who shall quell false Perseus now in
 arms ?

Who pour my tempest on the Capitol ?

How shall I sweeten life to thy sad spirit ?——

I'll quit my throne this hour, and thou shalt reign.

Demet. You recommend that death you would dissuade ;
 Ennobled thus by fame and empire lost,
 Ay well as life !—Small sacrifice to love.

[*Going to stab himself, the King runs to prevent it but too late.*

King. Ah, hold ! nor strike thy dagger through my
 heart !

Demet. 'Tis my first disobedience, and my last.

[*Falls down.*

King. There Philip fell ? There Macedon expir'd !
 I see the Roman eagle hovering o'er us,
 And the shaft broke should bring her to the ground.

(*Pointing at Demetrius.*

Demet. Hear, good Antigonus ! my last request :
 Tell Perseus, if he'll sheath his impious sword
 Drawn on his father, I'll forgive him all :
 Though poor Erixene lies bleeding by ;
 Her blood cries vengeance ;———but my father's
 peace———

(*Dies.*
King.

King. As much his goodness wounds me at his death.
What then are both? — O Philip, once renown'd!
Where is the pride of Greece, the dread of Rome,
The theme of Athens, the wide world's example,
And the god Alexander's rival, now?
E'en at the foot of fortune's precipice,
Where the slave's sigh wafts *pity* to the *prince*,
And his *omnipotence* cries out for *more*.

Antig. As the swoln column of ascending smoke,
So solid swells *thy* grandeur, pigmy man!

King. My life's deep tragedy was plann'd with art,
From scene to scene, advancing in distress,
Through a sad series, to this dire result;
As if the Thracian queen conducted all,
And wrote the *moral* in her children's blood;
Which seas might labour to wash out in vain.

Hear *it*, ye nations! distant ages! hear!
And learn the dread decrees of Jove to fear:
His dread decrees the strickest balance keep;
The father groans, who made a mother weep
But if no terror for *yourselves* can move,
Tremble, ye parents, for the child ye love;
For *your* Demetrius: *Mine* is doom'd to bleed,
A guiltless victim, for his father's deed.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

